

3755 [WHALING] NEVENS, William. Forty Years at Sea: or a Narrative of the Adventures of William Nevens. Being an Authentic Account of the Vicissitudes, Hardships, Narrow Escapes, Shipwrecks and Sufferings in a Forty Years Experience at Sea. Portland: Thurston, Fenley & Co., 1846.

First edition. Illustrated with 4 woodcuts. 12mo, original blindstamped brown cloth, gilt lettered spine. 314 pp. Cloth worn at the edges, scattered spotting and staining to the text, including a large dampstain to the upper margin of the first 25 or so pages; contemporary ownership inscription on the first blank. A good copy of a rare book.

As the title suggests, Nevens had a long and eventful life at sea. His first voyage was a trading run to Santo Domingo in 1799, and for the next 22 years he was involved in trans-Atlantic and Mediterranean trade, during which time he was impressed twice (due to his Irish name), taken prisoner by the French, travelled with an English convoy that was harrassed by an American privateer during the War of 1812, and purposefully shipwrecked by Newfoundland locals so they could profit from the salvage, among other interesting incidents. He rose in stature and experience until he became Master of a ship. In October of 1822 he intended to retire from seafaring, but he was talked into buying a third share of a brig of 190 tons which, during its first voyage, was hit by two giant waves and sank in a matter of minutes; Nevens was the only survivor.

Having lost everthing except what he had in the bank (the ship was not insured), he decided to pursue whaling, and shipped on a Rhode Island whaler in 1825 as a shipkeeper. He made five whaling voyages between 1825 and 1836, sailing out of Warren, Rhode Island, and New Bedford and Falmouth, Massachusetts, visiting the Japan and offshore grounds, Hawaii, the Galapagos, Juan Fernández, the Marquesas, and the Christmas and Fanning Islands in the Pacific. In 1840, after failing to make a fortune in whaling, and having grown old and corpulent (as he says), he finally effected his retirement.

While sailing from Providence to Boston to visit long-lost relatives the schooner that was carrying him foundered on a reef and Nevens, having just taken his life savings out of the bank, lost everything he had. Friends helped him get to Poland, Maine, where he found his still-living mother and six brothers and sisters he didn't know he had. As he says in the Introduction, he published these reminiscences in order to support himself.

The book is indeed scarce: OCLC and NUC together locate only three copies of this first edition; OCLC notes four copies of the second (1848), and six of the third edition (1850), but only one copy of any edition has appeared at auction in the past 25 years, and I could trace only one copy in the trade in recent memory (sold in 1989). Forster 73; Jenkins, p. 130 (listing only the 3rd edition of 1850); not in Sabin or Hill.

Powers
Boston Ed

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Chadiah Bassett

Hillsborough

N. H.

Presented by his Aunt,

S. B. Putnam

Somerset,
Mass.



Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff, featuring a treble clef and several notes with stems.

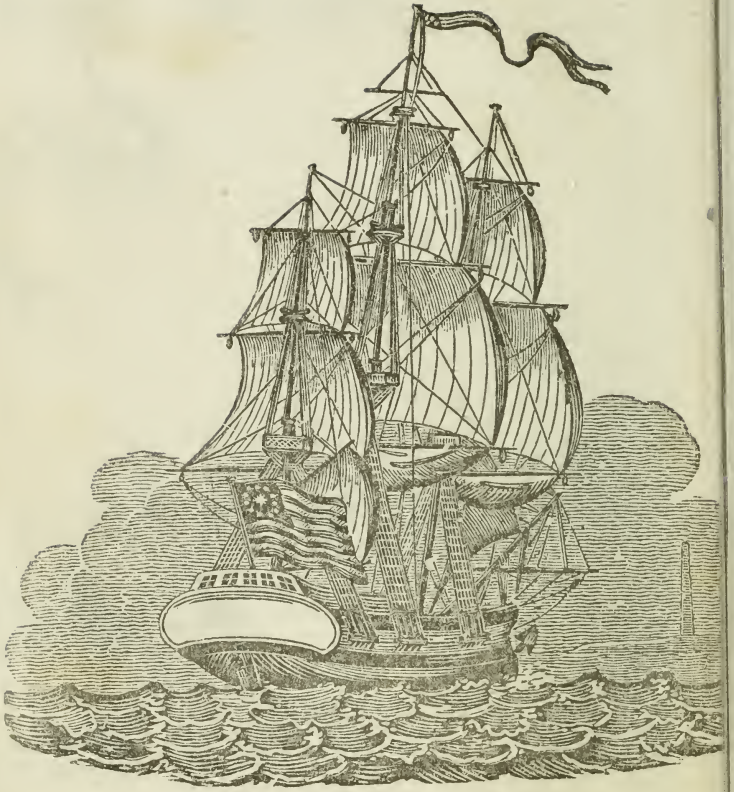
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FRONTISPIECE.

FORTY YEARS AT SEA :

OR A

NARRATIVE OF THE ADVENTURES

OF

WILLIAM NEVENS.

BEING AN AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE VICIS-
SITUDES, HARDSHIPS, NARROW ESCAPES,
SHIPWRECKS AND SUFFERINGS IN A
FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
AT SEA.

~~~~~  
EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.  
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PORTLAND :

THURSTON, FENLEY & CO., PRINTERS.

1846.

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BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM NEVENS,
In the Clerk's Office for the District of Maine.

P R E F A C E .

A very wise old gentleman, once remarked "That of making many books, there was no end." Had he lived in the present age, he would not have been likely to have altered this opinion, and should he in addition to his other duties, undertake to read every "thing" that comes from the press he would doubtless exclaim "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." At the present time, the literary world is groaning under a flood of "cheap" publications, whose very cheapness, rather than their truth, or intrinsic worth, is boldly urged as sufficient reason for their perusal. There is a fondness for the marvellous—for wild adventure—for tales of deep passion, manifested by the eagerness with which many grasp at some "Vivid Illustration" of human depravity. Reading, of this description is vitiating the taste and is to be feared, will have an unhappy influence upon the morals of the rising generation.

In presenting the following pages to the reading community, I am fully aware, that there are abroad in the land, many works of a similar description, some of which deserve the character for truth to which they aspire, while the greater portion of them are but the "Imaginary Adventures of Ideal Heroes," who never had an existence, but in the active brain of the Novel-

ist. Had it been my object, to present a "thrilling tale," one that would have drawn the tear from the eye of human sympathy, and "blanched the cheek of beauty," I had but to employ the pen of a "ready writer," give reigns to imagination and interweave with actual experience, scenes of fancied peril and suffering. Had this been my object, I would have been captured by pirates—been engaged in wild affrays with savage tribes. I would have "cruised in the last war," "sailed in the Phantom Ships," or incorporated in my simple narrative, "shipwrecks and disasters at sea." But such was not my aim. My "Three score years" are gone, and after spending more than Forty years of toil, privation and suffering, to secure those blessings and comforts which age and helplessness require, I found myself suddenly deprived of all, by a dispensation of Divine Providence, as unexpected, as it was fatal to those hopes and expectations, in the indulgence of which, my circumstances in life, seemed to justify me.

Hence it has been out of my power to devote that time and care to the revision and preparation of my manuscript for the press, which, had my circumstances been more favorable, I had been glad to devote to it. Such as it is however, I present it to the public; a plain, simple, unadorned statement of facts, which have fallen under my own knowledge and observation. And that, while the veil of charity is kindly drawn over its many defects, it may amuse, enlighten, and instruct is the wish and prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

Dexter Jan., 1st 1845

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Place of nativity. Early life, education and occupation. First trip to Boston. Voyage to the West Indies. Sea-Sickness. Arrival at St. Domingo. Civil discords on the Island. Barbarity of the Blacks towards their prisoners. Return in the Daniel and Mary to Boston.

CHAPTER II.

Ships in the Essex, Capt. Kilby. Destination of the Essex. War between France and England. Crossing the line. Curious ceremony. Affair with the Mate. Trial and acquittal. Revenge of the Mate. Ship among breakers. Arrival at Barbadoes. Survey and condemnation of the Essex. Supper and Ball on shore. Airing on the beach Taken by a press-gang and carried on board the British sloop of war Cayenne. Protection taken from him and destroyed.

CHAPTER III.

Cruise of the Cayenne. Fall in with Commodore Rogers. Sail for St. Kitts. Escape from the Cayenne. Escape from a shark. Ships in the brig Sally. Ships in the Black-River. Affray with the captain. Ships for Boston in the schooner Mary. Captain swindled by a black-leg. A dance on deck. Sails in the Sea-Flower for St. Thomas.

CHAPTER IV.

Character of the captain. Taken by a French privateer. Arrival at Point Petre. Cruelty to prisoners. French prison. Removal to Barre Terre. Sent to discharge cargo of tea. Yankee trick. Discharge. Arrival at St. Kitts. Ships in the Caledonia for Liverpool. An old acquaintance. Hears from home. Ships in the Waxford of N. Carolina. Christmas on shore. Ships for Jamaica. Outbreak between the Captain and Supercargo. Captain discharged. Crew leave the vessel. Sail for Portland in the Swan. Meets his Father Sails for London. Narrow escape from shipwreck. Arrival.

CHAPTER V.

London. Jews. Gypsies. Robbers on the highway. Ships for Martinico and leaves the vessel. Sails for St. Kitts in the Joke. Peace between England and France. Sails for Spain. Spanish Fandango. Embark for Savannah. Return to Trinidad. Pirates. Sails for Boston. Studies Navigation. Sails for Holland. Manners and customs. Man lost overboard. Wreck discovered. Contraband goods taken by Custom House Officers. Imprisonment of the crew. Discharge. Causes. Arrival in Boston.

CHAPTER VI.

Marriage. Coasting through the summer. Trip to Martimes.— Leaky condition of the brig Ceres. Boarded by the English. Arrival. Black plot. Sails for Boston. For Havannah. For Boston. lost overboard. Sails for Barbadoes. Sails for Rosseau. Hurricane on the Island. Effects of the tornado. Floating grog shops. Sloop of war in disguise. Impressment on board of her. British coolness in time of danger. Escape. Alter my name. Reasons for so doing. Sails for Liverpool. Return to Boston. Sails for Gulf of Venice.— Volcanoes. Electrical Phenomenon. Sails for Smyrna. Isle of Patmos. Narrow escape. Big guns. Curious customs. Trip to Malta. Description. Gibraltar. Voyage to Sweden. Join convoy. Return to Liverpool. Addition to the family.

CHAPTER VII.

Sails for Smyrna. Ship Lewis. The Archipelago. Affray with pirates. Arrival. Visit to the river Jordan. Face of the country.— Customs. Sail, homeward bound, under convoy. Anecdote of Lord Collingwood. Death in the family. Ships for Newfoundland. Ice.— Arrival. Sails for Liverpool. Press gangs. New name. Winter on shore. Sails for Newfoundland. Comet. War. Sails for Trinity.— Riggs a new brig. Observations on the war. Remarks of an English officer.

CHAPTER VIII.

Sails for Pool. Arrival. Laid up for winter. Brig Benjamin. Yankee cunning. Curious incident. Jew Jacob. Three fleets at Spit Head. Fleets sail. Separate. Blocked up by ice. Arrival. Sail for Gibraltar. Moorish castle. Legend. Sail for St. Ubes, Newfoundland. St. Johns. The ship Comet. Enemy in the fleet. Cuts out four vessels in the night. Plague at Gibraltar. Sails for Trinity Bay. For Lisbon. Curious custom. Gale at sea. Driven back. Sail again. Ice bound. Sails for Spain. Tempest. Arrival in port

CHAPTER IX.

Description of a mole. City of Taragonda. French cruelty.— Homeward bound. Algerine pirates. Arrival at Trinity. Sails for Naples. Harbor. City. Curiosities. Face of the country. Ruins of Pompeii. Perlermo. Burning Rock. Sails for London. For Poole. For Trinity, under a drunken captain. Water-spout. Sails for Lisbon. George Garland. Pirates in the harbor. French lady murdered. Sails for Poole. Present circumstances. Island of Fogo. Sails for Genoa. Wrecked in the harbor. Land pirates come on board.

CHAPTER X.

Sails for Gibraltar. Description. Quarantine. Sails for Genoa.— Description of the harbor. City. Mole. Inhabitants. Animals.— Productions. Curiosities. Public squares. Sculpture. Fountain.— Brass tree. Repairs on vessel. Enter protest. Sails to the Mediterranean. Island of Avica. Newfoundland. Icebergs. St. Mary's bay. Night watch. Serenade of the "Lock." Captain in a fit.— Wreckers.

CHAPTER XI.

Ship bilges. Removal of cargo on shore. Natives steal the cook's kettle. Revenge of the cook. Sails for St. Johns. Coasting. Return to St. Johns. Fire in the city. Loses his books and clothing. Sails for Renlore. St. Johns. Mate of an English brig. Sails for Spain. Bristol. Arrival. Harbor. City. Sails for St. Johns. Engagement.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Morris. Character. Dirty vessel and captain. Bet on fast sailing with the captain of the Lord Beresford. Sails for Ireland. Ignorance of the captain. Morris wins the bet by a yankee trick. Dinner in Waterford. Fair at Kilkenny. Dancing girls. Race of the ponies. Irish feelings towards Americans.

CHAPTER XIII.

Return cargo. Haul off from shore. Burning of the ship. Cause. Escape of the crew. Suffocation of a boy. Distress of his sister.— Mr. Morris' kindness. Another vessel. Dance on deck. Difficulty about wages. Leaves the vessel and goes on shore. Engages board.

CHAPTER XIV.

Winter on shore. Evening amusements, Tricks upon the landlady. Smoky chimnies. Visit to ships in port. Irish generosity. Landlady's dollar. Reflections on the habits of seafaring men.

CHAPTER XV.

Arrival of Mr. Morris. Explanation. Goes as master of the schooner Nancy. Coasting. Cape Royal, Fire. St. Johns. Formosa. St. Johns. Reniore, St. Johns. Burene. Sells out cargo. Trick upon the merchants.

CHAPTER XVI.

Schooner laid up for winter. Ships with Maurice Phalam, for Ireland. Heavy gale. Pumps fail. Cove of Cork. Repairs on vessel.—Coast of Ireland. Sick passenger. Death on board. Reflections.—Vessel over-masted. Razeed. Sails for St. Johns.

CHAPTER XVII.

Sails for Liverpool. Blind man on board. History. Curious incident. Advice to an Englishman. Consequence of neglecting it. Negro's idea of lightening ship. Arrival. Sails for St. Johns. Fire ball at sea. Arrival. Sails for Ireland. For Liverpool. For Waterford. Coasting through the summer. Brig Maria, captain Barnes.—Temperance principles enforced on board. Death in the ship.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Suspicious of Quaker honesty. Confirmed. Another death on board. Arrival. Leaves the vessel. Reasons for so doing. Fate of captain Barnes. The ship sails for Boston. Arrival in port. Circumstances considered.

CHAPTER XIX.

Captain Crosby's Character. Buys one third of a brig. Cargo. Sails for Spain. Insurance. Ship lost in a gale. Three men saved in a boat. Ship goes down. Adventures. Reflections. Death of two of the men. Sufferings. Hunger. Thirst. Unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XX.

Picked up by a French brig. Sensations when reason returned.—Sells the boat. Protest. Translation. Sails for Poole in a pilot boat. Arrival. Kind friends.

CHAPTER XXI.

An old acquaintance. Barnes the tailor. A present. Stage for Bath. City. Description. Stage for Liverpool. Ship Africa. Sails for Wiscasset. Arrival. The old battery. Story concerning schooner Charles. Sails for Boston.

CHAPTER XXII.

Arrived in port. Goes to see Mr. Lee, the other owner. Conversation. No insurance. Sails for the East Indies. Sails for Boston.— Reflections. Works on shore. Ships for another voyage, whaling.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Sails in the ship Roselli, captain Gardner, for the Pacific Ocean.— Officers and crew. Cape Horn. Straits of le Maine. Whale, an animal. Different kinds. Habits. Method of taking. Cutting in.— Trying out. Harpoons. Lance. Day of the crew. Whale-boats.— Christmas pic. Sails for the coast of Japan. Sandwich Islands. Ow hyhee. Inhabitants. Manners and customs. Productions. Cook's monument.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Cruise continued. Coast of Japan. Six whales alongside at one time. Storm. Cut the whales adrift. Sails for Whyhee. Harbor. Watering place. Missionary. Their success. Schools. Face of the island. Volcanoes. Descent into a crater. Curious discovery. Conversation with Brown.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sails for the Off Shore ground. Sandwich Islands. Japan. Woaheo. Sail in company, homeward bound, round Cape Horn. Warm weather. A man flogged. Arrival at home. Engages for another cruise to the Pacific for whales.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sails for the Western Islands. For Cape Verd Islands. For Brazil. Make Staten Land. Cape Horn. Winter with heavy winds.— Spring the bowsprit. View of the Andes. Grand Appearance. Run into Payta. Harbor. Face of the country. Hard watering place.— Trick upon an English ship. Sails for Callao. Fourth of July in Callao. Visit to Lima. Description. Orange groves. Fort Callao.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Convents. Churches. Public works. Streets. Fountains. American settlers. Ruins of Bonavista. Ruins of old Callao. The earthquake. Inhabitants favorably disposed towards Americans.— Manners and customs.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Cruise about Payta Head. Sails for the Galapagos Islands. Arrival

at James' Island. Description. Terapin. Lizzard. Guana. Rainy seasons. Volcanic remains. Soil. Productions. Salt ponds.—Sounding rock. Runaway sailors. Cure for consumption. Post Office. Rock Rowdundo. Lee and weather bays.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sails for the Main. Falls in with captain Coffin. Keeps company. School of whales. Avarice its own punishment. Leave company.—Sails for Tombus. River. Sails for the bay of Conception. Inhabitants of the coast. Productions.

CHAPTER XXX.

Homeward bound. Cape Horn. Terra del Fuego. Violent Gale.—Hail storm. Darkness. Arrival at home. Scene on deck. Congratulation of friends. Success.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Reasons for again shipping. Journey to Warren. New Bedford.—Ship Isaac Howland, captain Austin. Sails. Make Staten Land.—Whales in the Atlantic Ocean. Off Shore Ground. Run into Callao. Two men desert. Mate killed by a whale. Sail for the Galapagos Islands. Charles Island. Governor's Residence. Volcanic appearances. Soil. Productions. Inhabitants. Early history of the Island. Johnson the German. Pat, the Irishman.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Adventures of Pat. Sails for Tombus. Sails for Callao, Arrival Affray with a Spaniard. Sails for the Galapagos. Politeness of the Governor. Mr. Gay. His singular history. Make a mate of him.—Scurvey on board. Sail for Payta Head. Arrival. Sicknes of the crew. Ship sails. Unable to get on board.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sailors life on shore. Reflection. Recovery from Scurvey. Ship Hobomok. Captain Barnard. Sails in the Hobomok. Mutiny of the crew. Suppressed by the sloop of war Fairfield. Men tied up. Cat-o-nine-tails

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sail for the Off Shore ground. Sandwich Islands. Scrape between a sailor and an English Rumseller. Crew desert the ship. Crew of Natives. Early History of the Islands. Officers and men discharged.

Water Spouts. Drift Canoe picked up. Name. Sails for the Continent. Fisher family. Crew on shore.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sail for the Off shore ground. Return to the continent. Conception Bay. Earthquake in Tequenetama. Sail for Valparaiso. Arrival. City. Inhabitants. Customs. Man of war. Station. Use. Beach corner. Five Spanish clerks wounded by an insane man.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Last season of the cruise. Luck. Sails for the Off Shore ground. Lost thirteen whales through mismanagement. Homeward bound.—Cape Horn. Cruise in the fog. Land cruise. New Bedford. Fall River. Warren. Settlement with owners. Situation of affairs.—Whale ship Bay. Engagement with Capt. Barton. Reason for so singular a name for the ship.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Flattering prospects. Sail Sept. 10th 1836. Cape Verd Islands. St. Jago. Deceived in Captain Barton and the crew. Affray with the carpenter. Revenge upon the crew. His character. Arrival at the Brazil Banks. Round Cape Horn. Hail and Snow. Sails for Juan Fernandes. Harbor. Appearance of the Island. Sails for Charles Island.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Departure of the former Governor. Causes. His successors. Two men desert ship. Sails for James' Island. Get a supply of bread of a Spanish schooner. Sails for Mohee. Soil. Climate. Inhabitants. Missionary Operations. Schools. Funeral of the Queen. Sails for Woahoo. Sails for Japan. Spoke the Charles Augustus. Wrecked crew found on shore. Their history.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Arrival at Japan. Foolish conduct of the officers. No success. Sails for Mohee. Arrival. Sails for Payta Head. Cruise. Sails for the Islands of Marquesas. Fin Back Whale. Island of Whytahoo. Description. Inhabitants. Manners. Customs. Sail. Productions. Island of Magellan. A black man. Chased by ten War canoes. Escape. Missionary Enterprise here. Enter the harbor. Wilful conduct of Captain Barton. Night on shore. Banian tree. Adventure with Native Girls. Religious belief. St. Dominica.

CHAPTER XL.

English Missionary. Lazy Lubber. A Lion. Last days in port.— Liberty on shore. Desertion of the men. Found again. Sail. Christmas Island. Fannings Island. Description. Take in water. Touching Incident. Bad omens. Heavy squalls. No luck this cruise owing to misconduct and disagreement between officers and crew.

CHAPTER XLI.

Sails for the North West coast. Make the continent. Wreck of the Hobomok. Speculation. Appearance of the coast. Soil. Productions. Climate. Inhabitants. Two poor wretches discovered. History.— Sails for Coceas Island, to water. Soil. Productions and climate.— Sails for the Galapagos. Arrival. Sails for Juan Fernandes. Description. Enter Conception Bay. A difficulty. Crew in prison. Causes. Expensive job for Captain Barton. Discharge.


CHAPTER XLII.

Crew on shore. Preparations for sailing. Ten of the crew steal one of the boats and desert. Fruitless efforts to catch them. Hire Beach Comers. Their appearance and character. Sails, homeward bound. Make Cape Horn. Island of Trinidad. Martin's Rock. Description. Good fishing ground. Sharks. Islands round Cape Horn. Description by a Beach Comer. Inhabitants. Harbour. Block Island.— Snow. Wind. Hail. Arrival at home.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Concludes to quit the sea. Reasons. Present circumstances and situation. Goes to Providence. Storm on shore. Sails for Boston.— Shipwreck. Loss. Crew taken into Newburyport by a pilot boat.— Condition. Reflection. Goes to Swansey. Thence to Taunton.— Vision of the night at Taunton. Goes to Boston. Hears from relatives in Poland, Maine. Goes to Portland. Thence to Poland. Meets with Mother and Brother. Leaves for friends at the Eastward. Reflections. Close.

FORTY YEARS AT SEA.



CHAPTER I.

“Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow throws
A halo round your beauties now.”

In presenting to the public, a relation of my adventures on the ocean during more than forty years of my life, I shall endeavor to give a plain statement of facts. It will not be expected that I shall be able to relate all the circumstances, so accurately as if they were copied from log-books and journals, since memory, too often treacherous, has effaced many of those occurrences, from her tablets, whilst others are rendered illegible by the ravages of time and age. Yet urged by the urgent solicitations of my friends, and also by the desire of giving a fair specimen of the life of the tempest-tossed sailor, I shall endeavor to relate without coloring, or comment, such facts as I have preserved fresh in memory. Although I now feel the loss of those journals, which the deep, ever insatiate, and ever yawning to devour, has deprived me of, yet trusting to the generosity and goodness, displayed by the public to the unfortunate, and particularly to seamen, I commence my recital.

It not being my intention to write a complete history of my life, I merely state that I was born in Danville Me. A. D. 1781, and spent the time of my

youth to the age of 17, much in the manner of other children; that while a boy, I attended school, and there received the essentials of a common school education. While young the peculiar cast of my mind, was displayed, by the pleasure which I felt, in listening to stories of the sea, in reading accounts of distant countries, and probably the earnest desire which I had of seeing, and knowing all these things, influenced me in my course.

Being by trade a carpenter, I one day, went to Bath to purchase some tools. Whilst rambling about the wharves to see the shipping, I was accosted by a gentleman who proved to be the captain of a new brig just from Liverpool. He inquired of me if I would like to take a trip to sea. Not feeling much inclined to drop my former occupation for another upon so short notice, I answered in the negative. Not satisfied with this answer, he continued his persuasions, peppering them occasionally with fine stories of a seafaring life,—many of which, I found quite the reverse in subsequent years—and in conclusion offered me ten dollars, to go to Boston by the run. As money was then a *cash* article with me, this *argument* was not to be withstood; I therefore closed the bargain, went on board, and all things being ready, we set sail June 15th 1799. And the next day at ten o'clock A. M. were in Boston harbor. This was my first trip, and little did I, a thoughtless boy think, that it would lead to such a result. I was then paid off and was immediately offered one dollar per day to stay and cook for the crew while discharging the cargo, which I accepted, and remained here eight days, at the end of which I found myself

the possessor of eighteen dollars, which I had earned in less than ten days. The next morning as I was proceeding leisurely along, at the head of long wharf, fingering my change, and thinking how I might expend it to the best advantage, I was aroused from my reveries, by a call from the opposite side of the street. Turning my head, I beheld an old *tar* leaning against a grog-shop for his mainstay, who, on my looking up, roared out at the top of his voice, "hallo shipmate, heave too." Upon this I crossed the street and asked him what he wanted. After some *palava*, he asked me if I wanted to ship, I answered that I had not thought of it. In return he stated that wages were good, and that I could not do better than to take a trip to the West Indies, in the brig Daniel and Mary, of Newburyport. The desire of seeing these picturesque islands, and of visiting that land which first greeted the eyes of the immortal Columbus, at once overpowered my doubts, and I answered that I would go provided I could get wages to suit me.

He now took me to the counting house of the owners, and introduced me to the Captain in the following words. Here is a fine chubby fellow for you, who thinks he should like to take a trip to the land of sharks, and he looks like a right chap. What do you ask a month my lad? said the capt. I told him I did not know how much I could earn. Well said he, Perkins,—which was my conductor's name,—I will leave it to you, if the young man is willing: to which I readily assented. After eyeing me closely fore and aft, he said, that I could earn eighteen dol-

lars. Will you go for that? the captain asked. I replied in the affirmative and having pocketed a month's pay in advance, signed the shipping papers of the brig *Daniel and Mary*, Newburyport, of the firm of Sweet and Parley, and bound to the West Indies.

You may be assured that I was well satisfied with this turn in my affairs: eighteen dollars and an opportunity of seeing the world, being much more satisfactory than nine dollars per month, which was all that I could command as a carpenter. After having despatched a letter to my parents informing them where I was and what were my intentions, I proceeded to lay in a stock of summer clothing, a trunk bed blankets, and other necessary articles, and then went on board in company with the captain whose name was McFarly. The brig was then lying at anchor well up the south side of Long Wharf, with no soul on board. The captain having unlocked the cabin, told me to put my trunk in there, the floor of which was completely covered with the ship's stores, such as rum, molasses, tea, coffee, &c. He then directed me to make up my berth in the steerage, and having struck a light, went on shore, and left me to *fix* things as I could. After I had made arrangements as I thought satisfactory to the captain, I resolved to satisfy myself, and helped myself to bread, cheese and other eatables, not forgetting a glass of **snap-eye*' to wash it down with. My external and internal condition having been thus duly considered, I had nothing to do but meditate upon the "change

*Brandy.

that had come o'er the spirit of my dreams" in the short space of ten days. I hauled out my money once more and counting it, I found that I had remaining twenty-one dollars, which I concealed in my mattress. The next day the captain and crew having come on board, we weighed anchor, and set sail, having a pleasant breeze from the North West, and at 10 A. M. cleared the harbor and discharged the pilot. We had been but a few hours, "rocked in Neptune's cradle," before I began to feel the qualms of sea-sickness, through which the greenhorn must pass, before he can become a regular *salt*. My sickness lasted about a week, and reduced me so low that I could hardly crawl, which indeed I had no disposition to attempt, for I would have willingly given boot to die, provided I could have had a haystack to creep under. But low as I was, I regained my health and strength in the short space of two hours, by drinking a bowl of hot coffee made very strong, administered by my old friend Perkins.

Nothing worthy of notice occurred, until our arrival at Port au Prince, July 26th.

The island of St. Domingo—now Haiti—was at this time convulsed by civil commotions. It was but a short period after the massacre of the whites, the horrors of which are too well known to be recapitulated here. A war of extermination raged between the blacks and mulattoes, the former occupying the north side of the island, and the latter the south side. An embargo had been laid upon the ports occupied by the blacks in order to starve them into submission; and this had just been taken off;

consequently we found a ready sale for our cargo, disposing of our fish at fifteen dollars per quintal, and bread at twenty-five dollars per barrel.

Whilst lading here, I had frequent opportunities of seeing the barbarity of the blacks towards their prisoners. Fears were entertained that the mulattoes, would attack the city of Port au Prince, therefore we lay at anchor a short distance from the shore, with the stern warped in and moored. Beyond us, lay an old French frigate, converted into a prison ship, which received a body of prisoners every day. When this prison became crowded, they were taken out, the oath of allegiance administered to such as would receive it, and the remainder were shot. Being on shore one morning, I witnessed the execution of ten in this manner. A few days after, several were executed in a different way. A lighter was hove out, and an old twenty-four pounder hoisted out over the side, about five feet above the wale, to which eighteen or twenty victims were triced, when the tackle was cut, and the gun tumbled into the sea, dragging with it, the unfortunate prisoners. This took place immediately before our brig, and the water was so clear, that I could see the miserable beings laying upon the bottom.

Having at length completed our cargo which consisted of coffee and sugar, we set sail in company with several other vessels, under convoy of the U. S. frigate Washington, and Sept. 15, arrived at Boston, after a passage of twenty one days. The crew immediately left for their respective homes, and having received the rhino, I took up lodgings on shore.

CHAPTER II.

I then bought me a suit of clothes and resolved to act the gentleman; but found the business duller than I had supposed; moreover I found that there still reigned in my breast the same ardent desire of seeing the world. I therefore in a few days shipped on board the *Essex*, bound on a whaling voyage to the South sea. The crew was shipped on shares with fifty dollars paid in advance, and consisted of forty hands. About the last of October 1799, all things being ready, we put to sea, with a fair wind, and flattering prospects, of a fine voyage. Our captain, was Joseph Kilby, a fine, gentlemanly appearing person, and a thorough seaman. The first mate was named Haskell, a Scotchman, who had formerly been a lieutenant in the British navy and master of a Guineaman, and was in my estimation one of the greatest villains that ever trod a deck. The ship was armed on account of the war between the U. S. and France. Still we were obliged to keep a sharp lookout for French Privateers, and were trained to the guns every day, in complete man-of-war style. Nothing of a hostile appearance however troubled us, and as we were now drawing near the line, preparations were made to introduce about fifteen green hands to his majesty Neptune, the sovereign of the ocean. For this purpose, the day before crossing the line, about twenty barrels of apples were hoisted on

deck, overhauled, and the rotten ones thrown into some flour barrels, whilst those that were sound were returned below. The next day about one o'clock P. M. all the green hands were sent below to clean the fore-castle, where they were immediately secured by closing the hatches. One of the whale boats was then hoisted out of the launch, lashed to the starboard side, and filled with water. In the mean time, the gunner, who personified, the classic ruler of the deep, horribly disguised, proceeded over the head of the vessel and after having been thoroughly drenched with water appeared coming in over the bows, as well soaked as if he had just sprung from the bottom.

Armed with a trident in one hand and a speaking trumpet in the other, he addressed the captain in the following terms, "Ship ahoy! from whence came you." "From Boston and bound to the south Pacific ocean on a whaling voyage. Pray what do you wish here" replied the captain. "I came on board too see if any of my children here have not been initiated." "There are none here," answered the captain. His majesty however was not to be deceived, but soon smelt them out and one by one they were hauled forward and shaved. As soon as this ceremony was over, about a dozen sailors, with each a bucket of water, proceeded to wet the officers, as is customary on such occasions, who heeled it for the cabin; but in their haste the captain, two mates and steward, got completely jammed up in the companion way, and before the snarl could be well cleared, their capital extremities were smoothed down with about fifty

buckets full of the trident king's element, much to the glee of the sailors, who delighted in this sparification of their officers.

The rotten apples were next called into requisition, which flew in all directions, until the vessel and crew were as completely bedaubed as one could wish. But as all visits must come to an end so must Neptune's. Therefore the head pumps were set to work, and soon all things looked trim again. The rest of the afternoon it being calm, was spent in drinking lemon punch, singing songs and spinning yarns. The next morning a favorable breeze springing up we shaped our course for the Cape de Verde islands and the first land we made was St. Jago, in latitude $16^{\circ}-30'$ North, long. 23° West. From here we took our departure, and steered for St. Augustine. It was reported that French Cruisers were hovering near the South American coast. Therefore as we approached it look outs were placed upon the fore yard, the lee quarter, and the weather cat head, with the guns double shotted, and every thing in readiness for action. One evening as it was blowing fresh from the North West, at ten o'clock it came my turn to take the watch on the fore yard. Putting on a thick jacket I started up and having stopped on the quarter of the yard to button my jacket, I proceeded to the yard arm and settled myself as comfortably as my situation would allow. Directly I heard a gigling, among the men on the forecastle, and looking down I saw the old rascal of a mate, coming up the rigging with his strap in his fist; swearing as he usually

did when enraged, and making sail towards me. As soon as in striking distance, he burst forth, "D—n your thundering pelt—stop in the bunt of the yard will you—take that," at the same time aiming a blow at me, but not being quite near enough I did not take it, as he expected: I being on the top of the yard, close out to the clew of the top-sail and he, on the foot rope. As the eyesplice of the foot rope was close to my knee, I took out my knife and resolved if he hurt me much to cut the rope, and give him an opportunity of trying to fly. Just then he raised himself up on the rigging and brought the strap down over my head and across my snuff-taker, making it bleed profusely. Not giving him time to repeat the blow I slashed off the foot rope, and down tumbled the lubber, on to the heads of eight or ten men, who were huddled together on the weather side, enjoying the sport; and from them, he went sprawling on the deck, his head striking within a foot of the bill of the best bower. Fortunately for me, the men so retarded his velocity, although some of their heads were well nigh driven into their shoulders, that the old chap was not seriously injured, but, picking himself up, said he, "You will see me bring that fellow down like a gray goose," and went aft for his pistols. But the captain, hearing the disturbance, came up, and, politely taking the pistols into his own possession, came forward to know the cause of the uproar. I was called upon deck, and made to answer to the charge of mutinous conduct; but all the watch was in my favor, and it was shown to the satisfaction of captain Kilby, that

the mate had frequently been guilty of oppressive conduct to the men, and that he had been in the habit of throwing billets of wood, and double-headed shot at the men in his watch, when enraged.

The captain, being well satisfied as to the one who was blameworthy, told the mate, that if ever another complaint of the kind, was made against him, he would put him in irons, and send him home, by the first vessel he fell in with. He then retired to the cabin, and for about an hour, the mate sat on the hen-coop, pulling his hair, pinching his cheeks, and biting his lips, much to the amusement of the men, who admired to see the old fellow's arrogance humiliated. At length he started suddenly from his seat, ran aft, and bawled to captain Kelley, "Here is a brig bearing down upon us, with two topsails, jib and main-sail set." On hearing this, the captain sprung on deck, and ordered the boatswain to pipe all hands to their quarters. Now all was confusion; the men came tumbling up in their shirts, and began to clear away the guns, and all were so intent upon getting ready for action, that they entirely forgot to look for the object of this tumult. The gunner opened the magazine, the powder-monkeys took their stations, and when everything was in readiness, the captain ran up the mizzen rigging, and others went to the fore and main-topmast heads, to examine the stranger, but to their surprize, nothing was to be seen. It was then evident that the mate had given a false alarm, to gratify his revengeful disposition, and compensate for the rebuke which he had received from the captain. Although he succeeded in causing

some trouble, yet his savage spite was not satisfied ; and when the men were dismissed from their quarters, and the watch relieved, he undertook to gratify his malicious nature, by involving the ship, and all the crew, in one common destruction. We were now close hauled upon the wind, to clear Cape Augustine, the weather thick and squally — a fit opportunity for the mate to execute his nefarious designs. When a squall came on, he would order the man at the wheel, to keep her off four points, and proceeded in this way, during the most of his watch. On the next day, the weather was so thick, that the captain could not get an observation, and being ignorant of the conduct of the mate, he was unable to determine our situation. About eight o'clock, P. M., the breeze freshened, and orders were given to take in the fore-top-gallant sail. This had hardly been accomplished, when, as I got into the crosstrees, looking down, I discovered a long chain of breakers, running directly athwart the ship's bows, not more than a cable's length to windward. I instantly gave the alarm ; but before the ship could be put about, she entered a narrow passage between the rocks, and, as if guided by the hand of a benevolent Providence, went through without striking. As quick as possible, the lead was hove, and seven fathoms of water found. Here we were in a most unpleasant situation ; surrounded as far as we could see, by rocks, against which a heavy sea was breaking, with a continued roar, involved in darkness, with the prospect of a long, tempestuous night before us, we at length came too, and cast anchor. We however, passed the night very comfort-

ably, and when morning dawned, we discovered our situation. By the orders of the mate, we had gradually approached the continent, and fortunately passed through the breakers without injury. We were now in a passage between the bar and main land, about eighteen miles north of Cape St. Roque. The distance between the breakers and main land, varied from eight to twelve miles. How we were to extricate ourselves from this awkward situation, was the next consideration. As the captain was afraid of making the attempt of getting out by the same way that he entered, it was resolved to beat up the channel, and effect our escape, by doubling the reef. But this was not to be easily accomplished. The wind was constantly dead ahead, and after beating the whole day and night, with the lead constantly going, we would find ourselves several miles below where we started, the day before. The bottom was also so uneven, that at one time, the lead would show eight fathoms of water, and the next time only three, and before the ship could be put about, we would run smack on to a sand bar. This usually occurred five or six times a day. Several times, we found it necessary to get out a stern anchor, and heave her off. At length the ship began to leak badly, and the captain, thinking that he had imitated the flying Dutchman long enough, concluded to attempt a passage through the breakers, and came to anchor as near to the place where we came in, as was prudent. Boats were then sent to sound a passage, and place buoys, which being effected, the ship was safely towed from her uncomfortable prison, and once more floated on the deep.

On account of leaks, a survey of her was taken by the officers, when she was found too rotten and too much strained to proceed on the voyage, until she had been repaired. An agreement was then subscribed by the whole crew, that if she was found seaworthy, we should all remain with her, and perform the voyage. But, if condemned, we were to receive monthly wages from the time that we sailed, until we were discharged. We accordingly stood away for Barbadoes, where we arrived near the middle of February.

Soon after our arrival, the ship was overhauled and condemned. She had formerly been a whale ship, belonging to Salem, and after lying in port about two years, had been fitted up with a new deck and bullwarks, brought to Boston, and sold.

All hands were now set to work to strip the ship, and send the provisions on shore; after which, every thing was sold for the benefit of the underwriters. In a few weeks after our arrival, we were paid off, and on account of the ship being condemned in a foreign port, each one was allowed three months' pay, besides his regular wages, or a passage home. Some chose the three months' pay, and others the passage home, there being a schooner then in port, bound to Boston. As I preferred the latter course, captain Kelley told me to move my traps on board the brig, which was to sail the next morning.

Being now about to separate, the crews of the American vessels, resolved to have a grand supper on shore. I had in my chest, one hundred and ten dollars, five of which I took to defray the expenses

of the night; and about dark, we were all assembled, each armed with a club to keep off pressgangs. Having passed the greater part of the evening, merrymaking, myself, with three others, walked down on the beach, to enjoy the cool sea-breeze, and drive off the effects of our tamarind punch, where we were suddenly surrounded by an officer and ten or twelve armed men, who very unceremoniously bundled us into a boat, and pulled off. There were eight or ten more in the boat, who appeared to be conditioned like ourselves. After winding our way among the different vessels in the harbor, we were pulled along side of an armed ship, and ordered on board. Inquiring, I found that I was on board his Britannic majesty's sloop of war Cayenne, and that they had, according to the principles of John Bullism, taken me, without inquiring as to the character I sustained, into his majesty's service.

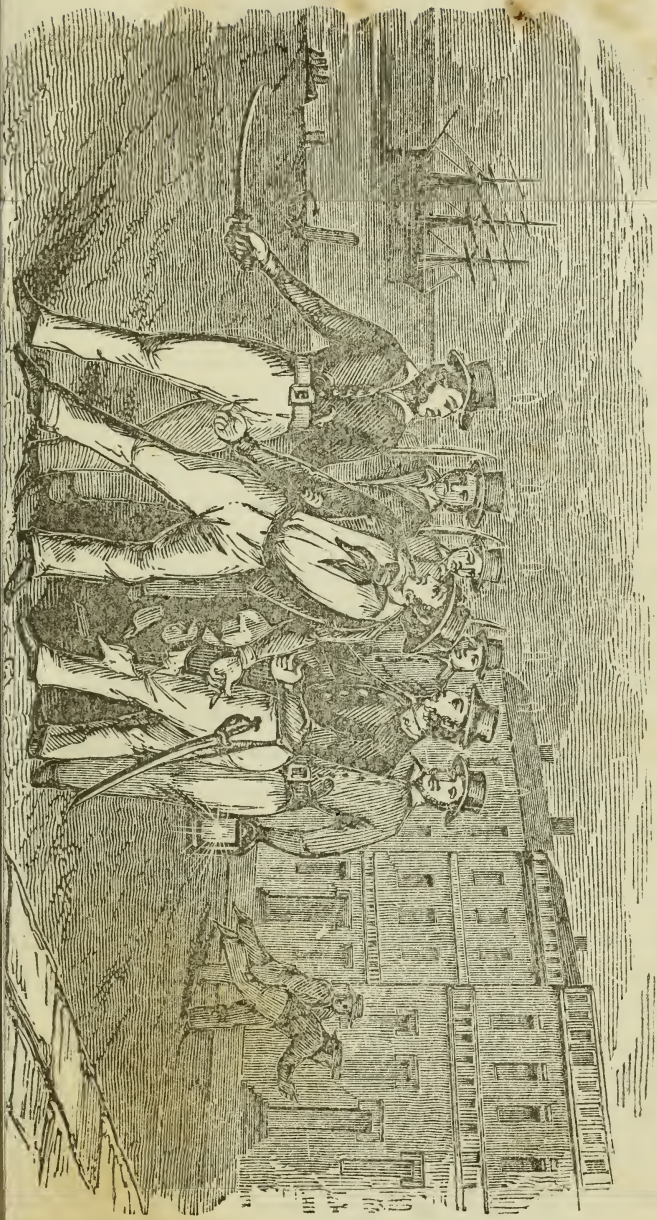
In the morning, we were all taken aft and overhauled; and here you may see a specimen of every day tyranny, exercised upon American citizens. The captain of the Cayenne, asked me my name, and on answering, that I was an American, he demanded to see my protection. I took it from my pocket, and gave it to him. After looking at it, he said, "You are an Irishman. What business have you with a protection? There are plenty of Nevenses in Ireland, but there never was one *born* in America." He then tore up my protection, and threw it overboard, stating that he wanted men, and should keep me. When I found that right was of no avail against might, I sent, by a bum boat, a note to captain Kilby,

stating my situation, and asking his assistance. Accordingly, about eleven o'clock, he came on board, and demanded me, as an American citizen ; but the British captain swore that he knew my father in Ireland, that I was a d—d Irish rebel, and ordered captain Kilby into his boat. Finding that he was determined to retain me, I requested captain Kilby to take home my chest and bedding, and if, at the expiration of a year, I did not return, to send them to my parents. Having made these dispositions, I bade adieu to liberty, and settled myself to the consoling prospect of serving Great Britain a few years for nothing.

CHAPTER III.

Cases of impressment were not of rare occurrence. Besides myself, there were eight or ten American born citizens, in this same sloop of war ; and there was not a vessel in the British navy, but what had more or less on board. Many escaped ; but many more were obliged to endure servitude, until the commencement of the late war, when thousands surrendered themselves as prisoners of war, rather than fight against their native land. But some were not allowed this, and were compelled to serve the enemy, under the ignominious lashes of that instrument

THE PRESS-GANG.





of torture, used only by demons of the sea, the cat-o'-nine-tails.

Completely disheartened, about one in the afternoon, I heard the coarse tones of the boatswain, calling "All hands, up anchor, ahoy," and went aft to help man the capstan bars, and heave up the anchor. We were soon under weigh, the Cayenne having the leeward station, was bound to Surinam. When about ten days out, we fell in with the American sloop of war, Moreland, commodore Rogers, under the following circumstances. About sunset, saw a ship running from us, and the captain expressed his fear that it was a French frigate that was cruising in this quarter, since we could not muster more than ninety men. Commodore Rogers was cruising for this same Frenchman, and had seen us long before we saw him, and to give us no alarm, had run from us. As soon as it was dark, he tacked ship and stood for us; and whilst we were gogging on, in a comfortable drizzle of rain, about ten, what should we see but a large ship sweeping down across our bows, with her ports up, lanterns lighted, and men at their quarters, all ready to give us a broadside.

The Lieutenant in a fright ran down and called the Captain who came up and ordered the boatswain to pipe all hands to their quarters; but before this could be done, Commodore Rogers hailed, "what ship is that." To which the Captain of the Cayenne answered in true yankee style, by asking who he was. "The U. S. ship Moreland." This answer calmed the fears of our heroic Captain since he was intimately acquainted with the American Commodore. He now

had his gig lowered and was pulled on board of the American vessel, and stopped the remainder of the night. About sunrise the lookout on board the Moreland, discovered a sail right ahead, and in two minutes her canvass was spread, and she was darting along with a fresh breeze in full chase leaving our Captain to make his way on board in his gig. We also made sail, but at eight o'clock the Moreland was hull down, ahead of us. The Captain of the Cayenne observed to the 1st Lieutenant — "These yankees have d——d fine ships, for sailing but they do not know how to work them." "Dont know 'bout that" replied the Lieutenant, who was willing to give every one his due. If we had been an enemy, he would have shown us, last night, how to work ship, and would have blown us out of the water, before we could have brought a gun to bear." The stranger was soon out of sight, and we saw no more of her, until we had brought to anchor in Surinam river, when she came in and anchored close by us.

After lying here about a month, we set sail and on the 20th of April arrived at St. Kitts, and cast anchor about three miles from the shore. This was done to prevent the crew from deserting. About half way between us and the shore lay the American sloop of war Baltimore. I here resolved to seize the first opportunity to attempt an escape. I considered myself quite a swimmer, but had never swam any great distnace. There were also plenty of sharks, but I thought it no worse to be eaten by the sharks, than to spend my life in British servitude. At length one dark stormy night when no one was

on deck but a sentinal, I crept into the head, divested myself of my clothing, threw over the swab rope, let myself down, and struck off for the Baltimore. The wind was fresh, and on my starboard beam, so that instead of making the sloop, I found that I was half a mile to the leward, and to reach her I would be necessitated to beat up against wind and tide. I therefore abandoned my original intention and *put* for the shore. After I had been in the water for more than two hours, and was almost exhausted, I came along side of a London brig, and climbed up her cable on board. There was but one man on deck, who after listening to my recital, gave me a jacket, and pantaloons, and also a glass of grog which refreshed me much. He then informed me that I was not safe there, for his captain had been an officer in the British navy, and that but a short time previous, two sailors had swam on board, whom he had taken into his boat and returned to the vessel from which they had deserted.

Under these considerations, I thought proper to find some other shelter; therefore after resting about half an hour, I threw off the clothes which he had so kindly given me, and ouce more committed myself to the waves. At length, when almost exhausted, I reached another brig, with a boat moored under her stern, into which I climbed, and from thence went up on deck, where I found the foremast men sitting on the main hatch, drinking and singing, although it was near twelve o'clock. The mate, who was walking the deck, upon discovering me, sung out, "who's there?" "A friend," I responded. "A friend in

distress, I should think," he returned, "since you are scudding under bare poles." He then gave me his jacket, and ordered one of the men to bring more clothing for me. In the mean time, he mixed a pint of weak sling and told me to drink it, a little at a time. When I was somewhat revived, I related my story and found that I was among friends.

On the following morning, I was called into the cabin by the captain, who after inquiring into my affairs, told me that as he had a full crew, he did not want me; but that his brother had written to him from Tetollen, to ship a couple of hands for him, and if I would go he would take me to that place. The vessel in which I then was, was the *Sally*, of Greenock, Scotland, captain Walker, and was about to sail to join the convoy, for home. In three days we sailed for Tetollen, and on our arrival, I found that the captain's brother had shipped all his crew and did not want me. Here now was a *pickle*. The captain was unwilling to take me, but said he would set me on shore; and this I did not at all relish, for there were several men of war in the harbor; and as I had no protection, I should be impressed. The brig lay about four miles from the town, in the passage between two small rocky islands. As the captain expected every moment to hear the signal gun from the commodore, for getting under weigh, and refused to take me with him, I told him to land me on one of these islands, and that I would run the risk of being taken off, after the fleet had sailed. I was rowed to the island by two stout kind hearted Scotchmen, who appeared to have a good deal of compassion for me,

particularly when we came to the island, which was about an acre over, sprinkled with lime bushes, and not a drop of water to be found. This I thought a little harder than anything I had yet seen; for if I was not soon taken off I must inevitably perish by hunger or thirst. At length the boat returned to the vessel, and when the sailors on board had learned my situation, they refused to leave unless I was taken on board. Presently the admiral fired the signal for getting under weigh, but the sailors would not budge an inch to heave up the anchor, until a boat had been sent and taken me off, when they appeared as willing as ever.

Soon after we had cleared the harbor, a small brig ran along side, which the captain hailed, and found her bound to New York. Seeing but few men on deck, our captain told them of my case, in answer to which he said that if I would go with him he would give me twenty-two dollars per month. This good fortune relieved my mind of an incubus which had weighed upon it, ever since I had suffered impressment. I had despaired of seeing my native land for some time. But here was an opportunity of seeing and greeting immediately my country's shores. To you who have spent your days in the bosom of your home, this may seem childish. But take the place of the mariner! Endure, months and years, the cold, the heat, the blasts and the beatings of the unpeitying tempest, far from the shore on which,

———friends and loved ones dwell,
Where the scenes of youth and innocence swell
On the sight, o'er mountain and dell.

then will you sigh as ardently to return, and to meet the stern outlines of Columbia's soil, as I did.

The next thing was to get on board. Each of the vessels had but one boat; both of which were safely stowed on deck, and it seemed too much trouble to hoist them out. Therefore the little brig sheered up, as near as was safe, an oar was made fast to a line, and thrown under our bows. I then went into the fore chains, threw off my clothes,—thus leaving the vessel as naked as I entered it,—seized the oar and was dragged alongside, from whence I crept into the main chains, and there received some articles of dress before making my *debut* on deck. Just as I had reached the main chains, a huge shark made his appearance from under the brig, who eyed me very wishfully, but happened to be a little too late “for tea,” for I was out of his reach. I found myself on board of the brig Sally, captain Evans.

This was about the middle of April, and during our passage we had long cold rains, and I being thinly clad, suffered a good deal from the cold.

I would take my trick at the helm, in a storm of snow and rain mingled, without shoes, stockings or hat, or indeed anything but a duck frock and trousers. We arrived at New York about the 20th of May, and having been paid off, I attempted to get a passage to Boston, but could not, therefore went to work on board the ship, Black River, for one dollar and twenty five cents per day.

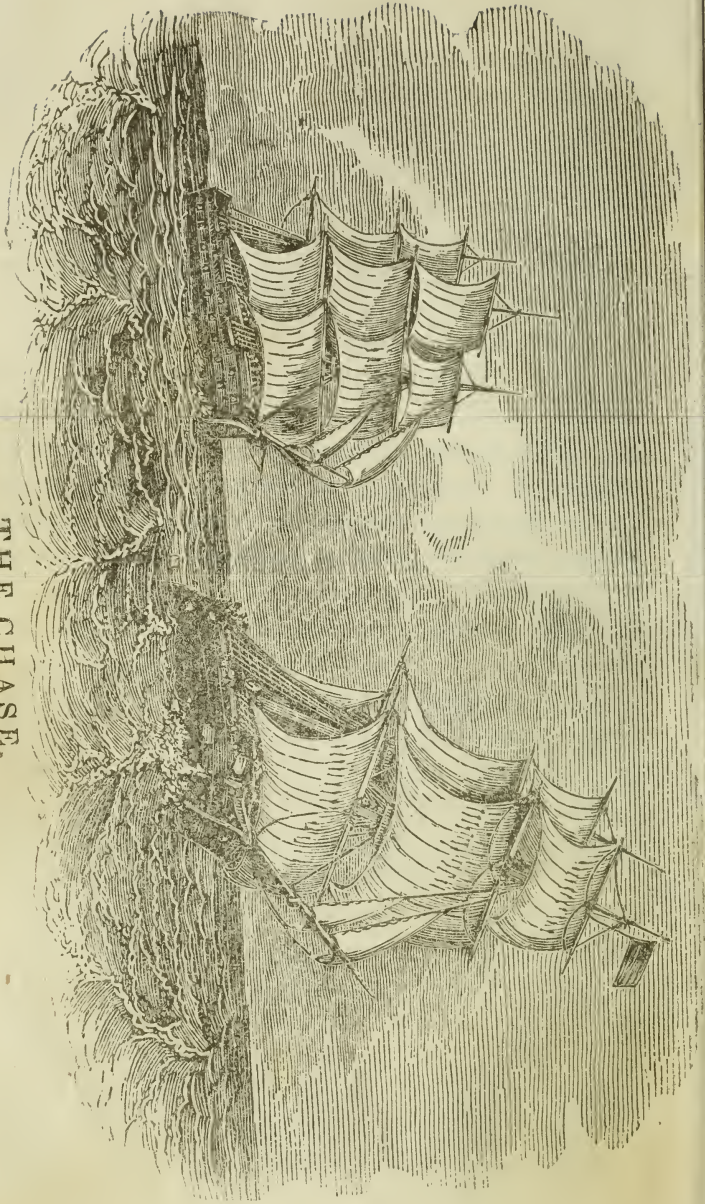
One morning as I was passing by, captain Evans called me on board his vessel. Now there were in the steerage, several casks of molasses, and from one

of these we had occasionally taken some to sweeten our water on the passage; and as it was constantly fomenting and running over, we thought it might as well be used in this way as lost. The captain having taken me into the steerage, measured one of these with a stick, and showed that it was about a quarter out. Said he, "don't you think this is a d——d shame?" at the same time, hitting me a rap across my nasal, with his stick. He then caught up an iron pump break, and aimed a blow at me, but I dodged into the hold, and ran up a short ladder on deck and from thence, jumped on to the wharf. The captain followed me in hot haste, and as I went up the ladder, struck at me again, such a blow, that if he had hit me, he would certainly have killed me.— My nose by this time began to bleed freely; and a couple of riggers standing near advised me "to get a warrant and make him pay for his tantrums." Accordingly bloody as I was, I went to the City Hall and entered a complaint, against him. I then accompanied the constable to the vessel, where he took the belligerent captain prisoner. Having found that he had got into a *scrape*, he asked me what I would settle it for. I told him sixty dollars. This he swore he would not give; but after consulting with his consignee, he thought proper to shell out sixty dollars to me and twelve dollars to the constable, for costs. As for me, I pocketed the change and thought myself well paid for the loss of a little bark on my nose. I then fitted myself with a suit of clothes, and the next day shipped for Boston, for twelve dollars by the run, in the schooner Mary of Falmouth.

Just before we set sail, a well dressed young gentleman came on board, to secure a passage to Boston. He also stated that he had a case of cutlery, to be conveyed, which he brought on board about eleven o'clock. He told the captain that he bought this at auction, and that there were two cases more, that he should like to take, but was short of change. As the captain had plenty of money, he lent him five dollars, with which he departed, and soon after sent the other two cases on board. The next morning, when all was ready to set sail, our young gentleman was not to be found. Well, the morning passed away, and twelve o'clock came, but no gentleman. At length, captain Hatch, out of all patience, got an officer, and opened one of the cases, in which he found nothing but bricks and bits of broken glass, which gingled very like cutlery. He then sent officers after the rogue, but he was not to be found. We then set sail for Boston, and having touched at Falmouth, we spent the night on shore, at the house of one of our messmates, by the name of Jones. In the evening, some eight or ten ladies came in, and we got up a dance. The ladies were pretty, and well dressed, excepting that the most of them had no shoes on.

The next morning, we set sail, and arrived at Boston the day after. As soon as I had landed, I proceeded to find captain Kilby, and inquired after my chest, which he had brought home several months before. Whilst going, I heard my name called by some one, and looking round, I saw the counting-room clerk of the firm of Sweet & Farleys. He called me in, told me that he learned from captain

THE CHASE.



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Kilby, that I had been impressed, expressed his pleasure at seeing me clear so quick, and finally supposed that I was all ready to go to sea again. It was my intention to go and see my parents, but here was a new schooner bound to St. Thomas, Capt. Farley, brother to one of my former captains, and an offer of twenty-five dollars per month. Therefore, I concluded to go. I then got my pay of captain Hatch, found captain Kilby, and got my chest and bedding. I found my money safe, which, with what I already had, amounted to two hundred and twelve dollars. This was too much to trust at sea, in war time; therefore, I left one hundred and eighty dollars with a gentleman with whom I had formerly boarded, by the name of Carlton, and laid out a portion of the remainder in necessary articles, and in two hours from the time that I first landed, I went on board of the schooner Seaflower, bound to St. Thomas.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning, we began to bend the sails, and fit for sea, and at twelve o'clock, were under weigh. We cleared the harbor, June 11th, 1800, and bowled along for six days, under a smacking breeze from the north-west. Our captain was a very pleasant man, had been a sailor himself, and knew and appreciated

the merits of every man on board. The name of the mate was Joshua Sweet, of Newburyport, a thorough seaman, knew his own place and duties, the captain's, and the place of every man in the ship. Nothing of importance occurred, until we judged ourselves to be in the neighborhood of land, when, at daylight, one morning, we found ourselves close along side of a French privateer of ten guns. As we had no means of escape or resistance, the frog-eaters took possession, manned her, and sent her to Gaudaloupe. The mate and myself, with another sailor, were put on board of the Frenchman. They were very polite, and permitted us to take our clothes and bedding. She was bound to Point Petre, where she arrived July 5th. As soon as she came to anchor, a large lighter came along side, into which we were all put, to the number of thirty, and landed. We asked permission to step into a small grocery, and take a throat seasoning, which was granted, when we were hurried to our prison, a small stone building, about twenty feet square, where we were all crowded in together. There was but one window, which was grated on the outside, affording but a small circulation of air, and the heat was excessive. Here we were obliged to remain all night, without water, crowded to suffocation, and deprived of sleep, from the smallness of our prison, and the noisomeness of the air. This night seemed the longest that ever I had experienced, and never did I hail the morning with greater pleasure. At length, our horrid den was unlocked, and we were once more permitted to taste the sweetness of fresh air. Nearly exhausted with thirst, I ran to the pick-

ets, called to a black woman, and gave her twenty cents for a junk bottle full of water, which I turned off at a draught. About eight o'clock, our provisions were served out for the day, and four casks of water rolled into the yard, so that we suffered no more from thirst.

Not long after, they took us to Basse-Terre, and confined us in an old church, where we remained about twenty days, before we were exchanged. In this church, which was a palace, compared to our former prison, the end, which had been occupied by the altar, was higher than the remainder, and consequently received the appellation of the quarter deck. This was occupied by the captains and mates, whilst the sailors took the remaining part, which received the cognomen of main deck. This ship distinction was kept up, although we were prisoners of war.

Whilst we were there, several prizes were brought in, and the owner came to the prison to hire some of the prisoners to discharge the cargoes. He offered us one dollar per day, and several of us went. I was sent to assist in discharging an English brig, laden with teas. Some of the chests were found broken open, and some were broken while hoisting them out of the hold, so that in a short time, the tea was a foot deep under the main hatch. Knowing that it would be wasted, I asked permission to carry some of it away. In order to do this, the next morning I put on two pairs of pantaloons, and when I got into the hold, took off one pair, tied up the legs, broke open a chest of the best imperial, and filled them up. At night, I lugged it up to my prison, emptied the

flocks out of my bed, and put the tea into it. I continued in this way, until I had filled my bed with about eighty-five pounds of tea. My messmates frequently laughed at me, telling me that I should "get my labor for my pains," but I persisted in my course, telling them that "we should see who was right."

At length, we were exchanged, and a cartel carried us to St. Kitts, where we went to the American consul, and received a joe—eight dollars, apiece, to support us a few days, until we could find a passage home. After I had found me a boarding place, I went to the American coffee house, and disposed of my tea for one dollar per pound, receiving eighty-five dollars, which I thought fine "potatoes" for a prisoner of war to earn.

There were four of us boarding together at one place; and one day, whilst we were walking on the beach, we were accosted by a British captain, and asked if we wanted to ship. We answered that we wished to get home, but that there was no American vessel in port. I may here remark, that the *Sea Flower*, in which I had sailed from Boston, had been retaken from the French, by a British cruiser, the day after we had left her, and had sailed for Boston, the day before my arrival at St. Kitts; so that if I had been one day sooner, I might have gone back in the same vessel, and with the same captain, that I had come out with.

I had heard that great offers were made to seamen, to go by the run, to England, sometimes amounting to one hundred pounds. I therefore asked what he would give by the run. He replied, that it was

against the law to hire in this way, but that he would give us nine guineas per month, and place us three months back on the shipping books, thus giving us forty-two dollars per month, and one hundred and twenty-six dollars in advance. As he wanted just four to make up his complement, we concluded to go, and signed the papers. He then gave orders to our landlady, to furnish us whatever we wanted to eat and drink, and he would pay the bills.

At the time appointed, he came to take us on board, and paid our bills, which amounted to three dollars apiece, although he said if we had been Englishmen, with the same liberty, we should have run him in debt forty dollars for liquor only. When we came in sight of the ship, I found it to be a frigate, to all appearance, and concluded that I had been ensnared by an officer of the British navy; but as soon as I had gained the deck, I found her to be an old Dutch frigate, that had been taken at Surinam, and was now converted into a merchantman, called the Caledonia. Her guns were all in the hold, except four, and she appeared to be as fine a ship as ever I saw. We were to sail in a fleet of about one hundred sail, convoyed by the Northumberland, ninety-eight guns, St. Albans, seventy-four guns, and Dromedary frigate. About noon, the admiral gave the signal for getting under weigh, and the whole fleet proceeded to sea, and moved off in an easterly direction.

During the whole passage, we had light winds, excepting a very heavy gale from the south-west, when we were to the east of the Western Islands. In every fleet, there are certain signals, which are made

from the admiral's ship, the meaning of which, each master has in his signal book, and each one has an answering pennant, which he hoists, to show the admiral that he understands him. Our answer was a union jack at the main. During the gale, our halyard chafed off from the truck, and a signal being given, we could not hoist the answer. A young Irishman, being the smallest sailor in the ship, was ordered up to reave the halyards, but declined the honor, on account of the violent rolling of the ship. I being next to him, was ordered to perform it. Now a frigate's royal pole is about twenty feet long, and from the top-gallant rigging, you are obliged, in order to get to the truck, to shin up after the manner of a bear climbing a tree. Whilst I was reaving the halyard, the ship gave a most tremendous lurch, almost breaking my hold; and as soon as she came up, I took the halyard between my teeth, and slipped down to the rigging, and in less than half a minute stood safely on deck. The captain complimented me on my activity, and ordered me a bottle of grog. No one dared to look up, when the ship lurched, and all expected to hear me splash into the water. One of the guns on the starboard side, broke away, and went first against the head of the bowsprit, and then against the sides of the ship, three or four times, before it could be secured. On this gun were laid several planks, on which a couple of Dutchmen were comfortably snoozing; and when the gun started, it carried them with it, squalling as if ten thousand "*teyfels*" were after them.

After this, we had light winds, so that we were ten

weeks on the passage. When about half way from the Western Isles to Landsend, the Northumberland and St. Albans, left us under the care of the Drumery, and returned to the West Indies. We continued on our course, and arrived at Liverpool on the 24th of September.

Here, for the first time, I beheld our paternal land. Yes, the soil from which oppression drove a hardy band, to people a new continent, and plant there the germ of a mighty nation, and that nation my parent home, my protection and solace, wherever I was.

When we arrived, we found that impressment was going on actively ashore, and an old guardship lay in the river, to receive the men that were kidnapped by several pressgangs on shore. It was thence incumbent upon us to be circumspect in our shore perigrinations. As soon as we had cast anchor, more than a dozen landlords and landladies were in the ship, to obtain boarders. I took lodgings at a private boarding house, kept by one Andrew Jackson. In about a week, we were paid off from the Caledonia, and I received two hundred and thirty-one dollars.

One morning, as I was walking on Queen's wharf, I met with an old acquaintance by the name of William Wigery, who was master of a brig from Portland, lying near. He was a native of New Gloucester, where my parents resided, and being the first one that I had seen from there, since I left, I had much to tell, and much to hear. The small pox was then prevalent in Liverpool; I therefore accompanied his crew to the hospital, and was vaccinated.

After looking round for about twenty days, I be-

gan to think of looking up a chance of returning home. This I found with little difficulty, shipping on board the brig Waxford, of Washington, N. C., James Blynn, master, homeward bound, for twenty-two dollars per month. She was ready in a few days, and we set sail on the 20th of October. About four, P. M., it came on to blow, and at six, it had increased to a real hurricane. We ran before the wind, under close reefed main-top-sail and fore-sail, A. M., when we hove to, with ballance reefed top-sails, and reefed main-stay-sail. At daylight, we were not more than two miles from the Isle of Man, drifting on to a lee shore. The gale had begun to moderate, and we made sail, trying to put about, but she missed stays. We then shook a reef out of the topsails, and tried, but she missed a second time. We were now close to the shore, which was covered with people, watching us with the greatest anxiety. There seemed to be hardly room to wear, but we attempted it; and whilst wearing, a pilot boat came along side, and told us to jump into her as she came round. The captain, in a fright, sung out, "Lord save us." The brig wore round very quick, and pressing on all sail, we cleared the point, and once more ran into the channel.

On the 24th, we took our departure from Cape Clear, being in lat. $51^{\circ}, 15''$, north, and long. $9^{\circ}, 30''$, west; and after a long, tempestuous passage, made Cape Hatterass, Dec. 23d, and dropped anchor outside of the bar. By this time, we had nothing but bread and water, and a sloop anchoring close by, the captain went on board, and obtained some coffee,

molasses, and two gallons of rum. We then began to heave up the anchor, but could not break it out of the ground, for some time; but after a great deal of "yo-heave-o"-ing, we brought it up, and found the shank almost broken off. Being under weigh, we stood out to sea, but the wind dying away, we returned to our old anchoring ground, and threw out our best bower, in six fathoms of water. Here we lay all night, and the next morning, attempting to heave the anchor, we broke it off in the middle of the shank. We then made sail, and to crown all, the captain took a little too much glorification out of the two gallon jug, and came reeling on deck, and sitting down on the windlass, would give his orders, "hull this brace:" and "hull that sheet," and some of the men giving them a shake, he would sing out, "Belay, *yah hip, hurrah*, for the good brig Waxford, captain Blynn."

Finally he went to sleep and rolled down on to the deck and there lay whilst the mate took command, and having taken a pilot crossed the bar. We went up the river as far as Mud Shoal, about 8 miles from the town. Having cast anchor, we hoisted out the long boat and awoke the captain. It was now about eleven o'clock at night, very dark, and when he found where we were, said he, "By G—d, I don't believe but what I have been drunk; but never mind, it will all wear off, bye and bye. Get four hands ready to go in the boat." When he was dressed, we pulled for the town, and arrived there about two in the morning.

The captain went home; but we, as it was christ-

mas morning, went to a boarding house and had a noble feast. We then went to bed and there slept till about ten o'clock, when the captain called for us. We then returned to the vessel, carrying a christmas dinner to the rest of the crew on board. A lighter was sent down with about twenty negroes and a load of salt taken out, after which the brig was got under weigh and taken to the town. The whole crew then went to the aforesaid boarding house, where a company was assembled, a fiddler obtained, and we "popped 'em down," till next morning, to the *chorus*,

"We won't go home till daylight."

We then closed our christmas with a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, at the brandy bottle, and turned in. During the day we were paid off and I was employed by the owner to stay by the ship and attend her through winter.

As there was but little to do, I had a very easy time. About the middle of February I took the brig down the river a few miles and loaded her for the West Indies, then brought her up again to Mud Shoal, and moored her. My whole crew consisted of a black cook. One evening as I was sitting on the deck, a small schooner came up the river and hailed for a pilot. As I wished to go up to the town I answered that if he would send his boat I would go up in that capacity. Although I had not been up the river but once, I conceived no trouble in piloting a small vessel up, therefore I went on board, and having taken my station, gave orders as consequentially as if I had been a branch pilot. When we had arrived, he asked my bill, and I told him as

the schooner was small and I wanted to come, I should tax him only two dollars. A regular pilot would have charged six.

About the 6th March captain Blynn shipped his crew, and all things being prepared we sailed on the 16th, A. D. 1801, for Jamaica. The first day out we lost our main-top-mast; but rather than put back, we lashed a long top-gallant mast, to the main mast head, and carried the main-top-gallant sail and royal over the main course, and proceeded on our voyage. Our passage was pleasant, except that the captain and supercargo would occasionally get intoxicated and quarrel; but this we did not mind, so long as they did not interfere with us. On the 2d day of April, we fell in with the U. S. ship Constitution, on a cruise off St. Domingo. They hailed and asked, what news from America? 'Thomas Jefferson is President of the United States, was the answer.— This was the first that they had heard of it, and manning the yards, they gave three hearty cheers and wished us a good voyage. On the 12th of April we arrived at Knotty bay, the place of our destination.— The captain not being accustomed to having a supercargo, would quarrel and get drunk every day, and at length behaved so ridiculous that the supercargo turned him out of his office and put the mate in master, and the mate's berth was given to a fellow by the name of Smith, who was a greater drunkard than the captain.

Finally their conduct became so outrageous that we all left the brig, and I got a passage to Portland in the schooner Susan Maria of Portland, where we arrived in June. When we had come to anchor, a

part of the crew asked permission to go on shore, which was granted. As soon as we had landed, we shaped our course for an oyster stand, and opened upon them with our dental batteries, with the utmost fury. Whilst I was busy gormandizing, my father came along and patted me on my shoulder. So here was an end of eating oysters. It had now been two years since I had seen him. He informed me that the family was in good health, and that one of my uncles had died since I had left. [He stopped with me all night. In the morning, I gave him a part of my money and purchased about ten dollars' worth of different articles for him to carry home, I then went on board promising to be at home the following Sunday. He told me if I did not "my mother would go crazy," and these were the last words I ever heard him speak. I intended however to pay them a visit before another trip; but the next day shipped on board the ship Commerce, bound to Norfolk, and from there to London. We sailed June 18th, Francis Elliot master, Joseph Morrill mate and James Winslow second mate. The latter was a relative of one of the owners, and was as green as a "cabbage." I was in his watch, and the first day, it being squally, as I stood at the helm, he ordered me to put up the helm. When the squall was over he ordered me to luff; when I told him that I could hear the wind coming to the windward, he sung out in a passion, "luff, d——n you;" which I had no sooner done than the squall struck and threw her on her beam ends.—There were about twenty barrels of provisions in the steerage that were not lashed, and these rolled down

to the lee side, endangering the lives of five or six men who were sleeping in their berths. Instead of brailing up the mizzen and letting go the main-top-sail halyards, he ordered them to let go the fore-top-sail halyards. By this time the captain and an English boy had got on deck, and the boy, who was much more of a seaman than the second mate, ran and let go the mizzen-top-sail sheet, when she began slowly to right, but before she came up, the fore-top mast went by the cap. We lay too until daylight, when we cleared away the wreck, got up another top mast and proceeded on our voyage. We arrived at Norfolk, June 28th, discharged our cargo, took in another of tobacco, and sailed for London, towards the last of July. During our passage we were obliged to lay too about eight hours, in a heavy gale from the south west under reefed mizzen and main stay sails. Our rigging being new and the weather warm, it slacked so much, that there was danger of the masts going by the board. To avoid this accident, the captain requested me, with another hand, to go up and cut away the top-gallant masts, for she carreened so much that he was afraid to send hands aloft to house them. We went up and instead of cutting them away, succeeded after some difficulty in housing them ourselves. The next day we fell in with the British frigate Sea Horse, but was permitted to pass unmolested. In a few days we made Land's End, 50° 6' North, and 5° 55' West, we held our course up the channel, passed through the Needles, took a pilot at the mouth of the river Thames to Gravesend, and another from there to London.

CHAPTER V.

Now I had an opportunity of gratifying my longing, with a view of the great city. But it did not at all answer my anticipations. Instead of the appearance of newness which characterizes our own cities, most of the buildings were black and mossy with age, and every thing seemed antique and time-worn. Some parts as Westminster, and Charingcross, are very beautiful, the bridge, the water-works, the monument, the town and St. Pauls, appear grand. But the beauty is much depreciated by the clouds of smoke which hang over the whole city, which is so dense that the sun can hardly be seen in a fair day. London is infested with Jews, and if you say trade to any one of them, it is trade, and there is no getting round it. One of them came on board and offered us any amount of clothing on credit. So eight of us took about forty dollars worth apiece, agreeing to pay before the ship sailed. The old fellow undoubtedly thought he had made a fine "*pargain.*" The next day the captain very unceremoniously stopped our tea, coffee, and grog, therefore we all went to his boarding house in King street, and demanded our discharge, and after some altercation we were paid off. We then went up to Snow hill, and booked ourselves for Liverpool, after which we returned on board, treated the mate, and told him when the Jew called, to tell him that we were gone to Portsmouth.

This he promised to do, and taking our "traps" we started that night for Liverpool. We had a fine view of the country on our route; the land for the most part being level, and well cultivated. We passed several large and handsomely laid out parks. On the way, for the first time I saw several squads of Gypsies, who live a wandering life, and are scattered over the greatest part of Europe.

It might seem improbable that in so thickly inhabited a country as England, they should be infested with robbers. But robberies are much more frequent there than in this country. Previous to our journey there had been several recently committed. On the second night of our journey as we were passing along a retired place, it being very dark, we were aroused by the report of a musket, the contents of which passed over the head of the driver, another was snapped, but missed, when the coachman thinking that this would answer for the present, whipped up the horses and was soon out of their reach. He however kept them at the top of their speed until they had gone about six miles over a deserted moor, when we came to a public house. We here stopped to refresh and told our story, but all the attention that they paid to it was exchanging glances with each other, we thence concluded that they were connected with the robbers and perhaps shared their plunder. We arrived at Liverpool the next evening, and I immediately found my old boarding place, where I received a hearty welcome. I stopped in Liverpool about ten days, when, there being no American vessel in port, I shipped in an English

ship called the Marse of Lancaster and bound to Martinico, she was frigate built, and a fast sailer. On the 28th of November we set sail with a crew of twenty-five hands, Jos. Greenwood master, and James Crowell mate. There were six Americans on board all of whom meant to desert as soon as she reached the West Indies. We arrived at St. Pierres, Dec. 24th, and soon after our arrival two of us put our baggage into a boat, and pulled for *terra firma*. We landed and found a boarding house where we deposited our "fixings" and then secreted ourselves in an old fort, kept by a sargeant and his wife. The old fellow was fond of rum therefore we furnished him with "snapeye" while he supplied us with provisions. In two days the ship left, when we left our hiding-place and after eight days signed the papers of the ship John of London, Robert Selkirk master. We sailed for St. Kitts where we took in a cargo of coffee, and then sailed for London, March 6th, 1802. Our passage was very unpleasant. We had heavy gales, the ship leaked badly, keeping the pumps going the most of the time. These would also get choked with the coffee, and had to be hoisted out several times and cleared. We arrived at London May 9th, and peace having been declared between England and France, London was filled with sailors discharged from the men of war, and many robberies were committed every night. I was however prudent enough not to stir out after dark, and did not come in contact with the villains. In about ten days we were paid off and I then shipped on board of the brig Farmer of Boston, and bound to Bilboa in Spain. On

the 4th of June we set sail, James McDonough master and Wm. Harrison mate. We had a heavy gale in the bay of Biscay, which is a very common occurrence. We arrived off the bar 15th June, and as the wind had been blowing in for several days, the sea broke so, that we did not think it prudent to attempt a voyage, and anchored on the outside. We had remained here but a short time, when the wind increased to a gale, and blowing directly in, swept us from our anchorage, towards the bar over which the surges were breaking, bearing no faint resemblance, to "the Alps themselves.

The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
 Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
 Of dread sublimity where forms and falls
 The avalanche, the "thunder bolt of snow."

Seeing that we could not avoid crossing the bar, without a pilot, a thing before unknown, the captain ordered to slip the cable and having sent me into the fore topmast crosstrees, the mate and another man to the wheel, took his station on the fore castle, and gave orders. This is called Partogelet Bar. And a large church is on the pier head, which, it being Sunday, was filled with people at worship. When we were discovered driving towards the bar in so furious a gale the whole congregation ran out upon the shore and fell upon their knees, to petition for our safety. Whether our own good fortune or their prayers saved us, I am unable to say, but we went over the bar, touching slightly twice, round the pier head and came to anchor in the river in safety. We were told that this was the first instance of a ship crossing the bar,

in safety under similar circumstances. The priest went so far as to declare it a miracle, but I somewhat questioned his license for calling it so. After laying here four days, we proceeded up the river till within two miles of the city, where all vessels are obliged to discharge their cargoes. We remained here for some time, giving me a good opportunity of observing the manners and customs of the Spaniards. They are generally highly honorable in their dealings, lofty and courteous in their address. The country is in a very unsettled state and robbery and pillage is of so common occurrence that to comment upon it would create as much surprise, as a robbery would in this country. Though sedate in appearance the Spanish are fond of amusements. These are principally gaming, dancing and bull-fights.

The most graceful dance is the fandang, which is performed by two who appear to me, to perform the part of a love stricken swain and a coy maiden, meeting for the first time; sometimes this is carried so far as to look somewhat immodest. In cities assassinations are so frequent that several sometimes occur in one night.

About the middle of September the brig was sold and all hands paid off. I then shipped on board of the schooner *Mary of Marblehead*. Thos. Pederig master, homeward bound. On the 18th of September we set sail, and arrived at Marblehead October 20th. As it was rather my object to see every thing worth notice in every place, I immediately commenced my perambulations, which I completed in about ten days, and then shipped in the *Atlantic of Boston*

John Bartlett master, and Jos. Foster mate, and bound to Trinidad. Just before our arrival at the Port of Spain, there had been a great conflagration, and we disposed of our cargo which consisted of lumber, to a great profit, selling it for ninety dollars per thousand. After we had discharged, we ran down the Island to a creek, to receive a cargo of molasses. There was about one foot of water, and two feet of soft mud in the creek, and to obtain our cargo, we used a lighter, which we were obliged to drag up the creek and back again. We did this entirely naked, and the way the musquitoes played about us, was a caution to an Italian music grinder. Any one who has seen the West India musquitoes cannot be very sceptical about the story told by Col. Sharkie, who declares upon the *veracity* of a *story-teller* "that they will bust open a bolted door with little difficulty." To avoid falling victims to their voracity, we were accustomed to bedaub ourselves with molasses, and we would soon find, sticking as snug as so many country cousins, several hundred of the blood thirsty savages, many the size of grasshoppers. Having finished loading we set sail January 20th, 1803, for Savannah, Ga. The first night out, it began to blow very hard, but died away suddenly in the morning, when the brig rolled so that we lost both topmasts, and to supply their place, we got top gallant masts up, lashed them and carried the top gallant sails over the courses. We arrived at Savannah, Feb. 18th hauled into Jordan's wharf, discharged our cargo, refitted, and immediately shipped another of lumber and sailed again for Trinidad March 20th. Whilst on this passage as we were running down by Porto Rico

one foggy morning, we saw something about a quarter of a mile off loom up through the fog resembling a boat, with about twelve men in her lying to. It was known that this coast was a rendezvous for pirates, and the captain, did not doubt but this was one of their boats, preparing to make a descent upon us; he flew round in much alarm and soon hunted up an old "Queen's Arm" which like the Indian's gun was was wanting in lock, stock, and barrel, and it had not been fired for more than a dozen years. "But never mind" said he "'twill scare the dammed cut throats for in this cursed fog they can't see but what there is a lock on it. Now my men be prepared to sell your lives dearly, for we had better die in the struggle than to fall into their hands." Thus encouraged the men armed themselves with axes, handspikes, and any other death dealing instruments that came to hand.—Their appearance was now highly imposing.

"Though pistols, guns, and swords were missing,
 Yet grim and warlike, there they stood
 Like men for skimps and pole cats "fishing,"
 Who got besmeared, but not with blood."

At this moment the captain sang out "Boat ahoy!" No answer came down on the breeze. "The wretches meant to take us by surprise," said he. "Boat ahoy! Answer or I'll fire into you" said he, brandishing his old gun, from which at this moment the barrel fell out. Fortunately at this moment the fog lifted, and we found that we were talking to a large pine log. The captain now had to "fork over the Brandy" or "Boat ahoy" would make the echoes ring.

Nothing more of note occurred and April 12th we

arrived at Trinidad, discharged, reloaded and sailed for Boston, where we arrived June 10th.

In about a week we were all paid off, and with what money I had left in Boston before added to my present stock, I felt myself well supplied. As I did not find a convenient opportunity of returning home I contented myself for the present with writing, relating some of my adventures and promising to return soon and pay them a long visit.

I had now been to sea long enough to feel the value of a knowledge of navigation and I concluded that the best thing that I could do, would be to attend school for a while. Consequently I purchased books and necessary apparatus, and attended a school taught by a Mr. Bridge, who now lives in Waterville, Me., a thorough scholar and excellent teacher.

After having attended about three weeks, I shipped on board the brig Salem, of Boston, Elijah Nickerson master, Eleazer Cobb mate, at twenty-two dollars per month, and went to work getting her ready for sea. We sailed about the middle of July, and while crossing the Grand Bank, caught about one hundred large codfish, which we salted down. When we arrived in the English chanael, a French privateer of twelve guns nine days out of Bordeaux, spoke us, and informed us that a war had broke out between England and France. Our captain went on board to show his papers, and carried with him as a present a dozen of the aforesaid codfish and received in return four gallons of brandy. After they left us, they steered away for the coast of Ireland.

Two hours after we were hailed by an English pri-

vateer, eight days from Plymouth, and the Captain ordered on board to show his papers. Whilst we were hoisting out the boat, they asked us if we had seen any Frenchman, and on the captain telling them that he had just been boarded by a French privateer, "Never mind the boat," said the Englishman, "you may go," and in ten minutes he was in pursuit, with every stich of sail set. We continued our course up the channel and having made the Isle of Wight, we stood away for the Texel light. We crossed the channel in the night, and at day-light we saw the channel fleet ten miles to leeward. They sent a frigate in chase of us, but we being near the shore, took a pilot and run in safely. We passed by New Dieppe and as soon as the tide served we ran up to the city where we moored our ship, August 28th. The peculiarities of Holland are too well known to require a description. On the coast the land is lower than the sea and to prevent it from overflowing the country, embankments are raised all along the shore. These are provided with sluice gates by which they can admit the sea, if they wish, and this they do in case of an invasion. Amsterdam was at this time a most beautiful city. Great pains were taken to keep it looking clean and tidy. The inhabitants are neat and industrious, and are far from possessing that stupidity, which has been attributed to them. The Capitol or Stadt House is, I think, one of the finest buildings in the world. It is built of marble seven stories high, with a flat roof. In the middle of the roof is a Cupola, and a huge bell, which is quite a curiosity.

It is surrounded by three hundred and sixty five hammers that play upon it every hour, by means of machinery. Front of the clock is an image, about eighteen feet high, made of copper, holding a hammer near the size of a half barrel in its hand, with which it pounds out the hour of the day, with all the gravity imaginable. The sound, I should judge, might be heard to the distance of ten miles. Within it is some of the finest workmanship, that I ever saw. Every kind of fruit tree, and every kind of animal, I believe, is sculptured on the marble walls.

St. Paul's in London is an inferior building compared to it, although it is more celebrated.

The city is built mostly on piles with numerous canals and many bridges.

We arrive about the commencement of the great fair which is held here annually and continues about three weeks. Every urchin is provided with a drum, with which he parades round the streets, and "tires the echoes with unceasing" rub a dub, making such a discordant clang, that you vainly wish the earth might return to her ancient "chaos."

The following reason was given me by a grave old Dutchman, for this annual musical din.

When the Dutch regained their liberty from the Spaniards, who once possessed the country, a plot was founded to retake it. Therefore they undermined the exchange, with the view of blowing it up during the time of the assembly, thus destroying the principal men of the country at once. During the first day of the fair the boys were permitted to carry their drums on to the square before the building when

one of them setting his drum on the ground observed his snares rattle, which led to the discovery. To commemorate this event, the boys have since been permitted to carry their drums during the whole fair.— This was told me as the cause, how true it is, I do not know.

We lay here about forty days, took in a cargo of gin, and six passengers, and sailed on the sixth of October, and had a long passage, being blown off the coast twice. We arrived at Boston, Christmas eve, with light winds from the southward, and hauled into the wharf about eleven o'clock, P. M. When we had moored her, the captain called us into the cabin, and told us to make a fire in the steerage, and dry ourselves, giving us a case bottle of gin, to assist in the operation. The wind soon shifted to the north-west, and came down on us with a driving snow-storm, giving us a keener relish for our nocturnal conviviality.

As I had bargained to go out in her, again, I attended school while she was getting ready, and then embarked for Havana, in the island of Cuba, Jan. 9th, 1804. As soon as out, we took the *butt-end* of a north-wester, and were soon in the Gulf-Stream; but the second night, the wind increased, so that we were necessitated to hand the fore-top-sail, and scud under close reefed main-top-sail and foresail. After we had handed the fore-top-sail, we came down, leaving one man in the top, to make fast the rolling-tackle-fall to the heel of the topmast, since the fall did not come on deck. It was at this time very dark, and the rain poured down in torrents, accompanied with

thunder and lightning; when the captain told me to go into the cabin, and bring up a bottle of gin, and give each man a glass, as the mate was at the helm. I called the man from the fore-top, but, receiving no answer, I went forward, and found his hat on the starboard side, whence I suppose that he missed stays and fell overboard. As the brig was going at the rate of nine knots per hour, it was useless to think of looking for him, and we were directly called to hand the main-topsail and foresail, and bring her to, under ballance reefed main-sail and reefed main-staysail. We had now been on the watch for two days and nights, with nothing warm to eat or drink, and a part of us worn out with fatigue, turned in. I had not been in my birth two minutes, when a heavy sea struck her fore and aft, heaving her on her beam ends, and tearing the mainsail and mainstaysail, out of the bolt ropes, broke the main gaff in the middle, washed away the long boat, and stove in all the bullwarks. She immediately righted, and all hands were called to put her before the wind; and as there was not a rag of sail on her, we scud under bare polls. But every sea broke over her, burying the taffrail six feet under water. The second sea washed two men overboard, and I was washed out under the quarter-rail, but caught the lanyard of the main-topmast backstays, and thus saved myself from a watery grave. I then got hold of a coil of rope and a belaying pin, and pulled myself above the water, where I blowed like a grampus. At length I was ordered to the helm, with the mate, where I remained until two in the morning, when, worn out, I proposed an

experiment which I had picked up in one of my school books, that of heaving to with a kedge anchor lashed to a spar, to keep it from sinking, and upon trial, it succeeded to satisfaction. About five in the morning, the wind died away almost to a calm, when we hauled in the kedge, and proceeded on our way.

The captain and mate then went to work, repairing, and the cook soon prepared us a warm, comfortable meal, the first that we had taken since our departure from port. About ten o'clock, we ran into a school of green chairs, broken boxes, and bunches of candles, and presently passed by a schooner bottom up, but saw nothing of the crew, which I suppose must have perished, like three of our companions. I was now the only foremast hand left; the captain took one watch with me, while the mate and cook had the other.

When we arrived off Moro Castle, we hoisted a signal of distress, and five or six boats came to our assistance, and brought us in. The custom house officers then came on board, opened the hatches, and found two hundred cases of wine, three pipes of gin, and three bales of canvass, all of which were contraband articles. For this, they took the captain, mate, and myself, carried us on shore, to the quartermaster's yard, and put us into the stocks; but the captain, telling them that I did not belong to the brig when the articles were shipped—being at school—I was released, and returned on board, to take care of the brig and cargo. The next day, the mate was released, and the captain committed to prison. Whilst the custom house boat was taking the contraband

goods on shore, I contrived to break open six cases, containing twenty-four bottles each, and concealed the wine in the cabin. I also drew a barrel of gin from one of the pipes, and stowed it away in the fore-castle. The cargo was owned by Mr. Fellows, of Boston, consigned to his son in Havanna.

By a little management and bribery the most of this had been kept secret from the Governor, and after we had laid here from the 2d of February, to the last of April. Mr. Fellows procured the discharge of captain Nickerson, who came on board and began to load with sugar and hides. One day, as we had nearly completed our freight, Mr. Fellows came on board, and told us that preparations were making to condemn and sieze the brig on the next day and that the captain and mate would be sent to Moro Castle, perhaps for twenty years; and that we must be off that night. At this time, there was no wood or water on board, and both bowers were down. We then sent to several American vessels for assistance, and soon five or six long boats were bringing us in wood, and water, so that by sunset, we were all ready for sea. As soon as it was dark, we stood out by the castle, and on being hailed where bound, the captain answered, to Boston, but as soon as we were well out, he put her down for the coast of Florida, and kept me in the chains, heaving the lead, all night. The next morning the schooner Experiment, captain Sprague, came out and informed us that two cutters were out after us, but we had put them on the wrong scent, and finally arrived at Boston, June 5th, and on the 12th, we were paid off.

CHAPTER VI.

Since I had commenced going to sea, I had led rather a busy life, but not so busy that I did not find some time to spare for other purposes, as you may judge from my marrying during my stay in Boston. The name of the lady was Eliza Mason, born in Liverpool, England. At the time of my marriage, I was twenty three years old and my wife's age was nineteen. She came to Boston from Liverpool with her aunt, in the year 1798, had resided with her ever since, and continued to reside there after our marriage.

This change in my condition did not, however break up my love of sea, and in a few weeks I shipped in the schooner *Second Attempt*, coasting to Passamaquady, and during the summer, made six trips, down along the coast of Maine and New Brunswick.

In October, I shipped in the brig *Ceres*, Wm. McCullock master, and Jos. Atwood mate, bound to Trinity, on the North coast of Martinico, with a cargo of lumber.

The first night out, a gale came on and finding our vessel leaky, we threw over board the deck load; but this did not prevent her leaking. The captain, and mate steered four hours successively, day and night, and there being but two men in each watch, we would pump half an hour each, and this was kept up watch after watch until we were almost exhausted. The day before our making land, we were boarded by a British brig of war, which instead of giving us

assistance, took away three of our men out of four, which composed the crew, before the mast, carried them on board, and retained them. Our captain, in expostulating, told them that he should not be able to get the brig into port, to which the British captain answered by saying, that he "did not care a d—n," and that "we might go to hell and sink." After they had left us, we got her under snug sail, letting the pumps stand, as we knew that she would not sink, even if she was full of water. About two o'clock in the afternoon, we made the land, ran down off the harbor, and took a pilot on board. I had before seen what I called black fellows, but they were not a consideration to this pilot. He was so confounded black, that a daub of black paint would not have darkened him a shade, while his dress was as original as his color. He was the personification of the ghost of Socrates, in a British uniform. He had on a cocked hat, red coat, white neckerchief, but no shirt, or hose a pair of yellow breeches, a yellow slipper on one foot, and a red one on the other, with his face and legs well greased. As soon as I saw him, I laughed involuntarily, when he broke forth, "Who you laugh at, you bloody bitch? I let you know, I king pilot, Gor bras ye to 'ell. Go in the chain and heab de lead. How much water?" "Six fathoms," I answered. "Berry well, hole un fast, and tan by to heabe de lead, when I tellee you." Then looking aft to the man at the wheel, he roared out, "Tiddy, dere, mind you no yaw ship. Heabe de lead again. How much water dere?" "Three fathoms and a half." "Dat right." The man at the helm asks what course

he shall steer. "Tear un traigt for dat rock tone point, where he hab a cane patch and a sugar mill on him; me no trouble, wid dat dam ting in de box," referring to the compass. After he had brought us in, we run her ashore into the mud, and the captain employed about fifty negroes, to pump the water out, which was four feet in the hold. On removing the remainder of our deck load, we found that the rats had eaten two holes through the bulkhead, down even with the main deck, so that whenever the water came on deck, it ran through these into the hold. Having discharged our cargo at Trinity, we went to Grund Gallian bay, to receive a freight of molasses. Here the mate left, and I received his birth, and three new hands were shipped. From here, we set sail, February 20th, 1805; and as one of the owners lived in New York, the captain wished to run in there; and having taken in a pilot, we stood in until abreast of the light, when the wind came round contrary, and we anchored with the small bower. It came on to blow very hard, and strained the cable, so that it broke close to the horse hole, and the brig swung round before the wind. We then went into the rigging to loose the fore-top-sail and reef it, but the moment it was loose, it was stripped into strings, and we made no other attempt to show canvass, till the squall was over. The captain then changed his mind, and bore away for Boston, where we arrived March 23d. From some cause, the captain was dismissed, and I was employed to keep the ship for about two months, which I did at nine shillings per day.

I then shipped in the schooner *Ruthy*, Nicholas Bardell, master, and John Goodelsbury, mate, bound to Havana, where we arrived June 29th, and having discharged and recharged with sugar and hides, sailed for Boston.

During our passage we had a heavy gale and lost overboard one man, Joseph Mann of Boston. We arrived at Boston, Sept. 4th, where I spent about a month with my wife, and then shipped in the brig *Speculator*, of Boston, Henry Little master, and Joseph Steele mate, bound to the Barbadoes. When two days out, we hove to, in a heavy S. E. gale, and just before it was over, our stern boat was washed overboard, with a quarter of fresh beef and a few cabbage heads in it. When the gale was over, the wind came into the N. W. and we were comfortably on our course again, consoling ourselves for the loss of the beef, with a dipper of gin toddy, when we saw our boat right ahead, bobbing round over the waves as light as a bubble. We ran along side and hauled her in, saving our beef, cabbage-heads and all. After being boarded by several British armed vessels, we arrived at Barbadoes; but to find a better market, we went to Roseau, on the island of Dominica, and disposed of our cargo. There were, at this time, more than thirty English ships lying in the harbor, which is small but deep. The island is fruitful and well watered, subject however to hurricanes and thunder storms, one of which occurred during our stay. For several days, a heavy black cloud had been hanging round the mountains, in the interior; receiving constant accessions from every quarter,

until it had grown to such a fearful magnitude, as to cause much alarm to the inhabitants, who were so well acquainted with the nature of this ominous mass, that they began to make preparations for its reception. At length it burst in its fulness, and with a shock and roar that we felt and heard, although several leagues distant. In the rear of the town is a very long valley extending towards the mountains. Through this valley the deluge took its way, bearing in its irresistible course, rocks, trees, negro huts, and every thing that opposed it, filling the whole space more than a hundred feet deep. Onward it came, threatening to overwhelm the town; but when within half a mile, it turned to the left, into the channel of a small river, on the banks of which were numerous little shops, belonging to negro washer-women, and venders of liquor, all of which it bore on its foaming surface, into the harbor. Some of the buildings were stove against the shipping, whilst others floated around the harbor, whole and upright. One, a grog shop, came along side of our bowsprit, where I grappled it, and making it fast, went into it and found every thing uninjured; decanters of liquor standing on the counter, cigars and fruit as fine as if standing on terra firma. Here I stayed all the afternoon, selling and giving away liquor &c. to the sailors, as they passed by in the boats, helping myself every now and then, and letting every now and then come pretty considerable often, seeing it was so *cheap*. Towards night, the owner came off with half a dozen negroes to tow it on shore, and I was compelled to leave in something of a hurry. Whilst lying here,

an English sloop of war, the Hippopotamus, came in, so disguised that the English Captains in the harbor did not know her, but mistook her for a Guinea-man. She had an old suit of sails bent, a red awning all over the main deck, and her guns housed. As soon as she was well among the shipping, we heard the boatswain's call, and presently, two boats well manned, left her, and one of them pulled for our brig. At the time, I was at work over the side, fitting in a piece of plank, as I was something of a carpenter. I was presently called on deck and ordered to show my protection, which I did. As soon as the officer saw my name, he said, "What sir! Do you call yourself an American, with a rank Irish name? Go into the boat." I knew it would be useless to expostulate, so I peaceably took my place in the boat and was pulled on board the sloop of war. I found the boatswain to be an old acquaintance named Daniel Sheridan, whom I had seen at Bilboa, Spain, in 1802, where he was a before-the-mast hand in a brig belonging to Marblehead. He had subsequently been impressed on board this ship, where he had risen to the boatswain's berth. As soon as he saw me, he came and shook hands with me, appeared quite friendly, and said he would get me liberated. Soon after, I was overhauled by the first lieutenant, who told me, much to my astonishment at the news, that I was an Irishman, and had no business with an American protection. The captain was at this time, on shore, and the sloop was standing off and on, at the entrance of the harbor, all night, until, just before light, the breeze died away, and left her out beyond a point

of land called Scotchman's head. Soon after daylight, a French 44 gun frigate came round the point within shot, and opened a fire upon us. Much has been said about the coolness and order displayed on board a British ship, in an emergency. But I never saw it. Wherever I have been, anything unlooked for, has always produced three times the confusion that is made aboard a Yankee ship, from a similar cause. Thus it was in this case. As soon as the frigate hove in sight, the confusion was tremendous, every one appearing to be captain. At length they got out the sweeps and brought her in under the forts, when the Frenchman hauled her wind and disappeared. About ten o'clock the captain came on board, and having examined me concluded to keep me; but the boatswain came aft, and told him that he knew me to be an American, and Captain Little coming on board, he told me that I might go, but advised me to alter my name, for it *smelt* too Irish to save me from impressment. I returned to my own vessel inwardly resolved to take the Briton's advice and *swap* names with some one, the first opportunity. Having completed our cargo of coffee and sugar, we sailed for Savannah, Georgia, January. 2d, 1806, where we arrived on the 29th. We then took in a cargo of timber, for Liverpool and sailed April 10th. After a long tempestuous passage, we arrived there and discharged; and after waiting a long time for a freight home, without being able to obtain one, the captain concluded to go to the Isle of May for a cargo of salt.

At this time, the Berlin and Milan decrees were in force, and all American vessels, from an English port,

were liable to confiscation, and the crews were held as prisoners of war. As I had at this time, a considerable amount due me, I endeavored to obtain my discharge, which I at length effected. I then wrote to Boston, requesting my wife to take passage in the first ship to Liverpool; and in the mean time, I attended a navigation school, as I was determined yet to be something more than a common seaman.

My wife arrived in a few weeks, in the ship *Lewis*, Capt. Lawrence, and we boarded with her sister, Mrs. Rogers, until I found an opportunity of shipping in the *Erie*, of Boston, bound to Trieste and Smyrna, William Pearth master, and James Hall mate. We sailed on the 10th of September, for Trieste, which is an Imperial port at the head of the Gulph of Venice. On our passage we passed through the Sts. of Messina, where we had a full view of Mount Stromboli, a volcano in Italy, and Mount *Ætna* in Sicily. We passed within 12 miles of the former, and at night, the appearance was really sublime. About every half minute, the flames, mingled with scorice and ashes, would burst from the crater and shoot up, to the distance of half a mile, and then branching out like the top of a tree, would descend in streams of light, of every imaginable color! This belches up as often as twice a minute, constantly. On the plains, at the foot of the mountain, are beautiful cities, villas and plantations, which produce all kinds of fruit in abundance. Mount *Ætna*, situated not far from the city of Messina, is about two miles in height, burns steadily, and is visible at a great distance. We passed in sight of the city of Venice, famed as the

city of Bridges. It has a very beautiful appearance, being built on about seventy small islands. Thunder storms are very frequent in this Gulph. I once saw a stream of the electric fluid pass into the water, not half a cable's length from the ship. It appeared as large as a man's body, and about twenty-five feet long. This was during a heavy shower, which beside water, rained down thousands of small fishes, from half an inch to an inch in length. They had a greenish hue, with a silver stripe on the side. After the shower was over, they literally covered the decks. We swept them into a heap, and I should judge there was a bushel of them, and when we shoveled them overboard, they would strike out and swim as lively as ever. We concluded that they had been drawn up in a water-spout; perhaps others can give a more scientific explanation. We arrived at Trieste, which is the principal port belonging to Austria, and is a flourishing city. Having discharged our cargo, we took in ballast, and bills on Smyrna, for which we sailed November 8th.

On our way we passed the island of Milo, the reputed birth-place of the ancient god and goddess Apollo and Diana. Close by this island, is another, which was formerly connected to this, but was separated from it by an earthquake. The town is built on the pinnacle of the mountain, which the pilot said, was owing to the superstition of the Greeks who inhabit it; because they imagine the higher they are, the nearer they are to heaven. We passed through the Archipelago, among those islands so famed in classic history, went by Crete, mentioned

by St. Paul, and the island of Patmos, where St. John was banished by the emperor Domitian. This was at that time uninhabited, save by two hermits.

When we came into the gulf of Smyrna, a gale took us in the night, and at daylight, we found that we had drifted into a half-moon bay, so that one point of land lay on the weather quarter, and the other on the weather bow, and we were driving on to a rock-bound shore, about twelve miles to leeward. There appeared to be no chance for escape, and the interposition of heaven was invoked from many a heart, with earnestness and sincerity, that in time of safety, acknowledge *no being* as the author or disposer of events. The pilot, who was an old sea captain from Genoa, wept like a child. At length the gale began to abate, and the wind came round a little, so that one point of land lay a little under the lee. Therefore, we set the foresail and reefed it and then reefed the main-topsail; and as it continued to moderate, we set the fore and mizen-top sails, which brought the land two points to the leeward. As the danger began to grow less, so every man began to take off his go-to-meeting face and return to his old coulter, and by the time that we were clear the bottle had been circulated and every one had forgotten it. As the wind was still adverse to our going to Smyrna, we ran down under the lee of an island, the name of which I do not recollect, we hoisted our colors and stood in to the mouth of the harbor.

It seems that we were the first American ship that they had ever seen, for they did not know our colors.

At the entrance of this harbor was a strong fort, in which were six brass guns about eighteen feet long and of a calibre sufficient to take in a hogshead. They were cast in the fort where they lay, and are too massive to be moved. They are charged with marble balls each weighing eight or nine hundred. Just as we were opposite the fort, they let drive across our fore foot, one of these ship annihilators, which produced as much hurley-burley on deck, as though the shot itself had paid us a visit on board; for no one knew what would come next, but they said that they did not know the colors, and went off in the boat to inform them. When the commandant asked to what nation we belonged, the pilot told him America, but he knew no more about America, than he did the language of the Mohawks; but he was made to have an idea, by telling him that she belonged to the new world, upon which he sent our captain, a bunch of white violets, tied with a green ribbon which was the greatest mark of distinction that he could confer upon him.

We remained here two days, and then sailed for Smyrna where we arrived December 28th. This is a large city and was built about three hundred years before the christian era. The streets are very narrow and no carriages are to be seen, but merchandize is transported through the city on camels.

The Greeks occupy one half of the city and the Turks and Jews the other half. It has an extensive commerce, and people from every nation are to be found here. The public buildings, particularly the mosques, are very elegant. The river Jordan is

eighteen miles from here, and is visited by most christians who visit Smyrna. Our captain, mate, and part of the crew took an excursion there, but I was unable to go for want of the change to spare.

The Turks are civil and gentlemanly in their deportment, dignified and scrupulously honest, drink no wine or other liquors; but the Greeks are *rare specimens of rascality*, and unless a fellow wanted his eyes to wink with, they would cheat him out of them.

There are, however, two Turkish patrols that traverse the city day and night, to preserve order, and see that christians are not cheated by their fellow believers the Greeks.

Blacksmiths are obliged, to mark the weight of their iron work after it is finished, for the inspection of the patrols. One day I was near the shop of a smith who was making some bolts for a ship belonging to Baltimore. When he had finished it, he marked it for inspection, but the patrol weighed it over again, and finding it two ounces less than the mark, he took the blacksmith to a post and nailed him to it by one of his ears and kept him there two hours.

The burial ground of the Turks is very neat and tasty. On the grave of every Mohametan, is planted a tree, and if it lives and thrives it is an omen that he was a true Mussulman, but if it dies he is taken up and buried some where else, so great care is taken that the place of the dead is the most pleasant place that can be found in the vicinity, and indeed I never saw a more romantic place. The burial place of the Jews, is filled with marble monuments and sepulchres, and has a fine appearance.

We remained until the 20th of March when having completed our freight we set sail for Malta, where we arrived and cast anchor on the quarantine ground, so called. This is a small island belonging to the English, has a safe and commodious harbor strongly fortified by nature and art, and held by a strong garrison. In the city there are many very ancient buildings, built of a kind of stone peculiar to the island. The whole island is composed principally of this rock, which is igneous, or of volcanic origin. It is so soft that caverns are cut in it, and there is one which is said to be the place where St. Paul stayed while here. The cove is still shown where he thrust, in the ship, and corresponds to the description given in the scripture.

Sailing from here, we arrived at Gibralter June 4th, where we suffered a very heavy gale, during which, more than twenty vessels of different sizes went on the shore, and we lost our small bower, and one of the cables. Having taken in a fresh supply of water and provisions, we sailed for Liverpool, where we arrived July 10th. As soon as our ship was in dock, she was seized by the custom house officers on suspicion of having on board, some bales of Turkish carpets.

During the time of our detention, we had full wages and our board paid on shore.

When she was cleared, we were paid off, and after remaining on shore about a month I shipped in an English ship called the Lilly, of Liverpool, Thomas Davis, master, bound to Gottenburg, in Sweden. We sailed November 12th for the Orkney Islands to join.

convoy, and after laying there about ten days we sailed under protection of the *Phebe*, an armed ship, and arrived off the mouth of the river *Golha*, on the 2d of January, 1808. The river being frozen over, we obtained two battering rams, which we fastened to the bows of the vessel, and with a fair wind, the ship being eight hundred tons burthen, we broke a passage through to the city without difficulty and anchored below the navy yard. Here we remained, discharging our cargo and taking in another of timber, until the 23d of April, when a war was rumored with England, and the Admiral who had been frozen up with us, ordered all hands to assist in sawing a passage through the ice, and paid one thousand rix dollars, for his part in having it done; so about the 10th of May, we were all afloat, and on our course to Liverpool, where we arrived on the 20th of May. During my absence a fine boy had been added to my family, which I found thriving finely, and my wife in much better health than at my departure.

CHAPTER VII.

After remaining a few days on shore I shipped as second mate in the ship *Lewis*, of Boston, Joseph Lawrence, master, and Jos. Barron, mate, bound to Smyrna, with a cargo of rum, loaf sugar, and logwood.

We had a very pleasaut run to the Straits of Gibraltar, which we entered in the night, and it being very dark, we saw the land on neither side, until we saw the rock itself on our larboard beam. We continued our course until we arrived at Malta where we stopped ten days, taking in fresh provisions, water and fruits. We then continued our course up the Mediterranean to the island of Milo, where we took a pilot to carry us through the Archipelago. This is a sea filled with several groups of small islands, which were at this time infested by several gangs of pirates. We did not much fear them, for our ship mounted eight six pounders, and we had beside about twenty five muskets and as many cutlasses.— Our pilot had been in several affrays with them, and understood how to play with the *animals*. Therefore he order each man a loaded musket, and to sit down on the fore castle; and about eleven o'clock as we were moving along before a smooth breeze, a long suspicious looking row boat dodged out from between two islands and made their way towards us. The pilot did not take the trouble to hail them, as he knew their business, but when they attempted to run up under the bows he maneuvered so as to give them the stem, and cut the boat in two at the middle.— About twenty of them caught by the bobstays, and bowsprit shrouds, whilst the ship was sweeping the boat along, but these no sooner made their appearance than the whole crew rising at once, gave them a volley of musketry, and following up with cutlasses, cleared the ship in a moment. We left four

or five swimming for the shore, but the rest were either killed or drowned. They were armed with battle-axes and scimitars.

After this, we had a pleasant time, and arrived at Smyrna, August 18th, discharged, and as our cargo was not ready, I availed myself of the opportunity which this leisure afforded, of visiting the river Jordan. Being now an officer, I could have more liberty, and could command more money; therefore six of us well mounted on Arabian horses, accompanied by four guides set out one morning, on the expedition.

About twelve miles from Smyrna there is a large town named *Bongore* where we halted and took some refreshments, and then proceeded, on our way, through a beautiful country full of vineyards, orchards of fig-trees, pomegranate, almon and date trees, which bordered the road on each side. There are no fences or hedges, and every where you may see shepherds, and shepherdesses tending their flocks. Here is where it is believed that the angel appeared to the shepherds bringing the "good tidings." We came to an old building, mostly demolished by the decaying hand of time, which is said to be the first church that John the Baptist preached the coming of the Lord in. I broke a piece from the wall, which I put in my pocket. As we approach the river there is a forest of young trees, and on the bank there are two venerable fig trees, one on each side of the passage down to the water. Leaving our horses under the shade of these trees, we sat down on the bank, and for fifteen minutes there was not a word spoken.—

Every one seemed to be awed by the scene, and the recollection of the past, of those scenes that had been witnessed by this sacred stream. We were then viewing the very place where our Savior is supposed to have been baptized. The river here is not more than ten yards wide but I should suppose by the intervalle on either side, that when swollen it might be thirty yards wide.

Having satisfied our curiosity by looking, we stripped ourselves and plunged in; and after stopping about two hours, and having filled a bottle with the water, we remounted and began our return. We made another halt at *Bongore* and partook of a hearty dinner, with good appetites, which our excursion had given us, and the way the muscat went down wasn't slow. Having done ample justice to our dinner, we continued our return and arrived at Smyrna about six o'clock. After we had completed our cargo which consisted of Glass, Stone, Boxwood, Madder, Sumach, currants, rasins, figs, raw silk in bales and one hundred boxes of nutgalls, we sailed on the 3^d of November, under convoy of the brig of war *Wizard*, to Malta and lay in the quarantine ground about six days. We were to be convoyed by the *Active*, seventy-four, and one day the captain, being unwell, and the chief mate disabled by a wound, I was sent on board of the *Active* for the instruction book, where I had an opportunity of seeing one of those huge marble shot, spoken of in a foregoing page. The English and Turks were at this time at war, and a short time before Lord Callingwood was lying off Constantinople, with a numerous fleet, and in order to try the

metal of the Turks, sent a brig of war through the Dardenells, and Bosphorus, into the Black sea. All the forts of Constantinople are defended by guns of the same kind that I have before described, and the brig passed through and returned without receiving a single shot. Hence the Admiral concluded that the Turks were too cowardly to fire their *pistols*, and resolved to pass the forts with his whole fleet and take Constantinople by storm. Accordingly with a smacking breeze, he came up in grand *style*, but the moment he was within range, they opened upon him with so much effect that he was glad to take *back tracks* with all *convenient haste*, losing about three hundred men, and one vessel. The Active had three fired into her, breaking her up worse than a regular sea fight. As all masters of vessels in the convoy were to come on board for instruction, one of these shots was hoisted on deck. The weight of this was nine hundred and eleven pounds and it was estimated to take more than two barrels of powder to load the gun. Having made all necessary preparation, we sailed from here, and after a fine passage, arrived at Liverpool, December 28th.

I here learned that my wife had died during my absence, leaving a child about ten months old, in the care of a sister. Although the most of my time had been spent away from her since our marriage, yet whilst she lived I felt that I had something to bind me to society, a kind and sincere friend, a trusty counsellor, an agreeable companion. With what eagerness did I seek her ardent welcome, when returned from a long voyage.

Sailors only can appreciate it who are placed in the same situation, People may say that a sailor ought not to encumber himself with a wife, but I believe them to be his greatest blessing. It is one of their greatest inducements to avoid drunkenness and gambling, their greatest solace on shore. Who will listen so fondly to your recitals as an affectionate wife? Who will prepare your wardrobe for sea more carefully? And finally, what will stimulate you to exertion so much as a dependent family?

I remained in Liverpool through the winter, during which my child died, leaving me again alone in the world. Early in March, I shipped chief mate in the brig *Vestal* of Poole, Wm. Turner, master, and bound to the island of Newfoundland with a cargo of salt, bread, beef and pork. We sailed on the first of April, 1809 and had a very rough passage; the coast was surrounded with ice so that we were a long time making our way through, but we at length arrived at our place of destination, discharged our cargo and having freighted with seal skins and oil we sailed for Poole, where we arrived about the 8th of August. This is a small town, situated at the head of Strathland bay, below the Isle of Wight, in the county of Dorsetshire, and has a safe and spacious harbor. The principal trade is the Newfoundland fishery, by which the merchants have become wealthy. At the time we arrived, there was a press-gang on shore, and several were kidnapped and carried away every night; so that not an English seaman durst show his head. I had however, previously assumed another name, at Liverpool, and now answered to the name

of George Washington Smith; for this was as pure an American name as I could devise. After we had discharged our cargo, the owners asked me if I would go out in the brig again, to which I made answer, that if they would pay me the same price per month and pay my board on shore, until the brig was ready to sail, I would go. This was something that they had not been in the custom of doing; but because I protected myself, and as it was a matter of pride to them, to have a mate not afraid of the press-gang, they employed me. I began to take in her outward bound cargo, and whilst captain Turner had gone to London, on business, I laded the brig, and on his return, she was all ready for sea. We sailed on the 28th of August, and had a pleasant passage. We had a fine crew, and the captain was as agreeable a man and as good a seaman, as ever trod the deck of a vessel, and we acted together in a very brotherly manner. We arrived at our place of destination, discharged, and took in a load of seal skins and oil, and sailed for Poole, where we arrived the on fifth of November, having made the quickest passage to Newfoundland, ever known. I was then employed by the owners of the brig, to stay by her all winter. During the whole winter, not another mate dared to appear publicly, on account of his liability to be impressed, and I was the only one that stayed by a vessel.

In the following spring, we sailed again for Newfoundland, and exchanged our cargo for fish, and returned to Poole almost the middle of July. We then returned to Newfoundland and took in a cargo

for Lisbon, where we arrived the 3d of December, and the market not being good, we lay there until the spring of 1811, when we sold our fish for nine dollars per quintal. We then took in a cargo of salt and sailed for Trinity, Newfoundland, where we arrived the latter part of April. The owners at this time, had a brig on the stocks, at New Harbor, and the agent employed me to go there and rig her. I therefore took the rigging and blocks on board of a small schooner, and with a crew of four men and a boy, sailed to New Harbor and began to rig the brig, on the stocks. About the middle of July, a comet made its appearance in the heavens, and passed over in an angle of about 45 degrees to the Meridian. This was the comet, by which so many prognosticated a war with England, which did in reality take place; whether the comet brought it, or whether it roused congress to declare a war, I am unable to determine. I was sure, that if the comet did not bring on a war, the outrages committed against American seamen and American property, by Great Britain, soon would. After we had got the brig, which was called the "Maria," ready for sea, captain Lincoln was appointed to command her, who was a native of Barnstable, but had left there when a boy, and was now married in Poole, and master of a vessel in George Garland's employ. After the brig was launched, we took a cargo of fish, for Lisbon, and sailed November 8th. We arrived January 2d, 1812, and remained there until April, when we discharged our cargo, and went to St. Ubes for a cargo of salt. At this time, all the ports of Portugal were full of

English ships and transports, landing troops to oppose Bonaparte. About this time, fort St. Joseph was taken, and the whole town was bustle and confusion.

Having completed our cargo, we set sail on the 3d of May, and arrived at Trinity, June 16th, on the very day that war was declared. We found the storehouse full, and were obliged to wait until the planters came and removed the salt. Whilst rigging this vessel, I had spared no pains to make her appear in fine style, and when the agent at Trinity, saw her, he was so well pleased, that he employed me to go to New Harbor and rig another, of one hundred and sixty-eight tons burthen. This was an armed brig, mounting twelve guns, and was built for a fast sailer. Consequently, I left the Maria, went to New Harbor, and commenced rigging the vessel.

About the middle of July, the postman passed through the place from St. Johns, bringing news of the war, and that the Essex frigate had been off the harbor, and burnt and sunk nine sail in one day, had captured beside, the Alert, sloop of war, converted her into a cartel, and sent her into St. Johns, under her first lieutenant, with the prisoners. This threw the whole of the town into an uproar, and for the whole afternoon, the workmen seemed to be crazy, so full were they, of battles and bloodshed, until I told them to go and talk about the war the rest of the afternoon, and begin anew in the morning. The most of the hands were Americans, and they contributed sufficient to purchase a cask of beer, containing about sixty gallons, and having rolled it to their cook room and placed it on a table, they

tapped it, and before night they had emptied it of its contents, with the addition of six or eight gallons of rum. There were about forty of them, a jovial crew. The Americans, in particular, were much elated at the idea of a war with England.

During my intercourse with the English, I had taken many dry jokes in silence, upon the faint-heartedness of the Americans. A British officer once remarked to me, that the Yankees were great cowards or great fools, to stand all the *sauce* that the English government had given them. I replied, that brother Jonathan was remarkable for his good nature, but that there was that in him, when roused, which would humble the British lion, on anything like terms of equality; that we had suffered a great deal of imposition from Great Britain, but such things, I told him, would not last long, and when war did come, they would find as brave hearts and strong arms in our insulted country, as in their own boasted land. He said he did not doubt the bravery of the people, but that would avail nothing, whilst the policy of the government remained the same. "I know," said he, "that we have violated the law of nations, but they dare not declare war against us, and all they can do is to remonstrate. Our naval power, at one sweep would annihilate your force at sea, thus leaving your extensive coast, open and exposed to our attacks. Your government perceives this, and they will not venture into the contest. They will rather suffer in silence." I excused this, by saying, that it was much better to have a good and sufficient cause to make a war, than at the first insult, to rush headlong


into hostilities, without resources or preparation; but rather go calmly and deliberately to work, and at one swoop, wipe out a long catalogue of insults and aggressions. I frequently remarked to them, that I myself had once suffered impressment, on board His Majesty's sloop of war Cayenne, and that I should yet see myself revenged, by seeing the American stars and stripes waving at her masthead, which was afterward, so fully verified. To be sure, my assertions would sometimes raise a laugh at my expense, but there was generally some American near, who would join me in a hearty cheer for our own native land. Indeed, when war was declared, a large portion of the English were opposed to the movement, and would cheer as loud as I could, when they heard of any disaster to themselves. When the loss of the *Guerriere* was ascertained, it gave me a fine opportunity of throwing back the insinuations against the bravery of my countrymen.

Once, during the war, while at Portsmouth, I was standing on the wharf and viewing a beautiful frigate, laying at anchor a short distance from me, an officer accosted me, by saying, "there is another of our frigates going out to be cut in pieces by the Yankees; and," he continued, "I hope that they will send every such one to the bottom. Then, the Admiralty will learn to send such ships as will be able to cope with the American frigates. The metal of your frigates is too heavy for such nut shells as these, and the Board will find it out, when we have lost a few more of them." The disposition and feeling of the British officers were very much changed, after

the first successes of the Americans. The boastful manner of captain Dacres, and his deep humiliation, were before them, and acted as a caution to these hitherto invincible heroes of the ocean, and they gave due allowance to the fineness of our ships and the skill of our marksmen.

Before the close of the war, great caution was taken in the appointment of officers known for coolness and courage, and great care taken in giving instructions, not to engage an American vessel on anything less than terms of equality. The feeling of the English toward our country, was much changed by this war, and although many of them said, that they had lost nothing, yet they would be as ready to admit that they had not gained much.

CHAPTER VIII.



After the brig was fitted up, I run down the top-masts and launched her. When about the middle of September, captain Richard Badger was appointed master, and came to New Harbor and took charge of her. Having taken in a cargo of fish and oil, we sailed to Trinity, and having taken on board our provisions, we sailed on the 20th of November, for

Poole. We found our brig to be a very fast sailer, and made a very rapid passage until we were well up the channel, when we were boarded by a man of war. During a strong scutherly wind, we came near losing our vessel. Had it not been for the ebb tide, she must have gone ashore. We arrived at Poole about the 20th of December, and moored the brig for winter. I had now been absent from Poole about three years, and had received wages constantly, at the rate of 32 dollars per month. During this time, I had expended but very little, so that I had a considerable amount coming to me. I therefore expended about twenty-five pounds in clothing, and left the remainder in the hands of the owners. I was employed by them to stay with the brig all winter, in the course of which, she was coppered.

About this time a brig came in, owned by Mr. Garland, called the Benjamin, captain Collins, the history of which is somewhat interesting, and displays a specimen of Yankee skill "in matters and things." She had sailed from Newfoundland, and was captured by an American privateer called the America. On account of adverse winds, the prize-master, whose name was Dixon, of Marblehead, bore away for Bilboa, in Spain, and cast anchor in the bay below the bar. The English captain had been retained on board, and was at the time, asleep in the cabin. Soon after they had anchored, an English frigate was discovered coming into the bay, and the prize-master seeing he should be retaken, went below and bantered the English captain to buy the vessel and cargo

of him. After a little consideration, the captain offered him four thousand pounds, which Dixon agreed to take, and the writings were made out. They then went on deck, and much to the surprise of captain Collins, a ship of war was almost along side. "Now," said Dixon, "what is to be done? If they come on board, they will condemn the brig as a prize, and in that case, you must loose your four thousand pounds. But if you will take the command I will be your mate, and the crew will act under your orders; thus we shall save you, the ship, and cargo." This idea pleased the captain, who ran up the British flag, and when the lieutenant of the frigate came on board, captain Collins sent him off after an American privateer, which he said had chased him into the bay. He then took a pilot, went up to Bilboa, and sold his cargo for a great price; paid Dixon his four thousand pounds, and hired him, and his crew, to take in another cargo and go with him to Poole, where he arrived about the middle of March. Upon his arrival, Dixon was ordered to board at the sheriff's, Mr Waterman. I frequently called to see him, and one evening, after he had boarded there about a week as we were conversing about home and "homely scenes," Mrs. Waterman stated that she had a sister married in Marblehead, whom she had not heard from for many years. Upon inquiry, Dixon found that this lost sister was his own mother, and that, by a singular coincidence, he was then boarding with his aunt. It would be needless to say that all parties were highly pleased with this recognition. Dixon remained

there during the winter, and in the spring, Mr. Garland procured his passage to Lisbon, whence he returned to America.

In the spring, I fitted out the brig John, and spared no pains to make her look neat and trim, and took in a cargo, mostly of bread and flour. We had about twenty-five youngsters, going out to the fishery. One day Mr. Garland came and told me to go to Mr. Jacob, the Jew, and purchase some clothing and necessaries for four boys that belonged to our crew. His son, George Garland, went with me, who was also going out as agent for his father. As soon as we went into the shop, the Jew began. "Coot morning, Mr. Smith; coot morning, Mr. Garlant. I hope you have come to favor me with a leetle of your coostom. This is Mrs. Shakeup," pointing to an old lady behind the counter. "My tear, here is Mr. Garlant come to lay out a leetle money with us, this morning, I hope." Garland told him he wanted a shaving box. "Lucky, I have one only, in my shop, ant upon my word, I am very glat, that I have cot one for you." After Mr. Garland had put the box in his pocket, Mrs. "Shakeup" said, "My tear, there is no prush in that pox." To which the affectionate husband replied, "Now gemmen, see what a rascal of a voman I have got to be plaguet with; now the olt pox will stay in my shop for six months, pefore I sell it." So Mr. Garland left the box, and having obtained our other articles, we left the shop of Mr. "Shakeup ant his tear."

When we were prepared, we sailed for Spithead, Richard Banger, master, myself, mate, and Joseph

Collins, boatswain. We arrived at Spithead and waited there ten days for the fleet to collect. Whilst lying here, I sent on shore for some late newspapers, in one of which, I found a speech made by captain Dacres, to the crew of the *Guerriere*. This frigate was then lying here. In his speech, he told them that he had just received orders from the board of Admiralty, to cruize off the coast of America, "and there," said he, "I hope to fall in with some of the first class American frigates, and if so, I am determined never to strike my colors. What say you my boys?" His crew answered with three cheers. He had his wish, but he found that the Yankees had a knack of striking his colors for him.

There was at this time, three fleets lying at Spithead, the Mediteranean fleet, the West India fleet, and the Newfoundland fléet, to the latter of which, we belonged, under convoy of the brig of war *Boreas*. On the 12th of April, the wind being fair, the three fleets got under weigh and proceeded down the channel together, but the wind coming ahead, a signal was made to put into Torbay. The small vessels ran well into the harbor, whilst the ships of war anchored near the mouth, and a handsomer sight I never saw. Their masts looked like a forest of dry trees. The mouth of the bay was more than three miles broad, and we could not see the water on the other side, so thick did they lay together. One could not see this, without allowing that the commerce of Great Britain was immense. After laying here five days, we all put to sea again, and the three fleets extended half the way across the channel, to France, drawn

up in the shape of a half moon, and made a most grand appearance. After we had come out of the channel, the fleets separated, each taking its respective course, and were soon out of sight. We had a fine wind, as far as Cape St. Francis, where we fell in with the ice, and finding that Trinity bay was jammed full of ice, we put into Carbinice. The next day, the wind came from the S. E. and blocked up the harbor with ice, so that it was impossible for us to see the water from the highest lookouts in the country. We lay here, until the 5th of June, before we could get into Trinity bay. After we had arrived there, we began discharging our cargo, which we accomplished in about a week, and then took in a cargo of dry fish for Gibraltar, for which place we set sail on the 26th of June. Nothing of consequence occurred on our passage, and we arrived at our destined port, July 19th. We sold our freight to a Jew, an immensely rich man, who had loaned to Great Britain £30,000, which was not a tythe of his property. We lay here some time, delivering our cargo to small craft bound up the Mediterranean, 300 quintals to one, 150 to another, &c.

Gibraltar is a pleasant town, and so strongly fortified as to be deemed impregnable. It is situated upon a rocky promontory, seven miles in length, and nowhere, half a mile wide. The fortress is situated on a rock which rises precipitously, to the height of fourteen hundred feet. Batteries are placed on every part of it, and these are made to communicate with each other, by means of galleries or hewn passages through every part of the rock. The bay is spacious, and is safe and commodious for ships.

There is an old Moorish castle at Gibraltar, which has not been opened since it belonged to the Moors. The keys of this castle are now in the Tower of London. It was taken by the Spaniards, at the time of the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, and fell into the hands of the English in 1704. It is stated, that the Moors have offered doubloons enough to cover the parade ground, which occupies about half an acre, for permission to open one cell. Various suppositions are made with regard to the secrets contained here. Some think that the true Bible is concealed here; others imagine it to be money; and some believe that the Moors have shut up the plague here, and that by opening this cell, they would destroy the inhabitants, and thus regain their ancient possessions. But whatever be the secret, probably the government has a reason for keeping it closed. It is four stories high, with battlements on the top and iron gratings at the windows, &c., a most dismal looking building.

You will find here, people from all nations, English, Americans, French, Dutch, Spanish, Portuguese, Turks with their turbans, long-bearded Jews, Armenians, and Moors with their swarthy complexions; and such a stench arises from this motley assemblage with which the streets are constantly crowded, that it would "knock a man down," who possessed sensitive olfactory organs. I do not wonder that the plague visits them so frequently.

After we had discharged, we took in ballast and sailed to St. Ubes, where we took in freight of salt, and sailed for Newfoundland, August 20th. We

were obliged to keep a good lookout for privateers, but saw none, and arrived on the 16th of September. As our cargo was not ready on our arrival, we were sent up the bay to Chapel arm, after a cargo of ship-timber. This is a famous place for game. Deer and Bears are plentiful, also wild Geese. As we were in no hurry to return, before our cargo at Trinity bay was ready, we used to spend a good deal of time in hunting and fishing. After we had taken in our lading, we returned to Trinity bay and discharged. A cargo of fish was then taken in, and we sailed to St. Johns to join convoy, but when we arrived, the convoy had sailed two days before; therefore we *cracked* on all sail and overtook them on the fourth day. The fleet now consisted of forty-six sail, and was convoyed by the sloop of war, Comet, of twenty guns, which was to accompany us to the Western Isles, and then return. When we were about half way, we discovered a brig astern, overhauling us very fast. When she came into the fleet, the Commodore hailed, and found her to be a fast sailing brig belonging to Guernsey, bound to Oporto, with a cargo of fish. She did not belong to the convoy and was soon out of sight, ahead of us. But it happened, that during the night, the American privateer, General Armstrong, fell in with and took her; so that in the morning they were in sight. As the American captain knew that in such a fleet there must be men of war, he took his crew out of the prize and suffered her to proceed. Whilst we were at breakfast, we heard a gun from the commodore, and the man at the wheel told us that a signal was out.

I then went and saw red, yellow, red, at the fore, which was the signal for an enemy. He then made another signal for all ships in the convoy to remain in their stations, whilst the Comet shot ahead and ran down towards the General Armstrong, before the wind. I went to the fore top-mast head, and saw the brig lying aback, while the privateer was close hauled on the wind, with all sail set, and was under such head-way that I could see her leap through the water. A very fast sailing vessel has the appearance of leaping from wave to wave. The Comet then took in her studding-sails, and braced sharp on the wind but the American could sail two feet to John Bull's one. The Comet after firing a few guns without effect, bore up, and came into the fleet again but the privateer after running up to windward, down all sail, and lay looking at us, until we were about eight miles ahead, when she would set her fore top-sails, run up to windward and lay too again. This was really aggravating to the commodore, who swore, to use his own expression that he could kill every Yankee this side of sunset with a good will. This maneuvering continued until about sunset when the Comet ran down to leeward, and made a signal for all the convoy to come under his stern within hail. After we had taken our stations the commodore, hailed and told us to keep close convoy all night, for said he, "that d——d, Yankee will try to cut out some of the convoy to night, but I'm d——d, if he don't find himself mistaken. Toward dark I went aloft and counted forty six sail in the convoy, whilst brother Jonathan, was comfortably jogging along with his fore

top-sail, about six miles on the starboard beam. We kept snug to the sloop of war all night, but in the morning our friend had disappeared, taking four of the convoy with him to pay for giving up the brig. The way the Commodore swore about the skulking Yankees was a *caution* to them not to serve him so again. Shortly after this, we separated from the rest of the convoy, and proceeded by ourselves, and arrived at Gibraltar on the 24th of December, where we sold our cargo for twelve dollars per quintal, and no duties. I might have mentioned, before, that sailors have the privilege of a venture, in whatever they please, and as mate, my venture was thirty quintals of fish, for which I took three hundred and sixty dollars.

Four days after we had left here on our former voyage, the plague broke out, and raged nearly three months before it subsided, carrying off more than six thousand people. The gates, which, during the time of its ravages, are closed, had not been opened but a few days on our arrival. I saw a woman who had been pronounced hopeless by the physician and had been thrown into the dead cart with fifteen others, dead or nearly dead, conveyed to the Spanish lines, where they bury all their dead, during the time of the plague; and was about to be thrown into the pit with the others, which frightened her so much that, endeavoring to cry out, she burst something in her throat, and began to recover immediately, and was soon able to return to her husband. They were both on board our brig and I had the story from her own lips. During the time of the plague five dead

carts were in constant employ day and night. As soon as a person is pronounced hopeless by the physician, he is immediately thrown into the dead cart and carried to the burial place, and is generally dead by the time that the cart arrived, if not he is thrown in aилve. The grave is a long trench, up to which the cart is backed, and the whole are tipped into it together. This may appear savage and unfeeling, but the horrors of the plague destroy all those finer sentiments, which an occasional death, in the bosom of a family may awaken. They get so hardened to these scenes of terror that there is no more thought of a person dying than there would be of a rat drowning in the dock.

I had always kept a good sum of money by me, that I might not be destitute if I should be captured by my countrymen, whose privateers literally swarmed the seas.

We lay at Gibraltar some time, and took in a cargo of wine and olive oil, and sailed February 14th, 1814, for Trinity bay, where we arrived March 23d being fortunate enough to get in before the ice drove in from the Northern seas. Having discharged, we took another freight for Lisbon and sailed April 8th. During the passage we had heavy gales and much rain, lost one man overboard, whilst furling the gib, but kept clear of the American privateers. We came off the rock of Lisbon, on the 16th of May took in a pilot, ran up the river and anchored two miles below the city where we discharged. It is customary here for the purchaser to supply breakfast and dinner to the crew whilst unloading, which is cooked on shore, and

brought aboard. The breakfast commonly consists of bread and butter, eggs and coffee, and the dinner is composed of five or six dishes of meat, baked, roasted and boiled, accompanied with plenty of wine of the first quality. Having shipped a cargo of salt, we sailed on the 16th of July, and during our passage was boarded by a British frigate, the Lieutenant whose name was Keene, came on board and having looked at my protection, observed that any one might know that I was a Yankee, by my looks. Now this was the first time that I had been overhauled without being called an Irishman. It was merely the name that made the difference. On our arrival we took in another cargo for Lisbon, set sail and arrived there the 28th of October. Having discharged we took in another cargo of salt and sailed, but on the second night we were struck by a violent gale which carried away both top-masts and bowsprit, but at daylight the wind chopped round into the north west and we concluded to put back. Having cleared the wreck, we got up top gallant masts, carried the top gallant sails and royals over the courses, ran back to port and refitted.

We sailed again December 1st, at a time when it is almost impossible for vessels to go to Newfoundland on account of anchor ice. Our crew usually consisted of eighteen hands, but we shipped eight fresh ones, making twenty six. When we left Lisbon captain Banger, was quite unwell and did not come on deck but once during the whole passage ; consequently the whole charge devolved upon me, keeping me on deck about all the time. We had a fine run

as far as the Grand Bank, when the wind came in to the westward, with snow and sleet, but we stretched in and got soundings in ninety fathoms, being about one hundred miles from the land. The wind then came into the north west and blowed so hard that we were compelled to let her drift, but about the 25th of December it came again into the south-east when we cracked on all sail, and during the night made land right ahead, hauled on the wind and stood off till daylight, when we continued on our course, and at eight in the morning was within five miles of the harbor. The wind now came again into the north west blowing almost a hurricane, and freezing cold, therefore we hove to and let her drift out of the bay.

Before we came in with the land, I had all the guns housed and double breeched, the ports let down and secured, and the cables bent. We drifted all that day and night, and the next morning the brig seemed a solid body of ice. Her sides to the waters edge were covered with ice two feet in thickness, while on the forecastle nothing but a mass of ice was to be seen.

We continued to drift until the next morning at day-light, when the wind died away, and at sunrise a gentle breeze from the south east springing up, we headed once more for the harbor.

After breakfast the weather continuing mild, we began to clear the deck of ice, freed the bow guns and loaded them to fire a signal, if we should happen to run into the narrows in the night. At dark we were within three miles of the harbor, with a light wind, therefore we boxhailed her until ten o'clock and then

ran in. We cast anchor with as little noise as possible, cleared up our sails and then let off our two nine pounders.

The whole town was buried in sleep, but this discharge awoke them, and in one minute there was as much confusion, as though a "*fleet of kegs*" had come into the harbor. Merchants hurried to their counting houses, and *cut sticks*, for the woods with a back load of books, lights dodging in every house, paddy women bawling, making the scene we had got up, quite interesting. I immediately dressed and went on shore to let them know that we were not pugnaciously inclined; and going to the office of our agent, found that he had sent the books and papers to a place called hogsnoose about a mile distant. It seems that several American privateers, had been watching around the coast, to get a bite at some of John Bull's codfish and the inhabitants had mistaken us for one of them, who had taken advantage of their predisposition to sleep at night, and had worked a travers over them.

After I had explained to them the cause of the disturbance, and answered their numerous inquiries I returned on board, and the next morning captain B went on shore leaving me in charge of the ship. This was christmas morning, and the agent sent on board a quarter of fresh beef, and four gallons of blackstrop, with which I gave permission to the crew to get as drunk as they pleased, but to be on hand for work in the morning. It is however something remarkable that of so many, no one was at all intoxicated. The next morning we hauled into the wharf, our vessel

having more the appearance of an island of ice than any thing else, but as the weather continued mild the ice dropped off in a few days. Having discharged we next took in a cargo of fish for Taragona, in Spain, for which place we sailed January 27 1815. To the 1st of February the wind was in the north west with snow when it died away nearly to a calm coming occasionally in puffs, while a dull boding sound seemed to pervade the air which was noticed by every one. These and other indications, warned the experienced sailor that a violent tempest, was settling upon us. The approach of a storm is accurately indicated, by the barometer but the same causes that effect the barometer, also produces such an effect on the senses, that a mariner who is observing, will very accurately predict a storm. Therefore we began to make all things secure, double breeched the guns, put on muzzle lashings, sent down the top gallant yards, close reefed the top-sails, fore-sail and main-stay-sail, and double reefed the tug-sail, run in the jib-boom and got the sprit sail yard fore and aft. At six P.M. it began to blow from the N. E. with so much fury that we took in the fore-sail and fore-top-sail and brought her to on the larboard tack under close reefed main top-sails and main stay-sail and storm fore stay-sail. At eight o'clock the wind blew a hurricane, tossing the sea in mountains, and threatening to engulf our brig every minute. A little after nine we shipped a heavy sea, which carried away all the stanchions on the larboard side, split the plankshire from the mainmast to the bows, and carried away the bowsprit. In a few minutes, the fore and main top

masts, went and hung down into the water on the starboard side, where we succeeded in lashing them to the foremast. The wind continued to increase, until twelve o'clock, when the sea appeared to be smooth for the tops of the waves were all blown off. As the brig was entirely unmanageable, we all got in to the cabin and lobby, where we set for more than an hour listening to the horrible howling of the wind, and the groaning and grinding of the timbers. The brig lay over without much tossing but quivered like an aspen. During the whole time not a word was spoken and a bottle of liquor being passed round, returned untasted. About two o'clock, the brig began to pitch when I went up and found that the wind had begun to abate, although still blowing violently, but I succeeded in bringing her to, where I kept her till daylight. We then cleared the wreck, loosed the fore-sail and put her before the wind, and the sea was so rough and having no top-sail she would roll first one rail under, then the other. We continued to scud in this way for nine days before the wind abated sufficient to erect a jury mast, but on the 10th day we sent up a main top-mast, and a jib boom for a fore top-mast, and run out a spare main yard for a bow-sprit, set our sails and steered for Lisbon, that being the nearest port, where we arrived February 26th. We here remained repairing till near the close of March, when we again set sail and after a long, bad passage on account of Easterly winds, we arrived at our destined port.

CHAPTER IX.

But a short time previous to our arrival, this city had been in the possession of the French. The harbor is protected by a mole, and is safe and commodious. A strong fort lays to the westward of the city and commands it. Opposite to this fort, the French had built another, from which they had cannonaded the city and Spanish fort for three weeks, constantly, at the end of which time, they had made a large breach in the wall of the city and were making preparations for an assault, when the Spanish general who commanded the fort, surrendered at discretion. It was afterwards discovered that he did it through treachery. As the city was no longer tenable, the garrison made their escape into the country, and left the city to the mercy of the enemy. For a few days all was quiet; but at length, the soldiers taking advantage of the absence of their general, began a most savage and unprovoked massacre, and did not cease until they had butchered more than six thousand men, women and children. Many took refuge in the churches, where they hoped to be safe; but the soldiers, utterly regardless of every tie, broke in and destroyed them without mercy. After they had satiated their thirst for blood, to prevent the distempers that must be generated from the

exhalations of so many corpses, they hauled them to the head of the mole, where they piled them into a heap, with straw intermingled, and burned the whole to ashes. At the time that I was there, on the spot where this pyre was built, there was a cabbage garden, with cabbages as large [as a bushel basket; probably, owing to the peculiar kind of dressing. After this they collected all the muskets, cannon, shot and every kind of warlike weapon, and threw them into the sea, after which they abandoned the city. They also undermined many of the churches, and the wall at the corners and the gates, and blowed them up. The marks of war were left on every spot. The hollows and by-ways were all filled with shot and rubbish. The hospital was nearly destroyed, and all the buildings that were higher than the wall, were completely riddled. In short, so complete was the ruin, that the Frenchmen's organs of destructiveness must have been well satisfied.

The mole is a Herculean work. It commences on a sandy beach about half a mile from the city, and extends a mile into the water. The end of the mole is in forty-eight feet of water, and they are at work upon it, building out still farther. It is built of stone, which are hauled there and rolled off by convicts, and upon this foundation the breastwork stands. There is one stone in the middle of the mole, that was brought more than half a mile, and its weight was three hundred tons. The overseer has superintended this work from the commencement, more than forty years, and it was told me, that not a single man had received an accidental injury since the

work had been commenced. It is about four rods wide, the inside raised enough for a wharf, and the outside about twenty feet higher, to break off the easterly winds. This one is perpendicular on the inner side, but the outside descends gradually into the water. In a Levanter, I have seen the sea break over the top of this, and come down on the mole by tuns.

The people here are very indolent. It was impossible to get over three hundred quintals of fish discharged in a day. They usually came to work about ten o'clock, and then left at twelve. About three, they came again and stayed till six. The remainder of the time, they were loafing about the coffee-houses, drinking and smoking, much like the loafers of the present day.

Having taken in a cargo of salt, we sailed on our return, June 26th. When we were abreast of Malaga, we were brought to, by an Algerine brig of sixteen guns. He hailed in broken English, with "boat he pass." "What do you say?" asked the captain. "Boat he pass," and an oath, was the reply. We hoisted out the boat, and the captain and myself went on board, where we were conducted into the cabin to the commander. We found him seated on a carpet, smoking. He compared the captain's pass with a form which he had, and finding that they agreed, he returned it, and having presented us with a glass of wine, permitted us to return on board. The captain was really frightened, and said he would give ten guineas, to see Jack Yankee run afoul of him. A few days after, a Swedish brig informed us

of an engagement between two American schooners and an Algerine brig, off Carthage. The Algerine had been chased on shore and boarded by the American boats. This proved to be our old friend. After stopping at Gibraltar a short time, we continued our course, and arrived at Trinity bay on the 5th of August.

Having discharged and refitted, we took in a cargo for Naples ; but the weather not being favorable, we did not sail until the fourth of November, and after rather a rough passage, we arrived at Naples on the 25th of December. The harbor here, is fine and safe. The ships moor head and stern, laying in tiers. The city is large and contains many public buildings, among which are very splendid churches. The houses generally, are very lofty and built of marble the streets wide and regularly laid out. We lay, here, in quarantine, fourteen days, before we could discharge our cargo. After we had sold out our freight, we lay here some time, waiting for another, which gave me a fine opportunity of viewing the curiosities of the city and vicinity. One of the most interesting is the grotto, where a road is excavated through the angle of a mountain. I visited it in company with Mr. Buck, mate of the brig *Brittania*. At the entrance, the side of the mountain is hewed down perpendicular for one hundred and fifty feet or more, and cut into this is a spacious portico, supported by lofty columns. Within this, the arch commences. It is wide enough for four carriages to pass abreast, with walks on each side, protected by a brass railing, for the convenience of foot passengers. The

whole distance of the arch is over two thousand yards. About half way through, there is a bar room cut in the solid rock, on one side, and a chapel on the other. There are lamps hung on each side of the arch, about twenty feet asunder, through the whole distance. When you are in the middle, you cannot see the light at either end; and half a mile directly above your head is a forest of large trees. We stopped at the bar room to take a glass of wine, and then drove on, and soon came in sight of the farther entrance, which at first appeared round, and about the size of a bullet. At the farther extremity, there are two large inns, at one of which we stopped to take some refreshments. Nothing can be more delightful than the emerging from this dismal passage into the air and light of heaven. In the passage way, every noise is rendered deafening by the reverberations, and the smoke of the lamps is very offensive; from this you come into a country of gardens, that stretch away as far as the eye can reach, filling the air with the most fragrant odours. Here you breathe the most healthful air of healthful Italy. Here, oranges, lemons, grapes, almonds, pomegranates, dates, figs, and every kind of delicious fruit in the world, grow without cultivation. The scenery too, reminds you of New England in the season of roses. Association also, lends her aid, to heighten the enjoyment. It is in ITALY! the classic land! We see in imagination, the slow and stately march of the Roman legions. We feel the wanderings of the Roman poets, through these lovely vales. We gaze upon the same sky from which the gentle Virgil

drew his deep draughts of inspiration. No wonder that Italy is styled the "land of poetry." Nature herself, here, is voluptuous.

Before this pass was cut through the mountain, the inhabitants of this delightful region were obliged to carry their produce along the north side of the mountain, to a place called the "Devil's Gap," where they crossed to the south side, and then wound their way round the side of the mountain, forty miles to Naples; thus travelling near ninety miles, to reach a market a dozen miles from home. Pleasure-carriages are allowed to pass through here, only on Sundays, that on other days, the way may be clear for laden wagons.

After having satisfied our curiosity here, we returned to Naples, and in the afternoon, made an excursion to the ruins of Pompeii, which lay at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, nine miles from Naples. Arriving at the outer gate of the city, we were met by a guide, who took care of our horse, and conducted us through the ruins; but these have been so minutely described by subsequent visitors, that it would be supererogation for me to attempt it. Some small matters however, that attracted my attention, I will mention. One room contained, on the ceiling, the exact mould of a human being. It seems that a person was lying on a couch, when the lava flowed into the room, and being raised on the surface, was pressed against the ceiling, where he remained for eighteen hundred years. On excavating the room, they left the lava on which the image is impressed, sticking a

the top. Another person is seen hugging a post, with a purse of gold in his right hand. He is completely dried up, and looks as if he might last eighteen hundred years longer. Wine jars are found in the shops, full of wine, also measures standing upon marble counters. On account of employing a guide, we were entitled to a glass of wine, which had remained untroubled, except by earthquakes, since the city was inhumed. Such wine! it makes my mouth water to think of it. It would make a Washingtonian forget his pledge (?). After we had seen the *lions* of this place, we returned to Naples, and went on board, highly gratified with our day's ramble. After remaining here about a month, we got part of a freight, and then sailed to Palermo in Sicily, for the remainder, where we arrived on the 8th of January, 1816.

This is a fine city and is very ancient. There are several natural curiosities here which are well worth the trouble of examining. One is the burning rock, which takes fire as the tide goes out, and is extinguished on its flowing again.

Having taken in the remainder of our cargo, we sailed for London, March 6th, where we arrived, after a short and pleasant passage, hauled in at Fresh wharf, and paid off the crew, who were all discharged, except the steward and myself. If I recollect rightly, we had thirty-six bills of lading. Owing to some bags of sumach being damaged, we were obliged to enter a protest, and I went up to Guild Hall to attest to it, where I had an opportunity of seeing the assizes or police court of London. It surprised

me to see the great number of criminals here. They were brought in continually; more than thirty were brought in during the time that I was there.

Having discharged our cargo, we took in ballast and sailed for Poole, where the brig belonged and where we arrived, May 12th, having been gone three years and two months. During this time, I had received thirty-two dollars per month, which was now due me; besides one thousand dollars, which I had left in the hands of the owners, before going on the last voyage. I now thought seriously of going home by the first opportunity; but as Mr. Garland wished me to superintend the discharge of the ballast, and taking in a new cargo, I remained on board a few days longer, when captain Lincoln, who was lying along-side, sent his mate on board, in order to give me an opportunity of running about among my old acquaintances. After giving him directions about stowing the cargo, I went on shore, and going up to get paid off, I found that my berth had been spoken for by five or six mates, who expected that after being gone so long, I would now stop a while on shore; but Mr. Garland told me that if I would go out to Newfoundland in her, I should have the command of a vessel on my return. After some hesitation, I concluded to accept this proposal, and having settled, I left another thousand in his hands, believing it safer there than in the banks; some of which were blowing up every day. I then fitted myself with clothing and having remained on shore for four days, after an absence of thirty-eight months, went on board and took charge again as

mate, at thirty-two dollars per month. When the brig was ready for sea, the captain who had remained on shore the whole time, had not yet presented his account for settlement. In a foreign port all money drawn is charged to the captain, and he draws on the owners for the amount.

Mr. Garland having sent for him, received answer that he was not yet ready, and that he should not go out then, and recommended me to fill his place. But as they had one captain, by the name of Ash, out of employment, they could not very well take me instead of him. Therefore he was sent on board. He was a man of regular deportment, particularly when at home, or before his employers; but he had a habit while at sea, of drinking a little too freely at times. We sailed, May 25th, had a fine passage out, making the trip in eighteen days. When about half way out, I had a fine opportunity of seeing a water-spout. We were sailing on the wind in smooth water, when we saw a whirlwind, to windward, approaching with great velocity. We wore, and stood away on the other tack and let it pass astern, about half a mile distant. It embraced a surface of about four acres, in which it raised the water about a hundred feet, whirling it with amazing rapidity. The sides were perpendicular, and the surface level. Above this it had more the appearance of foam or fog, from which fell a continual shower. But the body was very beautiful, exhibiting all the colors of the rainbow, from the circumstance, I suppose, of the edge or upper angle having the form of a prism. When we arrived at Trinity

bay, the agent told us that we were to take a cargo of fish to Lisbon, and after having fitted and painted the brig and landed six of the guns, we loaded and sailed, July 2d. We approached the land in the night, and should probably have run ashore, if I had not accidentally smelt the land and stood off till daylight, when we found ourselves close in to the rock of Lisbon. Presently a couple of pilot boats, came alongside, from one of which we took a pilot, and the next morning got under weigh and ran up to Francia, where we moored ship.

Young George Garland was here as consignee for his father. The next day he came on board, when we had a hearty laugh about the Jew and his spouse. We discharged here instead of going up to the old fish market. During our stay in this place, a Portuguese ship came into the bay from Brazil, and anchored just above the rock — and the captain, mates, and a greater part of the crew, went on shore to procure fresh water. Whilst they were gone, a pirate boat came along side, boarded and fastened the remainder of the crew under the hatches, murdered a French lady, who was a passenger — and, having loaded their boat with plunder, made off. When the mate came on board, he found the crew fastened down in the steerage, and the murdered lady hung up in the cabin by the hair of her head. The robbers had cleared the cabin of all its valuables, and no traces of them could be found.

After we had discharged, the captain received a letter by the overland mail, directing him to sail immediately to Poole, and take in a freight for Trinity.

Accordingly, we sailed in ballast, August 12th, and had a pleasant passage. When off Portland, we saw the brig Maria, captain Hall, going down the channel. When we arrived at Poole, we took in a cargo of bread and flour, and sailed on the 1st of October.

I now determined to visit my home as soon as I got out, and for this purpose, called on Mr. Garland for a settlement. He offered to sell me one half of the brig John, but I refused, as I had been gone from home since the year 1807, and had seen none of my relatives except my father, since I first went to sea. He then paid me \$2450 in notes on the Bank of England, which I packed away in my trunk, and thought, that with what I had left in Boston, I should have enough to live comfortably the remainder of my life. We arrived at Trinity on the 28th of October, and having discharged, as I could not find a passage home, I went to the Island of Fogo, situated north of Newfoundland, to take in a cargo of fish for Genoa. We arrived off the harbor November 12th, and having taken a pilot, stood into the harbor. Within the entrance, there is a rock called Harbor Rock, which extends some distance to the starboard side. As we were going in, the pilot sung out "luff all you can," and the steersman put the helm hard down, when she came too so suddenly, that she ran whack on to the rock, and with such violence, as to lay every one sprawling on the deck. Here was a pickle for ourselves, as well as the pilot. We immediately let run the halyards and clewed up the sails, and then went to breakfast.

The name of the agent at Fogo, was Calls, an old

sea captain; he was observing us when we struck, and going to the cook room, he ordered out the hands to take out a lighter, and unlade the vessel; but as the men did not appear to be in a hurry about leaving their breakfast half eaten, the old salt went in a tremendous rage to his store, got a couple of twelve pound cartridges and a brand of fire, and running back, he threw the cartridges under the floor, and swore that he would blow them all up, if they did not start. This had the desired effect, and they left the room with much expedition — some through the doors, and others through the windows. When they had left the house, we put about fifty barrels of beef and pork into the lighter, and commenced throwing the ballast overboard. Had the vessel gone about eight feet farther off, she would not have struck the rock — for directly under her larboard fore chains, there were two fathoms of water. We now began to make the necessary preparations for getting her off at the next high water; and in order to effect this, we placed a spare main topmast abreast of the fore chains, and lashed it to the channels; we also put stoppers on and got them firmly secured, after which we got a spare main yard well secured by the main chains, that she might remain upright at low water. After we had thus secured her, we got out a stream anchor and cable, in order that she might be taken off at next high water, which was easily done. But on examination, we found she had sustained considerable injury; having lost her fore foot and become so leaky that we were obliged to work at the pumps continually.

CHAPTER X.

As our vessel was much injured by the recent accident, it was necessary that we should seek some one to repair her: but as no carpenter could be procured within less than one hundred miles, we employed some men, whom we found about the harbor; but as they were not accustomed to repair vessels of this kind, she was not fitted up so well as she ought to have been, for which reason we were obliged to add six to our crew, to work at the pumps. Having repaired the vessel as well as we could, (which by the way still furnished an abundance of water for one hundred strokes of the pump in an hour,) we set sail for Gibraltar on the 9th of January, 1818, with a cargo of fish. For the most part of the passage we were favored with prosperous winds and fair weather, and on the 2d of February, we made Cape Sparteal. We, however, experienced a heavy gale after we had entered the Straits, which lasted about thirty-six hours. We received no injury from this storm, but arrived safely at Genoa, on the 29th of February, and anchored inside the Mole — and the next day were ordered into the quarantine ground, where we lay fourteen days before we discharged our cargo. This Mole is one of the most beautiful harbors in the world; it was commenced about three hundred

years before Christ, and completed about the year 1825. Formerly this harbor was nothing more than a "half-moon bay," and entirely exposed from the north, round to the south-east; recently, however, two Moles have been begun, one on each side of the city, which are built in the form of a semicircle and brought so near together as to leave an opening barely sufficient for the passage of a ship between the two Mole-heads. An elegant little house is built on each Mole-head. This beautiful specimen of human art and skill, is composed entirely of cut stone, each Mole being about a mile and a half long; at the north of the city is another Mole, extending from the upper part of the city to those already described, which is called the Galley Mole, in the middle of which are gates and draw-bridges for the passage of vessels. Here is a fine chance to repair vessels and a safe harbor for their men of war vessels and galleys. It is sufficiently large to contain five hundred sail of ships. The custom house is a large building composed of marble, in the outer court of which is a spacious room for the convenience of such as have business to transact in the custom house. On the walls of this ante-chamber are hung large and beautiful paintings, representing the foundation and superstructure of the Mole; others exhibiting the dress, manners and customs of the people of almost every age, together with many others which our eyes having once seen are ever anxious to behold again. The city is large and well planned; the streets are wide and handsome; the buildings are eight and nine stories high, and composed principally of marble; the inhabitants are

genteel, gay and courteous in their manners, and hospitable to strangers. Happening to be here at the time of Masquerade, it was the next thing to impossible to exact anything like work from the sailors, their minds were so much occupied with the passing scenes of the day. Such being the case, I gave the crew liberty to go ashore, or where they pleased till Masquerade was over.

Provisions of most kinds are as cheap in this country as in America; the price of beef being about five cents, and that of pork, from five to six cents. I must not fail to mention here, something in relation to their enormous cheeses; as I was passing one of the provision stores, my eye caught some huge Leviathan "of the press," stowed as snugly as it could be in one part of the room; on inquiry I found it to be a large cheese, about three feet thick and six feet in diameter! Indeed it is not uncommon to see cheeses as large as a common cart wheel.

Opposite to the National Bank, is a large public square, in which is a fountain resting on a plate of marble; on this plate is a pier, composed of several pieces of marble cemented together.

Various kinds of animals, such as horses, tigers, lions, elephants, bulls &c., are carved out of marble and placed round this pier, while a second plate or sheet of marble, rests on their shoulders. The heads of these animals, extend beyond the edge of the plate, and are so perfect in their form and carved with such skilful accuracy, as to represent even the veins and muscles of the neck.

Near the edge of this upper plate, are placed

twelve upright pillars, at equal distance from each other; against each of these, rests one of the twelve Apostles with an open book in his hand and sandals on his feet; if any thing can be found made by man nearer perfection than this, I would gladly go a good distance that I might behold it. In the centre of the upper part, is a large spreading tree, composed entirely of brass, with birds of different species on its numerous branches composed also of brass, with their wings half spread as if in the act of flying; their bills half opened, through which streams of water are continually flowing. Such was the grandeur here displayed, that it was with great difficulty I could persuade myself that it was the work of man.

The trunk of this tree is about eighteen inches in diameter, its top as large as that of the largest size apple trees. Among the leaves and branches is a perpetual mist, rising from the water which falls from the mouths of the birds: this gives an appearance of ever green to the leaves, nor indeed^d could any one, unconscious that they were brass, distinguish them from the real work of Nature.

Having already spent considerable time in reconnoitering the city, we now began to turn our attention to the repairing of our vessel; but in the first place we were obliged to enter a protest, and for this purpose the captain, myself and boatswain repaired to the custom house office, to swear to the protest: here awaiting in the outer court nearly two hours I had a fine opportunity to see the numerous paintings before spoken of: here, also I had an opportunity of seeing specimens of the materials of which these moles

are constructed. A kind of reed, ready framed, is sunk into the water with stone: this reed never rots, but after remaining in the water for a space of time, becomes petrified and resembles stone: but those parts of the mole above the water are made of real stone.

After we had entered our protest we discharged our cargo and put into the galley mole, to have the necessary repairs made on the vessel. We remained here twelve days, at the end of which time, we hauled off to the anchoring grounds, took in ballast and made ready to sail for Terravica, where we expected to take in a cargo of salt. We sailed on the 16th of March 1818 and arrived at Terravica, on the 20th of the same month. As we could not obtain our cargo at this place we went to the island of Isica, situated in the Mediterranean sea, a short distance below Majorca: here we obtained a cargo of salt. The captain and myself, also purchased a few boxes of lemons, which we found to be very nice. Having now got everything in readiness for sea, we set sail, for Newfoundland, on the 10th of April, and during most of the passage, we were prospered with favorable winds; but when we came near the coast, we found the ice floating in such masses, as to render our progress almost impossible; and indeed we were obliged to cruise for several days, outside the jambs of ice. After remaining, in this situation, much longer than we "particularly desired," we succeeded in getting into a large bay formed by the ice, about two miles wide; here we remained four days, when the ice opening, we entered another pond, where we fell

in with the brig Swift, captain Caters, from Poole, bound to Trinity. As it was very uncertain when we should be able to make the harbor, and being short of provisions, we got two bags of bread, and two bushels of potatoes, of captain Caters.

At length the ice was sufficiently cleared for a passage into St. Mary's bay, which we entered, and remained here four or five days, during which time the ice was nearly cleared from the coast. About eight o'clock in the evening, captain Ash, came to me and said I had better "turn in" and get as much sleep as possible, that he and the boatswain, John Stevens, would keep a lookout for the wind that they might be ready to leave the harbor, as soon as it was favorable; and that they could take their sleep while sailing down the bay.

Thinking that if they were left alone, they might be tempted to raise the bottle a little to often, I felt curious to see the result; so, after I had written the log, I turned in, but did not feel much sleepy. Presently, after they supposed I had long since become insensible to everything transpiring around, the captain and boatswain came into the cabin and immediately unlocked the liquor case, drank to each others' health, and replaced the bottle in the case, the lock of which made a harsh grating whenever it was disturbed; by this means any one opening the case was easily detected. While I thus lay, imitating sleep as well as I could, nine times were my ears saluted with the music of the lock. Perhaps I should not have been so careful in watching their

movements, had I not felt rather suspicious that they were keeping "snap-eye" behind the curtain.

About day-break, the wind being fair, the captain came to me and told me to call all hands to get the vessel under weigh; and "when you are ready to trip the anchor," said he, "give me a call, and I will go below and turn in." This, thought I, is a fine time for a captain to sleep, just as the vessel is getting under weigh; recollecting, however, the serenade of the lock, during the past night, I thought it best to make as few words as possible. The place in which we lay was very narrow, with a dangerous reef of rocks under our lee; fearing that we should have some difficulty in getting out, I called the captain, (for the boatswain had also turned in,) and told him we had better run out the kedge anchor and hawser on the weather bow, then trip the anchor, and warp the vessel to windward, and sail from the kedge anchor. He said, "no, we must make one tack, and then she will go out clear." We then sheeted home the topsails and hoisted them, got the jib and foresail ready and broke ground very easily. We were at this time, lying in several fathoms of water, and just as the anchor was cleared from the bottom, the man at the helm put her helm down and sung out, "helm is a-lee with nothing on her, but the two topsails;" and as Providence would have it, she went round. I immediately broke off five hands, set the jib and foresail, and barely brought her clear; had she gone ten feet farther to leeward, she would have struck and bilged in an instant, for the reef

was a very sharp, flinty ledge ; we, however, got out into the bay without any serious accident, with a fair wind, when we discovered the ice jam at the mouth of the bay. Towards noon we had got down as far as French Mistaken Point, when it became a dead calm : here we lay making but little headway till four o'clock, when the wind shifted to the south east and we saw the jam again making into the bay. Fearing that the sea might endanger the vessel, I wore the brig round, and again stood up the bay for the harbor ; took the bearing and distance of St. Mary's harbor, which bore north east and north, distance seven leagues. By this time, the Captain had got his wandering senses somewhat collected, but still would go below, now and then, for some water, with a little spirit just to kill the bugs. We had been keeping the vessel off one point after another, till she bore east by south, which was six points from her course ; at twelve o'clock the watch was called, and the captain, going into the cabin called to me as I was turning out, and said the vessel was directly off the mouth of the harbor, going in, and as soon as I got ready to come to anchor, to give him a call. This again I thought was an improper season for the captain to be absent from his duty, just as the vessel was coming to anchor, I hastened on deck as soon as possible, for I apprehended all was not right, looked off the larbord quarter, and saw the highland of St. Mary's about three miles distant, I then said to the man at the helm, this is not St Mary's harbor, but it lays yonder, off the larboard quarter. "Yes" said he, "that does appear like St. Mary's harbor." I then ran

forward and looked over the bows, when I saw we were hard upon the breakers, the feather white spray dashing all over them, I then sung out, "starboard your helm," ordered the men to the braces, and wore ship as soon as possible; but no sooner had she rounded too, than she brought up all standing. Immediately, I went below to call the captain, as he wished to be called, when we came to anchor! but I found him foaming at the mouth like a madman, being nearly choked by a handkerchief which he had on; I released him from this situation as soon as I could, and then went on deck again to make preparations for getting her off. The stern boat was lowered, and by sounding, found there was sufficient water under her stern and on each side of her. I then ordered the crew to cut loose all the spars over the long boat, and get the main tackle ready for getting out the long boat. We now had a main yard on one side and a spare top-mast on the other, with all the small spars lashed between them.

I again went into the cabin, to wake the captain, but Morpheus and Bacchus, had combined and got him so completely in their power, that my attempts to wake him were fruitless, and for aught I know he would have remained in that state till now, had it not been for the noise made by the falling of the main yard, which came down on deck with a noise like thunder. Being awakened by this noise, he came on deck, but so far gone, that he could scarcely stand and said "what in the name of God is the matter?" "What is the matter? said I, why, the vessel is ashore on Point la Haze:" then all the crew broke forth

against him, heaping upon his head a thousand curses, calling him a d——d scoundrel, and promising to bring him to justice for his neglect of duty.

I pacified the men as well as I could, telling them that as long as we had got into the scrape, we must get out of it the best way we could. We fired three guns as a signal of distress, which immediately brought several of the inhabitants, mostly fishermen, to our aid. As these men well knew the situation of every rock near the shore, the captain said the management of the vessel should be given to them; they told us to get out a stream anchor and cable ahead, and at high water she would clear the ledge. But I told them she was fast by the head, and that there was an abundance of water under her stern, and as she went on at high water, I thought it better to heave her out stern first, where there was a plenty of water, than to drive her hard on the ledge; but they all opposed me saying, "she must go out head first," and began to make preparations for hauling her over the rocks. While some were thus busily engaged, others were employed in throwing the salt overboard, that she might lay lighter in the water.

About daybreak, Mr. Tilley, the magistrate, a man rather profane in the use of his language, came over by land from his dwelling, to see what was the matter. When he saw the anchor out ahead, for the purpose of dragging the vessel forward, he gave vent to his indignant feelings in the most furious language, accusing them of being blinded as to the safety of the vessel by the desire of plunder, and forthwith ordered the anchor to be taken in.

By this time, as many as fifty men had come aboard, each laying some scheme to keep her on. After breakfast, we began to throw out the salt; but recollecting that I had a few boxes of lemons in the hold, I thought I would see if they yet remained there; and for this purpose went down into the hold, where I saw one of the fellows, foremost in getting out the anchor ahead, very desirous of visiting the *inhabitants* of my boxes! “Young man,” said I, “you may as well leave your card and be off.” “Not at all,” said he, “we consider a wreck as common property.” “Well,” said I, “you will be common property then, in a short time, unless you pay your visits elsewhere.” And in order to complete my threat, I got a brace of loaded pistols, and declared I would drive a ball through the head of the first one who attempted to open a box of those lemons. The men seemed resolved that the vessel should remain where she was, for the present, at least; as was evident from their throwing out all the salt from her bows, thus leaving her stern to settle in the mud. Orders were then given for the salt to be trimmed forward, but by the time this was done, it was low water, and both bow and stern were in the mud.

CHAPTER XI.



We did not remain long in this situation, before the under tow caused the vessel to bilge, and in less than five minutes, the water had overflowed the salt. Nothing now remained to be done but to secure such articles of food and clothing as we could, and get them on shore. We were distant three miles from the town, with no means of getting to it, except through the bay, which was now nearly full of floating ice, or through a marsh by land; so it was agreed that the captain should take six of the ship's crew and twenty of the landsmen, and go on shore to build a tent with the sails, which the boatswain and six hands were to get on shore in the long boat; they also carried the provisions. We were obliged to keep a strict watch of everything in the least exposed to the grasp of the "natives," who were so intent upon plunder, that nothing, left unguarded, could escape their notice; as an illustration of which, I will here mention a single circumstance. At a short distance from the tent, the cook had erected two crotched sticks, with a cross-piece, for the purpose of hanging the kettles over the fire; having occasion to go into the tent for some provision, he no sooner left the kettle of meat, which was then over the fire, than some of these ragamuffins conveyed it

into the bushes, though not more than fifteen feet from the tent, so well skilled were they in the art. The cook, enraged at this, snatched up a heavy loaded gun, and swore he would blow the brains out of the first thing he saw move in the bushes. Scarcely had he entered the bushes, when he heard a slight rustling among the leaves; with trembling hands he raised the gun, took deadly aim and fired; but was so terrified that he did not stop to "bag" his game, but hastened to the camp and told me he had killed one of the "devils." After he had recovered from the shock, we went out to see what one he had shot; but imagine our surprise and joy, on finding, that instead of the thief, he had killed a large, fat *deer*! The thieves hearing the report of the gun, had made themselves scarce; but we felt very well satisfied with the result of the cook's adventure, which, on the whole, we considered as a very good joke.

On the following morning, the captain went over to the town, to enter a protest; but on account of the harbor's being blocked up with ice, we were obliged to lay here about ten days; at the end of which time, we conveyed what articles we had saved to the town, in our small boats. Here, Mr. Tilsey provided comfortable lodgings for the crew, and about the 28th of May, he fitted out his schooner, in which we sailed for St. John's, where we arrived May 31st, having been detained two days with adverse winds. In about a week from this time, Thomas Stabb, Esq. wished me to take the charge of the schooner "Rambler," belonging to him, to go coasting through the summer, and offered me forty dollars

per month. After some conversation with Mr. Stabb, I agreed to take her, and went to his office, to have the agreement drawn up between us, and signed.

I had at this time, about two thousand dollars in notes on the Bank of England, which I gave to Mr. Millage, an American gentleman, and desired him to deposit them in the Massachusetts Bank, at Boston, in my name, as I had then a small sum in that bank. I have often thought since, that I was very careless in carrying so much "Bank Stock" as this, to sea, for so long a time, as indeed it was about all the property I had.

I now proceeded to ship a crew for the Rambler, consisting of a mate and four hands; but as men were very scarce at St. John's, I found much difficulty in obtaining them. As the greatest distance I had to go was not more than forty miles, thinking I should not want my finest clothes, of which I had a considerable quantity, I left them in the care of a kind old lady by the name of Smart, telling her to air them as often as she thought necessary, as women were better instructed in this branch of business, as a general thing, than men.

We now took in a cargo of salt, went to "Pretty Harbor," which is only six miles from St. John's, discharged our cargo, and took in a cargo of fish for St. Johns, at which place we returned in four days after we had left it. Here we lay some time, waiting for a cargo of fish and oil; finally took in a cargo for Formosa, and after having made several successful trips to different places, we had the schooner thoroughly repaired.

While lying at the wharf in St. John's, the ship boy who was entrusted to settle the accounts with the out harbor men, coming from town at rather a late hour, awoke me, and began to relate what he had seen, when I asked him the hour of the night; he said, twelve o'clock; but scarcely had he spoken, before a bell commenced ringing. "There," said he, "is the guard ship's bell"; but thinking it did not sound like that, I raised myself on my elbow, and listened for a short time, when I was convinced that it was not the ship's bell. I hurried on deck as soon as possible, when, what should I behold, but the town wrapped in a sheet of flames — the most brilliant part of which seemed to be in the neighborhood of Mrs. Smart's. Just as I was about to leave the vessel, Mr. Stabb came on the wharf, and desired me to have the hatches taken off, and to get ready to take in the provision from the store, and such other articles as we could, together with the books in the counting room. In the course of half an hour, the schooner was loaded and ready to drop off into the harbor. As I could not leave the vessel, to go and see to my own things, they were entirely consumed by the flames, with the house in which I left them. The whole amount of my loss, I estimated at three hundred dollars; as I had not only a great many fine clothes, but also, many valuable books. The fire broke out two doors from Mr. Smart's, and extended to the wharf next where we lay, where it was smothered by the burning of a salt store, having extended the whole length of Water street; and as most of the provision stores were on this street, their

contents were thrown into the bay, which was literally covered with barrels of pork, beef, rum, gin, brandy, &c. — some floating about in every direction, others laying on the bottom of the harbor. As so much provision had been destroyed by the fire, the fear of famine created great alarm, as it was too late in the season, to send to England for supplies.

Having discharged what I had on board, I took in a cargo of salt and dry goods for Remose, and returned to St. Johns on the 27th of November, when I paid off the hands and laid up the schooner to winter. Mr. Stabb, in consequence of my recent loss, told the clerk to pay a month's wages extra, for which he received my warmest thanks. While at Mr. Stabb's, the captain of a fine brig, belonging in Bristol, England, happened to be there on some business, and mentioning to Mr. Stabb, that he wanted to get some one to go mate with him, asked him if he could recommend any one to him. He told him he could recommend me, as I had been a faithful master of his schooner the past season, and was a capable man. Upon this, the captain struck up a bargain with me, offering to pay me good wages. Having purchased a quadrant and the necessary clothing for a sea voyage, I embarked on board the brig, bound for Bilboa, in Spain, on the 10th of December, 1818. I found the captain to be a man of good morals, and as good a seaman as I ever saw.

We had a very rough passage; the weather cold, with much hail and snow; but it became much milder, after we had passed the Western Islands. Arrived in sight of St. Antony's Head, in nineteen

days, where we came to anchor and lay one night; got underweigh the next morning and stood in for the Bay, and anchored at the Pilot's Station. As the wind had been blowing in for a considerable time, the waves broke so high over the bars, which lay across the mouth of the bay, that we were obliged to lay there four days, till the sea had become more calm; we then hoisted our colors at the fore-topmast head, which was a signal for the pilot boats, and in a very short time, twelve boats and a pilot came to pilot us over the bar.

Although the bars did not break so high as a few days previous, yet they were very dangerous to cross; indeed, there was such a heavy rolling sea at the time, that, when the bows of the vessel rose high on the waves, the stern struck hard on the bottom, which immediately split the rudder; and again, when the stern rose on the waves, the bows, in the same manner, struck the bottom, which caused her bowsprit to snap off as short as a carrot, but was secured by the rigging. Had the vessel been no stronger than the American vessels, she would doubtless have been a wreck; but as it was, she received but slight injury. Being deprived of a rudder, we hauled her into the harbor by means of ropes, passing round her stern and attached to row boats on each side, and discharged our cargo at Allevago, about two miles from the city, where all ships discharge.

Having repaired the injury caused in crossing the bar, we took in ballast, preparatory to taking in a cargo of wool, for Bristol, in England. At length we

were loaded, and sailed February 10th, 1819, and arrived at Bristol on the 18th of the same month. This is an ancient and beautiful city, with many large and elegant buildings. The harbor is one of the most beautiful, as well as commodious, that I have ever seen. At the distance of half a mile from the city, at the mouth of the harbor are gates by which the water can be let into or out of the harbor, at pleasure, thus keeping the vessels inside continually afloat, if required, with their gunnels on a level with the pier or kind of wharf.

On this pier, are cranes made to swing over the hatches, of the vessel, by which means the goods are hoisted out, and swung on the wharf. I went about the city for the purpose of seeing the remains of the Forts and Castle of Sir Oliver Cromwell, some of which were in a state of preservation. I was particularly struck with the appearance of one of the old colleges near the castle, the top of which was riddled to a honeycomb with shot. Here I went and sat nearly an hour, viewing the various objects around me, my mind reflecting on the scenes that caused so many ruins; but as time would not allow me to remain long, I cast a farewell look at the old fort, then bid adieu to those relics of by gone strife.

After we had discharged our cargo we entered the dry dock, for the purpose of having the vessel newly coppered and her rigging overhauled; after which we took a cargo of salt, butter, beef, pork, for St. Johns, and sailed May 5th, 1819, had a pleasant voyage, spoke several vessels on the way, and arrived at St. Johns, June 3d. Having now made my voyage

I was determined to visit home if I could possibly get a chance ; and for this purpose took up my lodgings at Mr. Farling's. While standing in the door one day, a very gentlemanly looking man inquired of me, if I knew of any men he could get for a crew to a vessel bound to Ireland. I told him, that as I had but just landed from a voyage, I could direct him to no one. "What vessel was you in," said he ; I replied, "the brig Sophia, captain Vickerman." "Oh," said he, "you was the mate of her?" I told him I had been mate of her one voyage. "Well," said he, "I should like to get some one to go mate, and if you will go, you shall have great wages." Here, again, I saw I was likely to be disappointed of my visit to my friends ; for the offer was too liberal to be refused, and I once more was engaged for sea.

CHAPTER XII.

The next day I went to look at the vessel, in which I was to go, and called on the owner, to find out where she lay ; he informed me, gave me his address, (Patrick Morris) and desired me to call at his office when I returned. I found the vessel, and such

a dirty looking craft my eyes never saw before. She appeared to be a well built vessel, handsomely modeled, but extremely filthy. The captain, if possible, looked a hundred per cent. worse than the vessel; he was a green looking Irishman of about forty-five years of age, six feet two inches in height, running into the air like a hay pole, dressed in a very long waisted blue coat, with a swallow tail reaching below his knees — a huge pair of Wellington boots drawn over his “boundless plantations”, — a pair of dark trowsers with a blue vest — making truly such a comical looking person, as would excite the risibilities of a Catholic priest. This singular person, whom we have just described, was formerly master of a fishing smack, and knew as much about navigation, as could be expected from one, who had never studied the science either in theory or practice. On returning from the vessel, I called at Mr. Morris’ office, and gave him an account of my visit to his vessel which diverted him much; but he said he was going to have her bottom caulked and painted, before she went to sea, and that he intended to go to Ireland in her, in company with several passengers. For this reason, she was extra manned, and at the end of ten days from the time I first saw her, I should not have recognized her as the same vessel; for a finer looking one was not to be seen in the harbor.

There was another vessel in the harbor, going to the same place to which we were bound, the owner of which, Mr. Mann, was also going in her. Mr. Morris being acquainted with Mr. Mann, a small sum was bet between them, as to which should be in

Waterford first, nothing being said as to which vessel should get there first. The brig sailed about three hours before us and had got out of sight before we started; nor did we see her again during the whole voyage. The wind continued favorable for most of the passage, though we were becalmed about a day, after which, the wind again became fair and remained so till the day before we made land, when it sprung up from the south east. About a week before we made land, Mr. Morris asked the captain, how far he judged we were from land. The captain replied "I have not cast up my reckoning for two or three days," which was all the reply he made, owing to facts which were very obvious, one of which was, he did not know where he was. Three or four days after this, as I was writing the log, Mr. Morris asked me how far I supposed we were to the eastward. I told him, that if the breeze continued as now, we should probably make land that night. At about eight o'clock in the evening, we ran through several schools of herring, which convinced me that we were near land, as these fish never go far to sea. It was now my first watch on deck; and at twelve o'clock I went down to my state room, to sum up my reckonings, in order to find out how far we had come since noon, and finding my reckoning was about up, I called the captain, who, as he had given up his state room to the ladies, said he had slept scarcely any all night, and asked me if I would lie on my chest and let him sleep a few moments, on my bed. I told him yes; but scarcely had I laid down, before my heart began to beat and throb, which is always the case

when danger is nigh, and at the commencement of a gale of wind, which now plainly told me that some change was taking place. As I did not feel very sleepy, and being rather restless, Mr Morris asked me what the matter was. I told him I thought we were getting near land, and standing on the second step of the stairs, with my head just above the sill, I heard a roaring noise, like that of waves breaking on the shore, and sung out to the men and asked them if they heard any noise; they said "yes, the sound of the wind, drawing under the fore-sail." But as I did not feel satisfied with their decision, I took a peep under the fore-sail, and beheld islands, about two miles distant. We were then on the starboard tack, and had shot into the north of Cape Clear, with the wind south east. I sung out "land O" at the top of my voice, and at the same time ordered the helmsman to put the helm down, then went to pacify the passengers, who had begun to be a little fearful of danger.

After we had taken a fair view of the land, we stood to the southwest till eight o'clock in the morning, when we tacked and fetched by Cape Clear; the wind, veering a little to the southward, was fair, down the coast of Ireland. The direction of the coast from Cape Clear to Nooktown lighthouse, is east by south, with a bold shore the whole way. I always used to think that Ireland was a barren country; but I received a very different impression on passing its coast. When we had got below Cork, we discovered a brig ahead, with a pilot along-side; thinking she might be the "Lord Beresford," the one

which sailed with us from Newfoundland, we cracked on all sail, with the hope of overtaking her; presently, we saw the pilot boat leave her, and make a straight wake for us; and when she got within hailing distance, we asked the captain, what brig that was; he said she was from Newfoundland, but did not know her name. We were now satisfied she was the Lord Beresford, and fearing we should not overtake her, and that Mr. Morris would lose the bet, we landed him at Dunmore head, that he might proceed to Waterford, post haste, by land, leaving the schooner to pursue her way at leisure. We anchored the ensuing night, within hailing distance of the brig; but in the morning, she was off much before us, as we felt in no particular hurry, knowing that Mr. Morris was in Waterford, while we lay at anchor. As soon as they reached Waterford, Mr. Mann went up to the custom house wholly unconscious of the trick we had played, when what was his surprise, on being met at the steps and greeted by Mr. Morris! "Well done," said he, "I acknowledge the wager yours," which, by this time, I found was a splendid dinner for both crews. The dinner was prepared by Mr. Mann's brother-in-law, who was lacking nothing for a good landlord. With keen appetites, whetted by a self-denial of breakfast, we seated ourselves at a table, richly spread with all the luxuries of good old Ireland, with sparkling ale, wine and brandy in abundance. No one, I assure you, left the table without proving himself a "gormandizer" of the first class. After we had finished our rich repast, we took a view of the city, which we found to be well

planned, with many large public buildings, and several elegant churches. The inhabitants are mostly Catholics and very affable and courteous to Americans, but bitter towards the English, by whom they have been, and are still much oppressed.

Provisions of all kinds are very cheap, here. You may buy a goose for one shilling, ducks for four pence each, and as many pan fish for four pence, as would serve ten men for a meal; but the thing is to get the fourpence. Hundreds of stout able-bodied men are obliged to work for eight pence a day, with their victuals, and many can get no employ.

During my stay here, I attended the fair at Kilkenny, about two miles from Waterford, which afforded much amusement. A green grass spot is selected, on which tents are built in rows, on each side of a formed street. In each of these tents is either a bag-piper or a fiddler, and four or five rosy cheeked damsels, dressed in neat style, ready to show music in their "heels" at the sound of the bag-pipe. After strolling for some time, about the tent ground, we entered one of the tents, at the farther end of which, were seated four of these buxom lasses, who immediately on our entrance, gave us a very polite invitation to dance a reel. We willingly accepted it, and stepping out into the middle of the green sward, soon found ourselves keeping time to a lively tune. On such occasions as these, strong beer and Irish whiskey are not wanting; so after we had finished dancing, we waited on the girls to some whiskey, and took a drop to moisten our own clay. We then visited the outside of the common, where we saw tinkers of

every description, vending their trash to such as would purchase. But what most engaged the attention, was the race of the ponies, animals not more than three feet high, but exceedingly nimble. This truly, was rare sport, and afforded much amusement to all. Before visiting the common, we expected to see nothing but fighting and swearing, after the fair; but how great was our disappointment, on seeing every thing conducted amicably, without the least sign of contention. Having spent the day very pleasantly, we started for Waterford. When we had got about half way to the bridge, feeling a little dust in our throats, we called at a small mudwall tavern, to get Mr. "Snap eye" to rince them out. The outside of this building, which was composed of mud, thatched with straw, was not, like the countenance of man, a key to the heart, or tidy rooms within. We entered a clean and handsome sitting room, where we found eight well-looking young men, who, from their dress, I judged to be mechanics. They immediately made room for us, at the table, and offered us a pint of ale, which each of them had, according to the custom of the country. The ale was soon finished, when a lively conversation ensued. "You are seafaring men, I presume," said one of them. "Yes," said I, "we have followed the sea for several years, and are now from Newfoundland." "In what part of England do you belong?" "I do not belong in England," said I, "but am an American." This was saying enough; for I was instantly seized by the hand, by all of them, and received such a hearty welcome, as gave me an appetite for

another pint of ale; and could I have drunk a gallon, I venture to say, it would have been furnished me. Although the Irish are a degraded set of beings in America, yet Americans are not so in Ireland. The hospitality of the Irish, toward American strangers, as far exceeds that of the Americans toward the Irish, as the gratitude of a savage does that of a civilized man. Having spent a few social hours with our new acquaintances, we bid them good night, and started for the vessel.

CHAPTER XIII.



Having cleared the vessel and put all things in readiness, we took in a cargo of one hundred tierces of Porter, two hundred barrels of Pork, one hundred firkins of Butter, fifty hogsheads of various articles seven hundred bags of fine bread, and a few cases of dry goods. The crew that went in her from Newfoundland, were discharged at Waterford, as their voyage was up; so we had to get a new crew for our outward bound passage. On Saturday afternoon, we hauled the schooner off into the stream and anchored. At about ten o'clock in the evening, six of the new crew came on board, all a little top

heavy. One of them came to me and asked if he could have the light that was burning on the table. I told him, that as it was quite late, I could not allow a light in the fore-castle. He said no more, but went into the galley, and finding a coal of fire, lighted a small piece of candle, stuck it between the end of a board and one of the beams, left it burning, and turned in. Presently, the candle having burned down, dropped into the hold, upon one of the bags of bread, and after mulling awhile, created a blaze. Happening to awake at this time, I smelt something burning, like old wood, and thought some building was on fire. But just as I opened the cabin door, one of the men came aft to tell me that the vessel was on fire, in the fore part. I hastened to the spot as soon as possible, when I saw the men pulling each other through the fore-scuttle, with their hair and whiskers burnt to a crisp. I ran forward, and asked if all the crew were on deck, and was informed that all but the boy, were there. The blaze now was coming out at the fore-castle, in a furious manner. Shortly I heard the boy thump against the scuttle on the larboard side, the fire being on the starboard side. I immediately ran down an oar, telling him to lay hold of it, and I would pull him out. But scarcely had I spoken, before he dropped on the deck, smothered by smoke. I called loudly to the watchmen on shore, but could make none of them hear. At length the mate of the Lord Beresford, was aroused by my repeated vociferations. In a few minutes, the captain and Mr. Morris came down, but were delayed sometime, from coming on board, on account of the

boat being aground, as it was low water. They did not long hesitate, before they jumped into the mud, pushed off a boat, and came on board. The wharf was now covered with spectators, who were deterred from coming on board, as all the boats along the quay were laying in the mud. I went into the cabin to get out the captain's chest and my own; after which I returned to save such other articles as I could, but was driven back by the dense smoke, which was truly suffocating. It was now thought best to scuttle her, which we did, by passing strong cable under her bottom, and laying her down on her side, and by those on the wharf pulling on a rope, fastened to the end of the cable on the outside. Mr. Morris now asked me how it happened; and when I told him, he exculpated me from all blame. But our new crew had, by this time, "made themselves scarce," and were not seen by us afterwards. Having now extinguished the fire, we got two large sloops for the purpose of weighing the schooner. The sloops were placed, one on each side of the schooner, which was well secured to them by the main chains, at low water, and at flood tide, she was easily brought up again. The fire had done but little damage, in comparison with what we anticipated, the bread being its chief victim, the remainder of which, had become so swollen with water, as to fill the hold, giving it the appearance of a well stuffed pudding-bag.

But a day or two previous, Mr. Morris had written to London to have her insured, who now told me he had just received a letter from London and that she was insured the day before the fire. So he told me

that I might condemn all the rigging that was not good, and replace it with new. Upon this, I had her stripped of all her rigging except the shrouds, which were in good order.

On removing the cargo from the hold, we discovered the boy, lying on his back, on the forecastle deck, a lifeless frame. He had not been burned in the least, but had been suffocated by the smoke. He had a sister of about seventeen years old, who was nearly distracted for her brother; and often would she come to me, beseeching me, if I could find one bone not burned, to let her have it. It was enough to draw tears from hearts of steel, to hear her mourn the loss of her brother; and when it was found, she clung to it, as if insensible that life was extinct, that the soul which once animated that lifeless clay, had winged its flight to the land of spirits. The body was carried to his father's house, and decently interred in the village churchyard, at the charge of Mr. Morris, who kindly defrayed all the expenses of the funeral. The vessel was now repaired and ready to receive another cargo, which consisted of the same as before, with the addition of some bags of bread, to supply the place of those which had been burned. On the 10th of August, 1819, we set sail with a fair wind, having on board a large number of passengers, among whom were a fiddler and a bagpiper. The sea being calm and smooth, I cleared the decks of passengers, had them washed down and prepared for a real "jig." A rope was drawn across the quarter deck, to keep the steerage passengers from coming too far, and mingling with the

cabin passengers. Presently they struck up a horn-pipe, and such a "getting up stairs, you never did see." Every rope and the yards were thronged with spectators, eager to see the sport on deck, which was kept up till eight o'clock in the evening; the rest of the time, till midnight, was employed in singing songs and telling stories. Never did I have an easier passage than this; if you wanted a rope pulled twenty stout men were immediately at your service. We had a very pleasant passage and arrived off St. Johns, August 21st. It took two days to discharge the passengers and their baggage. As Mr. Morris intended to spend the winter in Ireland he employed a John Ryan, as his agent at St. Johns, during his absence. This Ryan was one of your easy, moderate kind of men, who care not how goes the world, provided they can get their "cigar and toddy." Although Ryan was not considered a drunkard, still liquor evaporated very fast, when near him. After we had discharged our cargo and taken in one of fish and oil, for Waterford, Ryan said to me, "What wages do you expect, this voyage?" I told him, "the same as before." He said it was too much, and I must go for less. I told him, "no, not a farthing." "Well," said he, "you need not expect to get so much." "Very well," said I, and immediately took my baggage to Mr. Pender's, with whom I bargained for my winter's board, and paid in advance. I had not spent a winter on shore, since I first went to sea, and I anticipated much pleasure from this change. After I had been on shore about a week, the captain came to me, and offered the same wages as before;

but I told him he was a little behind the time, for I had paid for my winter's board in advance. He tried a long time, to persuade me to go, but finding he could not prevail, he was obliged to go without a mate. Mr. Pender had a large number of boarders, most of whom were employed in getting out staves and hoop poles; but three of them, Harrington, Welch and a Scotchman, were, like myself, "gentlemen boarders." We four occupied a room together.

CHAPTER XIV.

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The days being short during the winter season, the snow lying very deep upon the ground, but little business could be accomplished, and during the long winter evenings our boarding house was crowded with sea-faring men, many of whom were Irish fishermen. Our evenings thus being often spent together, a partial acquaintance ensued, during which was developed very frequently the proverbial generosity of that light hearted people. Receiving their money in the fall of the year, their winters are spent in careless and reckless prodigality. Frequently, when I had taken an early "turn out" that I might enjoy a morning's watch, the first salutation would

be "*Arrah my honey*; "the top o' the mornin' to yer captin and will ye not take jist a drop o' somethin to moisten yer clay?" The only answer they would take, was that I have just taken something.

A hundred lies a day would hardly suffice to keep me clear from their generous importunity. We four were the only regular boarders. Our host had business that called him to be absent most of the time, and our hostess was a fine fat lively lady, and had so good an opinion of her own discernment, that she supposed no one could play tricks upon her. Seeing this weak point in her character, Harrington and myself were ever upon the look out, to see if we could not clap a "wet sail" upon the lady's self confidence. So one evening when the family were all absent to attend a wedding, we called upon the bar room girl for some rum, but she said her mistress had carried off the key of the bar, and she could not get any. The evening passed, until the girl grew sleepy and retired for the night; we then by moving a large table, contrived to unbar the door of the bar, and taking a large tin tea-kettle, drew it nearly full of spirit, rebolted the bar and replaced the table in its former position. Sugar or molasses we could not find, but we happened to light upon one of the old lady's honey pots, from which, with a liberal hand, we filled up the teakettle, and then placed it over the fire. Late in the evening the wedding party returned, cold and chilled from their ride, and all declared unanimously that the old lady ought to treat. With this proposition she at once fell in, and the rum was brought forward. Songs succeeded,



jokes were cracked, and thus the evening passed merrily away. Harrington and myself retired to our room, and found our "sailor broth" piping hot; and as the other lodgers came up to their rooms, we invited them in, and a wild time we had of it. Occasionally we could hear the sharp shrill voice of the old lady screaming out "turn in! turn in!! I shant get a wink of sleep to night." "Mushea! Mushea!! Lord save us! what actions." Towards morning we all turned in and passed the remnant of the night in heavy, dull and dreamless sleep.

The next day we placed a large snow ball upon the top of the chimney, while the old lady was cooking her dinner, and then entered the kitchen to see the effects of our mischief; she was rubbing her eyes with her apron, exclaiming, what upon airth ails the plaguey fire? I know its the plaguey boy's work, and out she ran to punish them if she could catch them. While absent upon this laudable enterprise, I caught Harrington's boots from behind the door, and ran into the bar and filled them with rum, and handing them to Harrington, he carried them to our room and emptied them into a large jug and hid it beneath the bed. We did this not for the sake of the rum, but we wanted some kind of fun going on, as sailors on shore always do. Early in the spring, a schooner came into port from Halifax, but on account of the ice, could not enter the harbor. It therefore became necessary to cut a channel through the ice. While this was going on, Harrington and myself started on the ice for the schooner, to try and obtain a Halifax paper. When the old



lady found where we were going, she handed us a dollar to purchase of the cook of the schooner, some of the good things of this life. With this dollar in our pockets, we made sail for the vessel, but soon hove to and cast anchor in a cook shop, where we called for stakes and wine, and soon the old lady's dollar took to itself wings and flew away, and a real blow out we had of it. Night came on, and we had no time to visit the schooner, but thought best to return home. We had made up a story, to tell the woman that the ice broke and we got into the water and lost her money. After dipping ourselves in the water to give the appearance of probability to our story, home we went; our clothes frozen stiff round us, "Lord a' mercy what's all this" said the old woman! Curse the schooner for a land lubber, said Harrington, the ice broke and let us in, and the worst of it is that in our struggle to get out we have lost your dollar. Never mind the dollar, said she. Run Mary, get some dry clothes. So after making each of us drink a tumbler of hot punch to keep us from catching cold, we then took our clothes and went to our room and were soon as dry shod and comfortable as ever.

Many a laugh, loud and long, have we had over the recollection of that scrape. But not wishing our good hostess to suffer by us, we boarded the first schooner that entered the harbor and purchased articles for her, that more than compensated for the loss of her dollar.

These may be but dry details to the reader, but a sailor on shore is entirely out of his element. Deprived as he is, of the comforts and privileges enjoy-

ed by other men, for the greater part of his life, any thing like pleasure or amusement is eagerly sought for, and to obtain it, means are sometimes resorted to, which to one continually upon shore, would seem to promise but little, either of amusement or instruction.

But on the sea, the blue, the deep, the ever rolling sea, you behold him a being, all energy and activity; a man facing danger in every form, in frozen snows of northern climes, or burning suns; in the surges of the mighty deep, and in cold and wintry blast. Throw, then, kind reader, the veil of charity over what you, surrounded with the pleasures of home, may consider errors in the life of the tempest tost mariner.

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## CHAPTER XV.

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Early in the spring Mr. Morris arrived out, and met with him upon the first day of his arrival. He anxiously asked me the reason of my leaving the vessel the fall before? I answered, on account of ill treatment and reduction of wages. He said, if he

had been in St. Johns, I should have had the same wages that I had received for the voyage preceding, and immediately inquired if I now stood free from all engagements. I answered that I did. Well, said he, captain Nevins, I am about buying a vessel for coasting this summer, and I want you should go as master of her. I told him that my object was to get home as soon as possible; but as more chances so to do, would occur in the fall, finally consented to the arrangement. In about a week, he informed me that he wished me to go and look at a new schooner, called the Nancy, of Prince Edwards' Island, and to examine her closely and estimate her qualities and value. After examination I estimated her value at three hundred pounds, but informed Mr. Morris that he could probably buy her much cheaper, as I heard her owner say he was in debt and must make immediate sale of her or do worse. He finally concluded the bargain by giving one hundred and sixty pounds for her.

She was a fine new vessel, of about sixty tons burthen and a remarkably fast sailor. After having measured her I went to the custom house and obtained a clearance for the season, so that I might not be detained by having to enter and clear at the custom house every time I might come into port. After entirely new rigging her and shipping a crew, I took in a cargo of salt and potatoes and sailed for Cape Royal. The cargo which I took cleared one of the stores of Mr. Morris of all its contents. That night a fire broke out, which consumed that store-house, together with about twenty other buildings.


After being detained some time at Cape Royal, we discharged cargo and took in ballast and sailed for St. Johns, where we arrived the twentieth of June. After some slight repairs upon our vessel we took in a cargo of salt and dry goods, and sailed for Formosa June 28th. On our arrival, finding no chance for storage, we were forced to lay by till boats came and took our lading. We then took in freight of fish, oil and salmon, and sailed again for St. Johns, where we arrived July 28th. We lay idle in port some time without getting freight. At last we took a cargo of salt and dry goods and sailed for Reniore on the 30th of September. When we arrived in port, the return cargo of fish was not ready on account of the bad weather. After some time the weather becoming more fair, we shipped our cargo of fish and set sail for St. Johns, where, after discharging our cargo, my mate on account of ill health, left me. The season for coasting being nearly over I concluded not to ship another. I then took in a cargo of dry goods for Bremen, with authority to sell them out to the best advantage.

It therefore became necessary to employ a shop boy and fish culler. These I soon found and hired. The name of the "man of fish" was Michael Towns, he acted as mate in place of the one discharged. That night after arriving in port, I ran my vessel down and cast anchor near Titus Island. I was acquainted with a broken merchant by the name of Meloy. I discharged my cargo into his store, which was empty, and put my shop boy in as salesman. Most of the planters being in debt to the merchants

of the place, dared not trade openly at Meloy's store, but in the night they would come tumbling in their fish by wholesale and take their pay in dry goods. I thus gained their trade by underselling the merchants, and in two weeks, and before they found out the game I was playing upon them, I had sold out my entire cargo of dry goods, and loaded my vessel to the deck with fish, besides having eight hundred quintals which I could not take on board, but was forced to leave in the store till the next spring. I discharged my cargo November 27th during a severe snow storm.

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## CHAPTER XVI.



Buisness being over for the season, I unbent my sails, and laid my schooner up for the winter. During the summer, Mr. Morris had purchased a brig of about one hundred and sixty tons burthen, captain Phailim, master, who soon after his engagement, was taken sick. Mr. Morris told me if I would go home as mate, I should have the same wages he had been paying me the summer past. As it was so late in the season, that I could find no chance to get home,



I at once agreed to his proposal. I therefore removed my stores and baggage from the schooner, and put them on board of the brig. The captain still continuing sick, I shipped a crew for him, took in a cargo, and made ready for sea. Soon as the captain was able, he came on board with six cabin passengers and twenty-eight in the steerage. We set sail in the brig *Invulnerable*, Maurice Phailin, master, December 28th, 1820, bound for Waterford, Ireland. We sailed in a thick snow storm which lasted until we crossed the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, when the weather became more mild, with strong gales from the north west, and we had as much wind as we could stand under, with close reefed top-sails. While we were thus scudding eastward of the Western Islands, about midnight, away went the main yard into the slings. However, many hands made light work, and we soon got the sails furled and clewed up, and the two pieces of the main yard lashed together upon deck. We were then under the necessity of heaving to, under a ballance reefed main-sail, Misfortunes never come single, says the old proverb, and so it proved. She soon pitched away her jib boom.

A new danger now arose. Our sand ballast had been levelled fore and aft, and a tier of oil placed upon it. I told the master, that I thought the sand should be removed, lest it should choke the pumps and prevent their working well. He answered, that he apprehended no danger from that quarter. But about eight o'clock in the evening, the lee pump failed, as we found it impossible to work it, on ac-

count of the sand ; but as the gale seemed to moderate, and the other pump continued to work, we were not in much fear. About ten o'clock in the morning, the other pumps becoming choked with the sand, failed us also. Immediate and active exertions were now necessary to keep us from going to the bottom. So calling a part of the crew to my assistance, we lifted the pump from its well, and after nailing a board over the hole, we placed the pump down the companion way, through the scuttle, so that in about half an hour, we had it working in fine order.

About four in the morning, we shipped a heavy sea, which stove in all the bulwarks, from the gangway to the taffrail, and we were forced to put our vessel before the wind, and let her run. About daylight, the weather became quite mild, and we were able to make some slight temporary repairs, with the aid of which we soon reached the Cape of Cork, where we put in to replace our main yard which we lost in the gale.

Early in the morning on which we came in sight of the coast of Ireland, a young man came on deck, who had been for a long time, sick, and was returning to his native country to recover his health, or die among his friends. He had been feeble during the voyage and had never been on deck before ; but this morning, the mildness of the air and the thoughts of home and the loved ones he should meet, tempted him to come on deck. As he stood gazing on the rock bound coast, recollections of the past came crowding upon memory, and a tear dimmed his dark eye and fell upon his cheek pale and wan. "Hail,

land of my fathers," he exclaimed, with sudden and startling energy. For a moment his eye kindled and seemed to flash in pride. He stood for some time, with his eye fixed upon his yet distant home, and then hurried below. That night, ere we reached anchorage, he died. Though in the dim memory of the past, they were gathered around him, yet no mother, sister or loved ones were near, to hold his aching head or close his dying eyes. In silence and alone, his spirit fled to meet the God that gave it. Early the next morning, we went on shore in the Cove of Cork, and committed his remains to the dust of the earth.


"Friends mourn thy absence lengthened,  
But dream not, by hope strengthened,  
Thou sleepest in the wildwood."

About four in the afternoon, we dropped anchor in the Cove of Cork, and the cabin passengers went on shore and took conveyance by stage, for Waterford. We lay here about a week, made all necessary repairs, took in fresh provisions, and prepared to make sail for Waterford, where we arrived on the 22d of January. We had found by the sailing of our brig, that she was overmasted, and as upon our arrival into port, the crew had all been discharged excepting the cabin boy and myself, it was necessary to engage hands to raze her down. Having done this, and made all necessary repairs, we took in brick for ballast and advertised for freight and passengers for St. Johns. Early in April, 1821, we took in about seventy passengers and a cargo of provisions, and sailed for St. Johns, with fair winds and fair weather, where

we safely arrived, after one of the pleasantest voyages I ever made. After discharging our cargo, we made preparations for a voyage to Liverpool.

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## CHAPTER XVII.



Our cargo was principally oil and seal skins, and as I generally stow the cargo myself, my labor was for a short time, exceedingly hard and tiresome. But as "it is a long job, that never ends," we finally weighed anchor and made sail for Liverpool. Among our passengers, was a young man about twenty-four years of age, who was married a short time before he left England. He was one of the handsomest men I ever saw, and as noble hearted, generous a fellow as you will find in a thousand. But he was blind. As he was fishing upon the banks of Newfoundland, he happened to cast his eyes upon the sun, when he felt a sudden, sharp pain dart through his left eye, and he told the mate, that he had hurt his eye some how. He thought but little of it, however, until, in the course of a week, it became entirely blind. In the course of a month, he felt a similar pain in the other eye, and as they were about ready to sail, (he was skipper of the fishing smack,) he told



the mate to weigh anchor and sail for St. Johns, for he feared he should be blind unless he got immediate help. When they were off the mouth of the harbor, while the mate was shaving him preparatory to going on shore, he felt the pain in his eye again, and his sight was gone. He was now returning to England, with strong hope that something might be done for him, so that he should recover his sight. I well remember a story he told me; for though blind, he was as full of fun, frolic and stories, as an egg is full of meat. He was once impressed on board an English sixty-four. They were cruizing on the coast of Holland, near Dogger Bank, where the Dutch fishing boats generally resort. They were under a press of canvass, with a smacking breeze, which sent them dancing over the water at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour, when a fishing boat hailed, and told them if they did not alter their course, they would soon be aground. "Go to the bottom, you Dutch bugger," said the Englishman, "do you think a British officer dont know where his ship is." He kept on his course, and in about thirty minutes, brought up all standing, on a sand bank. The word now was, "all hands lighten ship, which they commenced doing by throwing overboard all the upper deck guns. The fishing smacks gathered round and made sport of the proud Englishman, saying to him, "John Bull, do you know where you are sailing now." He was as mad as a March hare, and I know not but he would have given them a broadside, out of spite, if he had not had more important business to attend to. While lightening ship, one of the lieutenants went below



and found the captain's steward, who was an American black, in the act of throwing his dram glass and fiddle overboard, through the quarter galley window. "Here you d——n nigger, what are you up to there?" said he. "O Massa, capting say, lighten ship, and I heabe ebery ting out to get him off sand bank." Such were the ideas of this son of nature, as to what "lightening ship" meant. Many a long yarn was told by the blind captain, which served to wear away a weary hour and lessen the tediousness of the voyage. We arrived at Liverpool, July 23d, and discharged our cargo under consignment. Here we took in two hundred barrels of Pork, and sailed for Waterford, for the remainder of our cargo and passengers, where we arrived in one week, completed our cargo, took in seventy passengers, and sailed on the tenth of September, with a fine easterly wind, for St. Johns.

During our passage, we witnessed a curious phenomenon, sometimes seen at sea. One night while sailing under an easy press of canvass, dark ominous looking clouds suddenly seemed to arise astern and ahead of us, and we supposed we were about to have a change of wind or weather or both. While watching them, there suddenly shot from the cloud astern, a round ball, apparently of fire and passed to windward of us, with the speed of a cannon ball, at about a half a mile distant from our vessel. It appeared to be about forty feet in diameter and moved about sixteen feet from the surface of the water. While passing the vessel, the heat thrown out from it was so intense, that our crew, who were most of them upon deck, fell flat upon their faces. It left a

brilliant train of fire and sparks on the water that appeared several miles in length. As it disappeared in a deep cloud on our weather bow, it emitted a strong and almost suffocating smell of burning sulphur. Though I had frequently heard of sights like that I have been describing, yet it is the only phenomenon of the kind I have ever been eye witness of. The superstitious fears of the crew and passengers were awakened by this strange appearance and it was ominously whispered about with many a profound look and wise shake of the head, that our brig would certainly be lost. But the wind soon after came round to the eastward, and their fears were put to rest, and on the 18th of October we cast anchor and discharged our cargo in Waterford. We immediately reloaded our vessel and sailed for Liverpool, where we took in ballast and sailed again for Waterford, and went into winter quarters; I spent this winter on board, with no companion but a boy. Our employment was to prepare a new suit of sails for the brig throughout. Early in the spring we sailed for St. Johns with a cargo, and about fifty passengers, where we arrived the third of June. Here I found that Mr Morris had purchased another vessel called the "Jane," of which I was master during the ensuing summer. After some coasting through the warmer season, my last trip for the season, was to Prince Edward's Island, where I hired a store and filled it with dry goods from my vessel, and making a quick and ready sale, I invested the proceeds in a cargo of cattle with which I returned to St. Johns and laid my vessel up for the winter; I now took my goods and


baggage out of her and went on board the brig Maria, captain Barnes.

He was an Irish Quaker. He was a man of a very sober serious and sedate appearance, about twenty eight years of age with a very red nose and fiery face, though it was said he never drank any strong drink under any circumstances whatever. The second mate, who was a fine seaman, at this time went into the country to attend a wedding, and got so drunk that he was wholly unfit for business the next day. This was a breach of rule and discipline which our strict Quaker would never overlook and forthwith he was turned out of office and out of ship also. We had a miserable crew of Irish sailors who hardly knew the main-stays from the bucket rope and I was very anxious that this man should sail with us. I went therefore to Mr Morris and made to him a fair representation of all the circumstances of the case and my suspicions that our good Quaker did now and then take a drop or so, and furthermore that if this poor fellow was left in St. Johns through the winter, he would probably spend all his money and confirm his idle and dissolute habits; I finally prevailed upon him, to give his consent that he should go out with us, but only as a passenger. The poor fellow was rejoiced at this and in a conversation I had with him, he told me he was not given to drink, but he loved it, and it was difficult for him to resist the temptation when placed before him. During the voyage he was taken sick, and one morning when I went into the fore-castle to serve out the water, he begged so pitteously for more than his ration that I

could not refuse him, for he appeared burning with fever. I poured a bowl about half full and gave him and he remarked, in a feeble voice that it was the sweetest draught he had ever tasted. After I had served each man with water and while taking my breakfast, word was brought to me that he was dying. As he was a Chatholic, I immediately called the priest and hastened to him, but it was too late. The death rattle was already heard in his throat and in two or three minutes he breathed his last. The next day with the usual ceremonies, we committed him to the rolling deep.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.



About the same time, word was secretly brought to the captain of the vessel, that one of the men in the fore-castle, who was sick, was almost dead with vermin. That morning, the weather being fine, he was ordered to be brought up on deck. After being placed upon the main hatch, we began to overhaul him; and such a mass of living impurity and corruption, I never before witnessed, nor believed possible; his clothes were literally alive with vermin, and they had eaten holes into his flesh, so large, that when

they were cleansed, they would easily receive the finger of a grown person. He was cleansed as well as the nature of the circumstances would admit, washed clean, dressed in clean dry clothes and appeared to feel much more comfortable, though apparently the vermin had sucked all his blood away from him. About an hour after, he died; we buried him the next morning at sunrise in the deep blue ocean, and not a tear was shed over his cold remains. He was an Irishman, and for years had been engaged in the fisheries. He had accumulated some money, which we took, and by the first opportunity, forwarded to his wife and children, then residing in Ireland.

We arrived in Waterford on the 20th of August, 1822. Before I left St. Johns, the last time, I had settled with Mr. Morris, and he had given me an order for my money, on the house of Williams & Co. Liverpool. I had taken this course because I had, about concluded to return home. A discovery I had made while sailing under the Quaker captain, fully determined me to leave his vessel. I had for some time been suspicious that he was not the thorough going cold water man, he pretended to be. His uneven temperament, sometimes cold and sometimes hot, sometimes highly excited and then again as stupid as a full stuffed bear. My suspicions once aroused, I communicated them to the cabin boy, who soon after came to me and told me he had just found a rum bottle in the captain's berth. I told him to keep all dark and look just before the captain went to bed. In the evening, he came and told me that the bottle was full. In the morning, while the captain



was at breakfast, I went myself to see this strange embodiment of Quaker honesty and temperance principle. The bottle was empty. This strict temperance man, who turned his mate away for getting drunk once, though not in the habit of drinking, could drink his quart of rum in a night and keep all tight. This accounted for his beastly stupidity every morning. When I came to tell him I was about to leave his vessel, he eyed me suspiciously for a moment and asked why I wished to leave him? I carelessly told him I was very anxious to get home as soon as possible. "But," said he, "I do not expect I can suit myself so well with another mate, and you must go." At last, I told him I could not and would not. I now removed all my things from the brig and stayed on shore till he had engaged another mate, when I went on board to bid them all good bye, and wish them good luck for time to come. Although he had engaged another mate, he again beset me to engage with him, offering to give me the same berth I had before, and telling me that he thought he should not sail the brig much longer, if he did any vessel. I now found that the mate he had engaged did not understand navigation, and he was unwilling to sail, without assistance. But all would not do; and he had finally to take No, for an answer. He finally sailed, and when about two hundred miles to the westward of Cape Clear, he was taken sick and died, and the mate knowing about as much of navigation as his captain had of temperance, they were in a fine fix. Fortunately, they spoke a Spanish schooner who conducted them into Waterford.

I now took passage in the John of Boston, captain Ripley, and arrived in port, October 6th. I now thought I would take what means and stores I had' and draw from the bank what cash I had then deposited, and retire from a seafaring life forever. While making the necessary arrangements, so to do, I fell in at a public house, with captain Joseph Crosby, of North Carolina, with whom I had sailed, before the mast, some years before, always having supposed him to be an Englishman, until he made me acquainted with his early history.

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## CHAPTER XIX.

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As was perfectly natural, we boarded for several days at the same house, and had frequent conversations respecting seafaring life, the voyages we had made, the perils we had endured, the narrow escapes we had met with, and also as to our future prospects and calculations. He informed me there was a brig to be sold in a few days, of one hundred and ninety tons burthen, a good vessel, and that if I would buy one third of her, he would take the rest, and we would freight her for some foreign port and so make at least one more voyage together. I told him plain-

ly that I had determined in my own mind, not to go to sea any more; that it was a hard and dangerous life to lead, and my inclination strongly led me to seek for a livelihood on shore. "But," said he, "make one voyage with me, and when we return, if you wish to buy me out and own her alone, I will sell out to you, or if you wish to sell out what you own, I will buy you out, for I have money enough to buy the whole, but it is too much to risk at once." For a long time, I held back. But he represented in such glowing colors, the pleasures of life upon the ocean, that I at last consented to buy one third of the brig, for which I paid in cash, two thousand dollars. After making some slight repairs and repainting her, we advertized for freight to some port in Europe. In the course of eight or ten days we were freighted with fish, for Bilboa in Spain.

Our brig was now to be manned and victualed for a foreign voyage, which for the state of my funds, was rather a serious job. However we made out to manage it; and as I had two hundred and fifty dollars left, I invested it in fish, and placed it on board. All things were now in readiness, and on the 26th of November, 1822, we weighed anchor and sailed for Spain.

Capt. Crosby and myself had thought it best not to have our vessel insured, as it was a time of general peace, and the owners of the cargo, for the same reason, concluded to get no insurance. But we made arrangement with the owners, that if the weather grew bad or the times uncertain and dangerous, to effect an insurance on vessel and cargo. But after

we sailed, peace continued, the weather held firm, and no insurance was effected. Here, then, I was, with my little world around me, my all invested — and the fruits of the toil, privation, and care of years, committed to a frail bark upon the treacherous wave.

The weather continued fine, and the winds fair, until we had passed the Western Islands, and then heavy gales from almost every point of compass, made our progress slow and dangerous; but no serious misfortune occurred till we had arrived into latitude forty-four, and longitude sixteen, when a very heavy gale from the south west, obliged us to lay to for twenty-eight hours; [she rode out the gale like a gull. From evening till morning, the gale seemed gradually to abate in its violence. I had the morning watch, and the two men in my watch were on deck with me. The rest of the crew with the captain, were below. About 7 o'clock in the morning, I saw to windward a very heavy sea rolling along in the wake of the vessel, directly upon us. As soon as I saw the danger, I sang out to the men to look out for themselves, and jumped into the main rigging, followed by the two men in my watch. When the sea struck the brig, it was with such force as to bury her yards in the water; she, however, partly righted, when a second sea struck her and buried her masts under water. The companion way and fore-castle were now four feet under water. Our only hope was now, to cut away the masts and clear the deck; we had two sharp axes, but both were in the cabin and could not be got at. All hope, there-

fore, of saving either vessel or cargo, being now vain, our next thought was of our own condition. The only chance we had of saving our own lives, was by getting the long boat afloat. How to do this, was now the question. After some time, I succeeded in cutting with my knife a piece of rigging, which I fastened around me in such a way, that my two companions lowered me down, and I at length succeeded in cutting some of the ropes, and giving her a shake, she slid out of the slings without filling. After some difficulty, we cleared her from the rigging of the vessel, got her under our lee quarter, and put into her two oars and the cook's draw bucket, these being the only articles we could get at. We staid by the brig as long as we dared, and when we left her, we were in momentary expectation that she would go down. We shoved off about a cable's length from her, and after waiting about half of an hour she sunk, and with her the captain and crew, and a valuable cargo. Though we were alone upon the mighty deep, nearly four hundred miles from land, yet we had strong hopes of being picked up by some vessel, as we were in the track of all European vessels going to and returning from the West Indies. I therefore tried to comfort my companions in affliction with hopes, that I dared not indulge myself. But they tauntingly asked me to serve out their rations to them! Provisions, said I. "Yes! where is our bread! our water! our meat? What are we to eat? What are we to drink?"

These were questions I could not answer; for water, we had none — and our whole stock of pro-



visions consisted of but three potatoes and a small dry fish, which were by chance in the stern of the boat. These I divided equally among us and tried to encourage them, but they were frightened and gave up all for lost. The weather was favorable, the wind came in light breezes from the north west, and a smooth sea. We had but to keep the boat before the wind, and let her drift as she would: for all hope of reaching land was vain. The fourth day of our suffering I shall never forget — our distress and suffering was great; more, however, from thirst than hunger. A sickly gnawing sensation was all from hunger that we suffered. But from thirst! reader, may you never know the dreadful feeling. It is beyond all imagination, and far, very far, beyond all description. Think of it, as you drink your fill from the bubbling brook or sparkling fountain; think of it as the plentiful shower descends to refresh and enliven nature. Yes, think of it as you awake at midnight, parched with the thirst of burning fever, and reflection tells you that parching, burning, firing thirst, will never be appeased till death sets his cold seal upon you. The eighth day one man laid down and died without a groan. We laid his body in the stern sheets, to devour when nature could hold out no longer. Horrible alternative to starve, or devour dead humanity! That same night the other man became crazy — laid down upon the bottom of the boat, and soon became insensible. He too, was dead. And here I was alone, with the dead around me; the shoreless waters stretching their vast expanse around me — not an object to be seen, and no

sound to be heard but the sullen dash of the waves upon the side of the boat. I was exhausted — I was discouraged — I was in despair. Horrible whisperings, cursings and blasphemies sounded in my ears; ghastly grinning faces seemed to mock my misery; my imagination mistook the dull hoarse murmur of the sea, for fearful shrieks and groans. My hunger was gone, and the dead rested as securely as though I had been feasting; but I was parching, drying, crackling, consuming; my vitals were on fire, and nature could bear no more. I sank down upon the stern-sheets beside the dead, and prayed for death to cure my pains. Soon I fell into a drowsy stupor; my pains were gone and my fears removed. The days of my boyhood had returned, and I was playing in the flowery meadow, wandering over green fields, roaming through the wild wood, slakeing my thirst at the sparkling rill as it gushed from the moss-covered rock. Again, the scene changed — and I was, in the school room of my childhood, and it seemed to me that the long, long summer day would never pass; as, lesson after lesson was heard and noon came not, the hum still went on with youthful impatience. I longed to be at my dinner, and, casting a furtive glance at the stern master of “the birch,” I eagerly seized a tempting morsel, and——But again, the scene changed, and I dreamed that I was by my own father’s fireside, a boy, spending the evening of a glorious New England thanksgiving, and had eaten to fullness — and as the apples, cider and nuts went round, so did the merry jest: and the laugh, loud and boisterous, made the

old kitchen walls echo again. At length, the old clock told the hour of nine, and sleep stole gently upon me; their voices and glee grew fainter — the fire a few moments before blazing so brightly, grew dim — the lights danced a moment and all was dark and still — forgetfulness and insensibility now held undisputed reign.

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## CHAPTER XX.

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How long I continued in this state, I know not. I was suddenly aroused by a sound that seemed familiar, like that of a ship going in stays. I got up as well as I was able and looked around, but my eyes were so dim I could see nothing. Every thing around me was shrouded in green, but no object could I distinguish. After rubbing my eyes some time, I saw a little to windward of me, a large brig in the act of lowering a boat. The exertion had been too much for my exhausted powers, and I fell upon the stern sheets again perfectly insensible. My first recollection on coming to, is of finding myself sitting upon the cabin floor, and being fed with something warm by a French lady, I heard her remark "He has been drinking." I could not speak for a long time. When

I recovered the faculty of speech, my first inquiry was for my dead friends in the boat! They told me they had been buried and the boat hoisted on deck. The captain then prepared me a glass of warm wine and water, after drinking of which I soon recovered my faculties and thoughts, though 'twas a long time before I recovered from the shock my system had received.

The vessel which had picked me up, proved to be a French brig, bound from Havana to France. The captain took my written statement of the whole affair, and drew up in connection therewith a certificate of the situation in which he found me, directed me to give it to the American Consul, or, in case I should not see him, to the mayor of any city I might chance to enter. He then asked me whether I chose to go to France or to be landed on English ground. I told him I should prefer to land in England. He said he could easily do it, as the English channel was constantly filled with small vessels passing to and from England and France. He and the passengers were very kind to me, giving me linen and clothes in abundance. He also paid me forty dollars for my boat. As we entered the English channel, a pilot boat came off and I hailed "where bound;" to Poole was the answer. I soon struck a bargain with them, for my passage thither for one dollar.

When I arrived at Poole, I inquired for captain Lincoln, with whom I had sailed in the brig Maria in 1811. I found that he no longer followed the sea and that he was at home. So I shaped my course for his house, and there I met with a hearty welcome, and

there I was glad to drop anchor in soundings till I had repaired ship and taken some observations as to my bearings, for it seemed as if bad luck had got the weather-gage of me at last. When I had related my tale of misfortune to him, he expressed much sorrow and commiseration, and pity seemed to dwell on every feature of his kind and benevolent face. He told me to make his house my home as long as I pleased and invited me after tea to walk with him to which I gladly assented. He introduced me to Mr. Garland, mayor of the town and member of parliament, who, when he heard my story and saw the statement drawn up by the French captain, made a present of five pounds, and directed his tailor, Mr. Barnes to rig me out with a new suit of clothes. He now introduced me to his son, who was also a member of parliament who when he heard my sad story made me a very handsome present also. He examined the writing of the French captain and thought I had better have a translation into English as it would be more convenient for me. He then procured a minister by the name of Galliy who soon presented me with an attested copy of the certificate.

My kind friends told me to make my wants known to them and they should be supplied, and when I found myself able to go to Liverpool, to inform them and they would settle my fare by stage through Bath, instead of London, as it would be an easier route and much nearer. After giving them my sincere and heartfelt thanks, I returned home with captain Lincoln, feeling easier in my mind than I had done before, since my shipwreck.



## CHAPTER XXI.

Early the next morning, I waited upon Mr. Barnes, and found him to be an old acquaintance, having often worked for me, years before. When I made known my misfortune to him, the tear of sympathy stood in his eye, and he inquired minutely into all the circumstances of the disaster and appeared deeply interested in the recital. I then made known my errand from Mr. Garland, and he took measure of me, for a full suit. He then took from his shelves, a piece of blue broadcloth and asked me if that would suit a sailor's eye. I told him it filled mine exactly. He promised to have all ready in two days, which he accordingly did. I made my home with captain Lincoln, for about ten days, during which time, I recruited greatly in strength and improved in appearance to an equal degree.

Feeling that I now had strength sufficient to endure the fatigue of travelling, and fearing that I should make my kind friends twice glad, by a longer stay, I told Mr. Garland, that I had concluded to take stage the next day, for Bath. Early the next morning, he went and paid for my passage, and after anxious inquiries as to the health of my body, mind and purse, he bid me a kind farewell. I felt, as the stage whirled me with speed, from Poole, that I was leav-

ing behind me kind friends, whose faces, I should, in all human probability, never see again, on the shores of time, but who would forever live in my heart. My journey was through a beautiful part of the country, and the fresh air seemed to brace me up, so that the fatigue was much less than I had reason to suppose it would have been. So well indeed did I stand the journey, that when I arrived at Bath, I concluded to make no stop, but continue on to Liverpool. Bath is a fine large place, and well worth the notice of the traveller. But as this is rather a history of my own life, than a description of places, the reader will dispense with any farther notice of it.

The next day, about six o'clock in the afternoon, we arrived at the house of my sister-in-law, in Liverpool, where I again found a good home and kind friends. The next morning, I went to see the American consul, Mr. Murray. To him I freely stated all the particulars of the loss of the brig and crew, and all the circumstances attending the disaster. He then inquired if the vessel and cargo were insured. I answered that I supposed they were, as I really did. For not reflecting, that though the weather was foul with us, at sea, yet it might be fair on the land, I had supposed that in all human probability, the owner of the cargo had effected the insurance, as agreed upon. I asked the consul if he would make out the papers concerning the affair, so that when I arrived home, I could recover the amount of insurance. He said that he would do it. "But," said he, "you must draw up a statement of all the facts particulars and circumstances, and bring it to me, in the

first place." This I immediately attended to, and when completed, I went with it to his office, where I subscribed to it, under oath. He then made out all the necessary papers and gave them to me. After this, he inquired if I wished to return immediately home, and upon my answering in the affirmative, he went out with me, and engaged and paid my passage on board the ship *Africa*, of *Wiscasset*, captain Johnson. When all was ready, I took my bundle and went on board. We weighed anchor and sailed from Liverpool, March 20th, 1823. Supposing my insurance all safe, I left Liverpool, without that feeling of destitution which one in absolute want experiences.

We had a very rough time of it down the channel as far as Cape Clear; the wind then shifted and blew a regular gale from almost every point, during our passage. Indeed we often thought we should all go to the bottom together. But a kind providence watched over us, and at length, on the 2d of May we arrived at *Wiscasset*. Here I stayed but two days before I took passage in the schooner *Charles*, captain Coomb, for Boston. When we were sailing down the river, the wind came round dead ahead, so that we were forced to heave to and drop our anchor. Here we lay two days. While on shore with captain Coombs, he pointed out to me an old battery that had not been used since the English barges came up the river, as was supposed, to destroy *Wiscasset*.

The rumour was abroad that the British were coming; in great haste, four guns were mounted, and the

battery, together with about three dozen raw militiamen, was put under the command of a lame tailor, who fired with warlike zeal and breathing out threatenings and slaughter, had laid aside his yardstick, and seized the "vengeful steel." The order was to stop the English at any cost; and our immortal tailor had mounted a stump and sword in hand, addressed his companions in arms. These greenings, who hardly knew the difference between an English barge and the weathercock on St. Pauls, stood shaking in their shoes, having an indistinct idea that something was coming up the river, from which danger was to be apprehended. In order to understand more fully, in what this danger consisted, they now gathered around their commander, with anxiety depicted on every countenance. Flourishing his sword high in the air, he commenced:—

"Feller Sodgers, our rights is invaded! the commissaries of a foreign dispensation, has commenced its march by water, and soon you will see its white wings darkening the peaceful billows of our shore. Our country, proud of her natural born sons, have put the nation's livery upon us, and placed us here with implicit compliance in our honor and firm inheritance to all their common rights and natural interests. We will not desert her now!

"Feller sodgers! remember she has repealed to us in their distress, and shall her bloody groans be heedless to us? Remember that them grand commissaries intend to hold this peaceful realm, by a deed of embargo, that never had the stamp hacked!



Our hearts burn for glory ; and shall we tamely submit to our foes, or run at their approach ?”

At this moment, the barges of the English made their appearance in the bay, and one of the men fired by more than mortal courage, applied the match which was a huge, blazing pine knot, to one of the pieces on the battery and sent a ball over the heads of the enemy, at an elevation of at least three hundred feet into the air. “Hurrah ! for Columby !” shouted the tailor, “prime and load, we’ll show them Englishmen what true courage is disposed of. Never submit ! never retreat ! until the enemy are ours ; and when the foe is beat, and their barges is ours, when the enemies of your country cries “surrender,” then retreat, then retire to your peaceful firesides ! and as I am a little lame, I guess I’ll start now !” In this truly wise and safe determination, he was strengthened and confirmed by observing a white puff of smoke suddenly rise from one of the barges, some distance ahead of the others, and almost at the same instant, a cannon ball struck an old cider-mill, close by them, and after making sad havock with the barrels and kegs which laid round there, it struck a young pine tree and rolled away into the grass ground. Seeing the strange overturn of things produced by this token of the regard of John Bull, a sight he had never been witness of before, the peaceably disposed tailor suddenly bolted from his elevated position, and with coat tail high streaming in the wind, followed by his formidable companions in arms, sloped off with a degree of speed that was most sur-



prizing, and they made no halt and took no rest until they had reached Wiscasset, thus showing to the world that the

“Manual exercise of heels.”

will enable a man to

———“run away,

And live to fight another day.”

So perfectly did the site of the battery command the river and bay, that eight or ten men with four pieces of cannon, would be all sufficient to stop almost any force that could enter the mouth of the river. The English however, came up, and finding the battery deserted, they spiked the guns, took all the amunition, and after visiting several of the houses on the borders of the river, buying and paying for what fresh provisions they wanted, they returned to to their ships again, without even troubling Wiscasset.

We again weighed anchor, the wind coming now more favorable, and sailed for Boston, where after a pleasant little voyage, we arrived and moored our vessel at May's wharf. After getting my little all together and securing the papers I had received from the consul in Liverpool, I changed my dress, took my papers and bundle, and went on shore. My feelings were very different from those I had when I left, in my own vessel, with a happy crew around me,—now all resting in the ocean, and I only escaped to tell their sad fate. The tear of vain regret, in spite of myself would start into my eye. Hastily dashing it away I hastened forward to the office of Mr. Lee, the owner of the lost cargo.

## CHAPTER XXII.

I found Mr. Lee in his office, and he expressed much surprise that we had made so quick a voyage. He asked me where captain Crosby was, together with a dozen other questions, before I had time to answer the first. I then narrated all the particulars to him, in as few words as possible. He did not speak during the recital, nor for several moments after. At last he spoke, and said that there was no insurance on either vessel or cargo; that the weather had continued fine in Boston, and he thought it would not be worth while to insure, under existing circumstances. "So," said he, "it is all a dead loss to me." I told him that his loss was nothing, to mine; for he had lost but little out of a great fortune, while I had lost all I possessed in the world. He said, "there was no help for losses; that 'nothing venture, nothing have,' and it was no use to "cry for spilled milk." I then showed him the papers I had received from the consul. He examined them, but said they were of no value, because the vessel had not been insured. I took them to Mr. Stephens, my agent, who kept all my papers, and often transacted business for me in Boston, and he confirmed my worst fears upon the subject; they were not worth a cent. I now supposed myself without a dollar in the world. But

upon a close examination into my affairs, he informed me that he could raise, from what was still due from the bank, and some articles of property which I was in possession of, about one thousand dollars. A part of this money was necessary for my immediate expenses, and having settled all my bills, I thought it high time to look out for some employment.

June 8th, 1823, I sailed in the brig Padang, captain Moore, bound for Calcutta, in the East Indies. After being at sea one hundred and ten days, and experiencing some heavy weather, especially round the Cape of Good Hope, we discharged cargo in Calcutta, and spent a few weeks in coasting, during which time, nothing remarkable occurred, worth noticing. After taking in a cargo of copper ore, we again weighed anchor and sailed for Boston. This voyage was on the whole, rather pleasant; though light, varying and unfavorable winds, made it tediously lengthy. We hailed Boston, September 26th, 1824.

Here I spent the winter, and early in the spring I concluded to go to Providence, Rhode Island, and see if I could not buy into the packet line; but after spending a month and no chance opening, I set myself down seriously to consider what I had best do with myself. At one moment, I thought I would take what little money I had, and go home and tempt the wave no more; then again my old passion for roaming would revive. In this uncertain and unhappy state of mind, I continued some time, my hands, meanwhile, fumbling in my breeches pocket, in true sailor style. At last I determined to trust to chance,

and hauling out a dollar from my pocket, I said to myself, "I'll toss this up and when it falls to the floor, whichever way the head points, that way I'll teer." So I threw up the dollar and when it fell, it pointed south east. "Well," said I, "here I am bound for sea again, and no mistake. Well, so be it. I like 'Old Ocean,' though it has not used me very well. I'll try luck once more." For some time, I tried to get a mate's berth on board some vessel, and at one time was very near being successful. Indeed I engaged with one captain; but when I went to sign the papers, the owner told the captain that he had reserved the chance for a nephew of his, and promised it to him; so here again I was all ashore. The captain was as mad as a march hare about it, and swore in true sailor fashion. "D——n the green land lubber," said he, "he knows nothing more of sailing a vessel than he does about making butter out of bilge water."

His anger, however, did not console me in the least degree; and having but twenty-five dollars in my pocket, and finding no such berth as I wanted, and fearing that unless I went about something, the "shot in my locker" would soon run out, I sought employment of the master of a ship, who was taking in a cargo of lumber for a foreign port. As good luck would have it, they were short of help, and offered me a dollar and a quarter a day; I accepted their offer and after having procured me a "working suit," at it I went; I worked like a dog for ten days and just as we had got the lumber all aboard, the ship sprung a leak, and we had to work night and



day to unload her again. For my work in the night I had twenty-five cents per hour, so that while that job lasted, I had no reason to complain of my wages, though the work was too hard.

I soon found that there was great call for seamen, at this place. There were several merchants and some masters of whaling vessels, who came from New Bedford, Newport and Bristol in search of crews. I was one day sitting in my boarding house, musing upon my situation, when in came captain Gardner and his cousin Israel Gardner, and inquired if any seamen were boarding there, who would like to go to the South Sea, on a whaling voyage. Upon inquiry it appeared that there were three of the boarders, who were "old whalers." One of the three came to me, and after "discharging the old sodger, worn out in the service," and with it towards half a pint of juice, says he, "I'll tell you what it is captain Nevins, I'll go a trip out among them whales if you will; come, what say, will you go it?" at the same time biting off about three inches and a half of pig tail and hitching up his waistband. "No," said I, "I've no notion of going a whaling voyage; there is more plague than profit in it." Captain Gardner then told me, if I would go as ship keeper, he would give me high wages. I found that if I went, the rest would go too, and of this captain Gardiner was well aware; so thinking that I could make him "poney" over handsomely, I told him I would consider his offer and let him know soon. To this, he at once agreed. I then retired to my lodging room alone and began to reflect upon my situation and the



turn things were taking. Although I had been master of vessel after vessel and it was an "Irish hoist" of two pegs lower for me to go now as ship keeper, yet there was no prospect of my engaging as master of a vessel, or even as mate, and I should have good and steady wages and fortune might favor me with a successful voyage. So, as ten minutes was always time enough for me to decide upon a voyage, I again went down stairs and told captain Gardner that I would take him up at his offer. I asked him if he had his shipping papers with him, he said he had, and hauled them out of a huge side pocket: upon examination, finding them about right, I signed them. He then shipped a boat steerer and six foremast hands, which made his full complement of men. He then inquired who of us wanted money and how much. I wanted twenty dollars to "fit me out;" some wanted fifteen, some twenty-five and some more.

"Now boys," said he, "this is Tuesday, they are painting my ship, and I shant want you on board till next Saturday; then be on hand for a sail in the *Rosellic*, and till then, good luck to you." So saying, he left us. I now hurried my preparations for a long voyage, and on Saturday went on board.

## CHAPTER XXIII.



August 17th, 1825, we weighed anchor, and spread our sails to catch the favoring breeze of heaven, bound for the Pacific Ocean, on a three years' voyage.

We had on board twenty-six hands, fourteen of whom had never "tasted salt water" before. We had a fine north west wind, before which we were running in fine style. Towards night captain Gardner told Brown, the mate, to furl all the light sails, and double reef the topsails, and let her go easy the first night out, as there would be many of the "fresh water sailors" sea-sick before morning. We kept under easy sail all night, but early in the morning "we hung the cambic" on her, and away she went,

"Walking the waters like a thing of life."

She was a very fine fast sailing, thorough built ship. Now, we had on board several fellows, who had worked in factories, and being turned out of employ, had not been sober a night probably for years. For some time they seemed disposed to exhibit to each other, and to the crew, the contents of their stomachs; but their sea-sickness gradually wore off, and by the time we made Cape Horn, we found we had

a fine, willing and very smart crew of active fellows on hand, either for mischief or business.

In passing round Cape Horn, we entered the Straits of Le Maine, passing between Staten Land and the main land or Continent, it being a much shorter cut round the Cape in this way. In thirteen days we were round the Cape, and were sailing before the wind in fine health and spirits.

It may not be improper to speak of the different kinds of whales usually met with, and the manner of taking them. These animals so closely resemble fish in their outward form and developments, that they are generally considered as such by the mass of mankind. Upon an examination of their structure, however, we shall find that they differ from quadrupeds only in their organs of motion. They are warm blooded, and by means of lungs, breathe atmospheric air, and that only. Like quadrupeds they bring forth and suckle their young, and indeed, in all the details of their organization, they are the same as in this class of animals. The head of the whale is very large and long, forming about one third of the whole length of the animal. The opening of the mouth is of corresponding magnitude. The nostrils are situated upon the top of the head, and are usually denominated "blow holes"; through these the air finds its way to the lungs, when the whale rises to the surface of the water. The skin is destitute of outward covering, and beneath it is a coating of oily fat, called "blubber," from six to twelve inches in thickness. Their senses are not

very acute, and they do not seem to possess much intelligence. Their ordinary speed in the water is about four miles in an hour, which, however, they sometimes increase to twelve or fifteen. The common or Greenland whale, is destitute of teeth, but instead of them, the upper jaw is furnished with transverse layers of a horny substance, called baleen or whale bone. This species is timid and inactive, and yields more oil than any other — consequently they are more easily captured than any other. When fully grown, its length is from fifty to sixty-five feet, and its circumference from thirty to forty. The ordinary weight is about seventy tons. They make a loud noise when breathing or “blowing,” and often eject water to the height of six or eight yards, which when seen in the distance, appears like a puff of smoke. They usually remain at the surface about two minutes, and “blow” eight or nine times, and then descend into the water, where they remain five, ten, and when feeding, fifteen or twenty minutes, and then return to the surface to breathe. In thus rising, they ascend at times with such velocity as to throw themselves completely out of the water.

The Razor or “Fin Black” whale, is the most bulky and powerful of its tribe. It “blows” with such violence that in calm weather it may be heard a mile. Its length is about one hundred feet. It is much more swift and active in its motions than any other kind, and is by no means a timid animal. When harpooned or otherwise wounded, it exerts all its energies. It is difficult and dangerous taking them, and the small quantity of inferior oil it affords, offers but

little inducement to the whalemen. The Spermaceti whale differs from the one described, in many important particulars. The mouth is destitute of whalebone, but the lower jaw is armed on each side with about twenty strong conical teeth which shut into corresponding cavities in the upper jaw. The head is very large with a very abrupt termination in front; the upper part of the head is composed of cavities separated by cartilaginous partitions filled with oil, which on cooling crystallizes, forming the substance known as "spermaceti." The male of this species, are known among whales as "bulls," and the females as "cows." This is the kind most sought for and most valuable.

A whale ship, properly fitted and manned has three or four boats and from thirty to forty men on board, according to the number of boats. The weapons used in securing and killing the whale are but two. First the harpoon; this is an instrument of iron about three feet in length with an arrow shaped head, the two branches of which have internally a reversed barb like a fish-hook. When this instrument, to which a line is fastened, is forced by a well directed blow, into the fat of the whale, and the line drawn, the principal barbs seize the strong fibres of the blubber and it cannot be withdrawn.

The lance is used for killing the whale, when secured. It consists of a spear of iron six feet in length terminating in a head of steel, made very thin and sharp.

These two instruments, with the lines, boats and ears form all the apparatus for capturing the whale.



When the ship arrives on whale ground, two men are kept at mast head continually on the look out; the boats ready to lower at a moment's warning.

The whale is discovered sometimes by the "spout" and sometimes by the breach of the waves over it. When the "mast head" sings out "there she blows," the captain asks "where away." When it is ascertained to be a "sperm whale" the word is "all hands on deck, see all clear for lowering the boats." All is now bustle and excitement. Each man is interested, as his wages depend upon the success of the cruise. The "lay" is one barrel of oil out of such a number. The master may have perhaps one in twenty. Mate one in fifty, ship's keeper one in one hundred. Boat steerer one in one hundred and fifty and a common hand one in two hundred, according to the "lay" on which they engaged. The captain supplies all their wants while out, from the ship's stores and it is deducted from their wages when they arrive home. Thus every one is anxious of success. When the ship arrives within about half a mile of the whale she is hove to and the ship's keeper goes to the mast head with a spy glass to watch the operation and give directions to the man at the helm how to work the ship. The boats being lowered each with its own crew, now for the whale. Care and skill are requisite to approach the whale before it has its "blow" out. The boat which is nearest the whale, approaches the whale at the right moment and some expert workman throws the harpoon and "fastens" to the whale. Sometimes when the whale has done blowing and is about going down, the harpoon is thrown

a distance of ten yards and made to "fasten." But usually the boat is run directly upon the animal and the harpoon buried in its back. This is a critical moment and requires presence of mind in an officer and perfect obedience in the boat's crew. The instant "she is fast" the word is, "stern all." The boat now moves rapidly astern, till out of the reach of the "Fluke" or tail of the whale. The tail of the whale lying horizontally or flat in the water enables him to dive almost instantaneously and with great power. When the whale feels the wound made by the harpoon, it makes a convulsive effort to escape. This is a moment of danger, the men and boats are exposed to instant destruction from the violent blow of the ponderous tail. The whale now goes down sometimes to the depth of a mile and the utmost care and order are requisite on the part of the crew, while the line is running out. Should the line meet with any obstruction while running, the boat would be instantly drawn down. Their stay "down" is from five to forty minutes the longer time they are down the greater their exhaustion when they rise, owing to the pressure of the water upon them. When it rises a second harpoon is "fastened" to it and then the lance is used for killing him. The officer of the boat goes forward to do this, the lance which has a long shank of wood, is forced into the vitals just back of the fin. This being done two or three times, the whale is seen to be dying by the blood mingled with his "spout," and after a short time rolls over upon the side or back and the job is done.

A signal is now made and the ship comes along

side, the boats are hoisted, and a strong chain called the "fluke chain" is put round the tail, a little above where it begins to spread. A good "stiff throat seasoning" is now expected by every man, and willingly given by the officers. Two men now get upon the whale, each armed with a straight sharp "blubber spade," with which they begin to cut near the fin. They cut "length ways" of the whale about five feet, then standing face to face they cut round as far as they can, down on the side; a hole is now made through this "blanket pieces," near the end, into which a "blubber hook" weighing about sixty pounds is forced; this hook being connected with a very strong purchase and fall the end of which is fastened to the windlass, then the word is "haul taut." Eighteen or twenty hands with hand spikes, now heave away at the windlass and the "blanket piece" begins to rise peeling off from the carcass as fast as the men on the whale can cut. As they cut spirally and the whale rolls in the water and fluke ropes, the blanket continues to rise till it reaches the main yard, and then another hole is cut down near the whale into which another hook is fastened and the operation goes on till the blubber is all in; these blanket pieces are swung in over the main hatch and lowered into the blubber room, where they are cut up into thin slices for the kettle. The head is now cut from the body and divided in two pieces called the "case" and the "junk," the last of which is brought on deck and lashed, the "case" is then raised as high as the "plankshire" of the ship, and a large hole cut in it from which "head matter" is taken, from ten to fifteen barrels in quantity.

The "junk" when tried out goes in with this and it is called "head oil" or "spermaceti."

Thus the whale is "cut in." It now has to be "tried out" and even the "head oil" must be boiled to keep it from spoiling. The "scraps" made in "trying out" the blubber are used to feed the fires, and after being first kindled they require no other fuel.

The oil is then stowed away, where it remains unless some of the casks leak which is discovered by the pumps if they bring up oil and water, the whole of it has to be "trimmed," that is, overhauled, and the leaky casks taken out emptied and repaired and the whole stowed away again.

But to resume my narrative. The next day being the first day of Christmas, a fine fat pig which was on board was killed and the captain brought out a "case of rum" to treat the crew, with the promise of another at noon, and a third at four o'clock.

About ten o'clock it came on very cold with a thick fog, and while giving directions to the cook about a "pork pie," that was in process of manufacture, up popped three sperm whales, close along side. All was now hurry and bustle, the orders came thick and fast, "out with studin' sails on both sides — up with top-gallant sails — heave the main top-sail a' back — lose away the boat," and in a short time without accident or harm, we had one of the monsters which gave us forty-six barrels of oil. Now such an addition of grease, spoiled our "pie" and put the cook's nose all out of joint, and he said, he wished that "critter" had been a thousand miles off. Before night, however, we got him all "cut in" and



were ready for that "four o'clock case bottle," which little circumstance having escaped the memory of the "skipper," we just "stirred up his pure mind by way of remembrance."

Though the weather had been cold, yet we were now coming into a warmer climate, and in a few weeks, you might have seen the whole ship's crew in their white duck trowsers and shirts. After cruising about, till the middle of March, during which time, we were very successful, we stood away for the coast of Japan, touching at Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Islands, famous in history, as being the place where captain Cook met his death, at the hands of the natives. This is a beautiful, fertile island, nature's luxuries seeming to spring up spontaneously and giving it the appearance of a garden, rather than a wild, savage and uncultivated spot. The natives are a very simple and inoffensive people; rude and uncultivated it is true, but naturally kind and docile. The whole apparel of the men consists in a ring in the nose or an ornament upon some other part of the body. The women wear around them, a garment made from the bark of a tree, which cloth, if it may be so called, closely resembles brown paper. They also paint their bodies various colors, with berries, which grow upon the island. They are, however, fast being christianized, and their rude manners and customs, fast melting away before European fashions and intelligence. The Bread Fruit grows here, in abundance; also Pine Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Limes, Plantains and Sweet Potatoes. European,



American and Asiatic seeds grow and thrive here, equally well.

While rambling over this "paradise of nature," I visited the monument erected to the memory of captain Cook, by order of the English government. The general appearance of this island seems to indicate that it was once a part of the bed of the ocean, and suddenly raised to its present elevation, by some tremendous convulsions of nature. The same internal cause operating by fire, probably gave to the island many other of its remarkable appearances. The rocks and earth, in many places, seem to have been, at some former period, melted and run together. Thus on the road leading from Cook's monument to the sea side, down a long descent, the road is built upon a solid rock, which evidently was once in a state of fusion, and ran down from the highth of land in the rear of the monument. The places where this fiery stream branched off in different directions, can still be plainly seen, and the wrinkles formed when the lava was cooling, are still plainly perceptible, resembling in appearance, those formed by the freezing of running water. An old chief pretends to remember when all this took place, and with a great degree of gravity, informed me of the time, circumstances, and all about it; and also of the very remarkable and almost supernatural exertions he made use of, to escape the terrible conflagration. But this was but a tradition handed down, probably from generation to generation, upon which no reliance can be placed. But the opinions of the natives go

to establish beyond a doubt, the fact, that such an event did take place, some time in the history of their island. The rocks in the fields and woods, seemed to have been composed in part, of some combustible materials, as they are burnt full of small holes, which makes them very light in weight, and gives them the appearance of a piece of honey comb. There are also, round holes burnt in the ground, having the appearance of large wells, where the fire, at some former period, had found a vein of brimstone and consumed it, leaving the face of the island, especially in the woods, in a very dangerous situation for the unwary traveller; for these pits or wells were some of them, hundreds of feet deep, and mostly covered with brambles or some other small undergrowth of brush or vines. I here saw a large coconut tree, through which, seventy years before, a cannon ball had been shot. I put my arm through the hole in the tree, which still thrives and appears to be growing finely. As I may speak hereafter, of these islands more fully, I shall continue my narrative, without farther notice of them, for the present.

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## CHAPTER XXIV.



After having got about seventy barrels of sweet potatoes, several fine fat hogs, together with various

kinds of fruit, we again weighed anchor and sailed for the coast of Japan. We soon fell in with the trade winds, which carried us almost to the coast. And now business commenced in right earnest. We had very good luck and laid in about five hundred barrels of oil, during this season and before September, when the weather became very rough, and most of the whaling vessels left for the Sandwich Islands, where they "trim" their oil, recruit their stores, and make any little repairs that may be necessary.

This course we were intending to pursue in three or four days, when we suddenly found ourselves in a school of "cow whales." As the water was very smooth, we lowered away the boats and soon secured six of them and towed them alongside, but had just got them in the "fluke ropes," when it came on rough again, with a very heavy gale of wind. We had been "breaking out," to stow down oil, and our decks were full of water casks and wood; and as our ship was not in the "trim" order for a Japanese tornado, after "cutting in" one of the little fishes, we had to sail for some safe harbor or good anchorage. During this run under almost bare poles, we had to look "two ways for Sunday;" our decks were to clean and the ship to put in trim. She careened so much, that we had to start ten casks of fresh water to the lee side of the deck, and the whale we had "cut in," we had to remove to the weather side of the blubber-room. One cask of water, on the quarter deck "brought away" and stove the binnacle all to pieces, and came very near killing one man. He was standing directly before the cask; I saw a heavy sea coming, which

I knew would cause the ship to lurch heavily, and I sung out, "take care there," and he sprung aside, just in time to escape being crushed to death. We had to get all the boats off the cranes and get them on the 'bearers,' overhead. Brown, the mate, would not put his boat on the "bearers," but let her hang swinging on the lee quarter. After a while, our ship made another lee lurch, and smack went Brown's boat, right through the middle and left one half swinging on each crane. "Our team" at this time, consisted of "the old roarer of a north east wind," and five whales, alongside, and sometimes, when the ship lurched badly, they came near jumping on deck. At last, two of them parted their fluke ropes and bid us "good bye," and for fear of staving in the side of the ship, we cut the others loose, and thus got rid of the whole. So

" Some young imps, to dirt related,  
 With pole and line, and hook all baited,  
 Will haul out fish — cut off each fin —  
 Dig out their eyes and throw 'em in."

The gale continued four days and nights, and we were in great danger of being driven on some of the Japan islands. And after the gale moderated some, we could not carry sail enough to get on to the "whale ground" again; so we had to "pull up stakes," and bear away for the Sandwich Islands. By this time, the whale which we had cut up in the blubber room, was hurt by long keeping, so that it was worthless, and we had to hoist it all up and throw it overboard. So there went one hundred and fifty barrels of oil, to feed the fishes. We were only ten days

to the Island Owhyhee, where we put in to do some "fixins," get in a fresh stock of provisions and other articles needed in our "family." When we neared the land, Welch John, a sort of pilot, came off and conducted us into a fine harbor, where we found good anchorage and a fine watering place. This is also a missionary station. Two of the missionaries, Rev. Mr. Goodrich and wife, seemed like old acquaintances, both being from Connecticut. On Sabbath day, I went to hear him preach. In the morning, he spoke in the native tongue, but in the afternoon, he preached in English. His text was, "Flee ye into the mountain, neither tarry in all the plain." I had many long and interesting conversations with Mrs. Goodrich. She was a very fine christian woman. I asked her if she was not homesick. She said, when she first came there, she was sometimes; but the natives were so gentle and kind, so anxious to be instructed and taught, that she was now, contented and happy. There is no disposition among them, to steal from each other, and as to using profane language, they do not know what it means. Murder is seldom known among them; indeed, they seem more like some peaceable and well disposed family, than like wild and savage tribes. The missionaries have taught them to read and write, and they have books printed in their own native language, by the Missionary Society, and sent out to them. I saw several native preachers and school teachers, among them. It was a pleasant sight to see all ages, sexes and conditions in life, from the little boy and girl, to the old grey-headed man, all going to school



together. Their memory is quick and retentive, and they learn very fast. They show a degree of improvement and civilization, which, when we consider that it is but twenty years, since the first missionary effort was made among them, is truly astonishing. Their common deportment, strict honesty, and their attendance to all the means of improvement placed within their reach, speak well for the missionary enterprize.

There are on this island, many elevations of land, which were once burning mountains or volcanoes. All but one, have for many years, ceased to emit fire or even smoke. The one that still continues, at times, "to show signs of life," is situated about fourteen miles from the town. There is one, a short distance back of the town, which I visited. The elevation is in the form of a cone, much depressed on the top, but very regular in its form and appearance. The rim or edge of the crater is as even and regular as the edge of a bowl; and indeed, the crater itself, seems from its regularity of formation, more like the work of art, than nature. While standing upon the edge of this crater, which was about three hundred rods in circumference, I saw something down on the bottom, that looked like a tree in full blossom. Desiring to know what kind of a tree could be growing down there, I concluded to pay it a visit. The inside of the crater was lined with very tall grass, which made it both difficult and dangerous descending, as it hid from my view, many holes and fissures, into which, had I fallen, my destruction would have been inevitable. After much

danger and trouble, I reached the bottom, and found a tree growing there, full a foot in diameter. The under side of the leaves were green, and the upper side almost white, which gave to it a very singular appearance. While viewing the strange, and with-all, beautiful scene around me, a voice suddenly hailed me, "Hilloa shipmate! what are you up to?" "Up to," said I, looking up; "down to, I should think you might call it. What do you want?" At this moment, I discovered Brown poking his head over the edge of the crater, upon the side opposite that on which I had descended. "Brown," said I, "come down here and see this posy," pointing to the tree. "Would'nt do it for a thousand dollars," said he. "Why not?" "Because I should be afraid of getting into some of them port holes in the sides, and go to roast before I was fat enough. But speaking of posies," said he, "come up here and see what you call these." I now looked to the spot he pointed out, and saw a little plat of ground containing about half an acre, apparently covered with tall rank weeds. So scrambling up the side, I was soon upon the spot, and found a tall plant growing there, at least six feet high, somewhat like our mullen. On the top of each stalk, sat a large, hideous looking spider, as large as a common sized frog. Being rather suspicious, that this was a kind of "fish" that father Noah had not taken into his vessel, and therefore doubtful as to their affection for sailors, I was rather fearful of disturbing them. "Now I should like to know, whether you call that "ornament" on the top of them stalks, the fruit, or the flower," said

Brown, changing his quid to the other cheek, and giving a peculiar squint with his left eye. "Because you see," said he, "if that is a flower, as you are on good terms with that missionary lady, I think it would be doing the "genteel thing," for you to pick a nosegay for her ; and if it is the fruit, I think a few of them, dried or put into vinegar, would make an excellent 'relish' for our cold junk, when off where we can't get fresh provisions." Wishing to know more of the habits of these singular looking creatures, I struck one of the stalks, with my cane, and that single blow put hundreds of them in motion. They were very quick in their movements, running from stalk to stalk, with inconceivable rapidity, on a fine silken web, which I had not before noticed. This web consisted of a single thread of the most beautiful yellow, drawn from stalk to stalk, in every direction, which unitedly, were of such strength, as to defy my utmost efforts to break down one of the plants. I took a piece of paper from my pocket and wound up a ball of this silk, if I may so call it, as large as an egg. I spent some time in trying to catch one of the "fruit," as Brown called it, but their motions were too quick for me. As the stalks were mostly stripped of their leaves, the insects evidently fed and lived upon it, and from the juice, spun the beautiful thread, I have spoken of. The day being somewhat advanced, I returned to the town again much pleased with my ramble.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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We now had our oil to "trip," water and provisions to take in and some slight repairs to make upon our ship and boats. We then sailed for what is called the "Off Shore Ground," where by working very hard, we had pretty good luck. We staid here till the tenth of March, and then having one or two of our boats stove, we sailed again for the Sandwich Islands and dropped anchor at Woahoo. We lay there about twenty days and again sailed for the coast of Japan. We had now but one season more to be out and we fell short one thousand barrels, of having a full cargo of oil. On the coast of Japan we found no whales, and we passed the meridian, when we spoke the ship Maria Theresce, captain Wilcox, who informed us that he had been to the east as far as 178, but had met with no luck at all. Captain Gardner said he would go and try it at any rate. So when we arrived at that degree we found plenty of them, till September, when having our complement of oil, we made sail again for Woahoo to fit out for home. The next day we spoke a brig belonging to New York; we hove to and the captain came on board, and a fine wide awake fellow he was. He asked us where we were bound, and when we

told him, he said he was but six days from Woahoo, and told Brown, our mate, to go tell his mate to give him a good fat goat and some pumpkins. After the mate came back, the captain did not stop but a few minutes ; when he left, he said, "captain Gardner, if you will lay to ten minutes longer, you will see me start." This brig was clipper built and went off like the wind, bound for the North West Coast for lumber for the king of Woahoo.

When we arrived at Woahoo, we found an old ship there from Nantucket. She came in loaded with oil, and had been a month and more making repairs, she being in a very leaky condition. As she, too, was bound home, the captain asked captain Gardner if he would be his company for a few days, till he could see how the "old concern would go it." To this captain Gardner consented. We now weighed anchor, and in company sailed for Huaheine, one of the Society Islands, where we were to procure a fresh supply of provisions for a home voyage. The two vessels sailed about equally well and we kept company for some time, until one evening, while she was to leeward of us we saw four lights set, which was a signal of distress ; we immediately went down to see what the trouble was, and found she had sprung a leak, and they had kept the pumps to work constantly since four o'clock in the afternoon. Still with all their exertions, the water gained upon them ; they then wanted captain Gardner to heave to and pass the night in company, till they could ascertain how it would turn with them. To this captain Gardner consented and we hove to for the night.

Early in the morning, we sent two boats to their assistance and after having sewed oakum to an old sail, they drew it under the vessel, but could not stop the leak. She still made so much water that the command was given to "lighten ship," and they began to hoist the oil from between decks and roll it overboard. We secured eight barrels of it, but could find room for no more, and even these we had to lash to keep them on board. In the afternoon it commenced raining very fast and the clouds began to look wild and angry; captain Edwards now called a council on board of his ship. They all agreed that it was impossible to get her to port, and that they must abandon her and all hands seek safety on board the *Rosellic*. So the first I saw was their boxes, chests, clothes and bedding heaped upon the deck of our vessel. It never rained harder since "time was a young one," than it did while they were bringing their stores on board. Next came all the running rigging and sails which were new, together with all her provisions, then came the great copper cooler, and not satisfied with that, they hoisted out one of their pumps and brought that on board also. Then all hands came on board and left her for the night. We had moderate weather through the night, and early in the morning captain Edwards sent his mate on board, who set her on fire in three different places below deck. We then drew off half a mile and hove to, to see her burn, which she did finely to the water's edge.

We now made sail once more for Huaheine, We arrived in safety and cast anchor in the harbor,

which is quite good, though there is a dangerous coral reef on the starboard side of the entrance, which is high and dry at low water. The Queen has a fine little schooner building here, it being the first ever built in this place. It is to be sent to Woa-hoo, for sale. We sold them an old spank sail, with more than five hundred patches on it, for eighteen large hogs; we could buy fifty fine fat fowls, for an axe, twenty for a chisel, or one for a nail, so earnest were the natives for articles of iron.

All of captain Edward's crew, but six, went on shore at this place, expecting to get a chance on board some ship that might put in here, to make a voyage before they returned home. While getting our recruits on board, I had an abundant opportunity to notice the climate and productions of these islands. The weather is for the most part pleasant, the air soft and salubrious, much like the Sandwich Islands in climate and productions.

This Island, like Owhyhee, is a missionary station; the missionary now here came from England, and has his wife and children here with him. They have built for him a fine church, with handsome pews and gothic windows. The natives here build much better houses and display much more ingenuity than the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands.

They also displayed much order and skill in agriculture, having fine orchards of bread fruit, oranges, and lemons with fields under a high state of cultivation for the sweet potatoes. They also pay much attention to raising poultry, goats, and swine.

The scenery altogether is very fine on this island,

though there are not so many curiosities to attract the eye of the stranger, as Owhyhee. The inhabitants have most of them embraced the christian religion, and are a very neat well disposed and civil people, who do credit to their profession, which speaks well for the labors of the missionary stationed among them, and is a source of consolation to those, who have left all, taken their lives in their hand and settled in the wilderness.

Homeward bound was now the word on board of the Rosellic. Fortune favored us with a smooth sea and prosperous gales and even round Cape Horn, that "fearful cape," we had a fine time of it.

When we rounded the extreme point of the cape, we spoke an English transport ship, bound for port Callao in Peru and loaded with convicts. The next day we saw Terra del Fuego or land of fire, so called from the fact of its being on fire when first discovered. We now gave her the "cambric" and away she went like life itself. In fact we had a "cap full" of wind until we had run down thirty five degrees from the cape. When we had it more moderate, and soon we came into warm weather again.

We now began to overhaul the rigging, get up top gallant yards, and royal masts. About the time we crossed the line, we spoke an English transport, bound to New South Wales with convicts; and from her we procured paints and brushes, with which we soon altered the appearance of things on board the Rosellic.

We had to flog one man during our home passage for using improper language to the officers. - Soon

after we hailed a Nantucket whale ship, and captain Edwards, and his five men went on board of her, and left us with our own crew again. The next night we arrived in port and captain Gardner went on shore in the night. The next morning he sent hands on board to take charge of the ship and all hands went on shore. We had been absent thirty four months and laid in twenty two hundred barrels of sperm oil. It was at this time very low, however, being worth only sixty three cents a gallon. This was June 10th 1828. I now went to New London thinking I might get a vessel there, but could not. I then went to Boston, where I spent the winter.

Early in the spring, captain Gardner came to me, and told me he had got a new vessel called the Magnet and was all loaded and hauled off into the stream, and said he "I want you to go again as ship keeper." I told him I did not want to go another whaling voyage, that I wished to settle a few concerns and live on shore. He asked me where I put up? I told him at "Gardner's;" "well" said he "you think of it and let me know." I told him I would think of his offer. When I went home, Gardner said to me, "well captain Nevens you have come "in the nick of time," captain Gardner has got a new ship and is all ready for you, I told him that I had seen captain Gardner and I believed I should conclude to go with him, as we agreed so well on the other voyage. It may seem strange to some people, that I should alter my mind so quick, but I found that when I was on shore with nothing to do, I was uneasy, and discontented. Hence the moment I knew of a chance,

“the sailor” got the better of me and I was off. I had not been in the harbor long, when captain Gardner came in and we had a long “chit chat,” about the business, and I finally agreed to sail with him “for the land of grease” again. I went on board the next day and we lay eight days in the stream, wind bound.

CHAPTER XXVI.

May the 8th, 1829, captain Gardner came on board in the night. We then weighed anchor and with a fine wind from the north west, sailed for the Western Islands, thinking we might see some whales there, as vessels often do. We were not “in luck,” however and bore away for the Cape Verd Islands. After making land in this course, with no better success than before, we again changed our course, and sailed for the banks of Brazil. Hitherto, we had been favored with very fine weather; but now it came on calm, with very heavy rains, which continued four days and nights. We soon took the south-west trade winds, which carried us up to twenty-eight degrees south. The northerly winds then took us, with which we ran as far as Staten Land. In the course of a week, we reached Cape Horn. This was the

month of August and in the dead of winter here ; consequently we had heavy gales, with rain, hail, snow and every thing else that was bad. In one of these gales. we sprung our bowsprit, but were not aware of it at the time. In fourteen days from the time we made Staten Land, we were round the cape and bounding before the wind, in fine style, with all sails set. Our crew were in fine health and spirits, and with eyes "itching for whale ointment." We now made land between Valparaiso and Callao, where we had a fair view of one of the most grand scenes in the world. The lofty Andes were now in full view, before us, lifting their snowy heads far above the dark clouds, and stretching away in the far distance of Peru, Chili and Columbia, some of them covered with eternal snows, and others sending forth streams of liquid fire, altogether, forming one of the most awfully sublime and grand scenes in the world. It is needless for me to enter into a minute description of them, as in these days of schools and this land of books, every person is familiar with their history and appearance.

On this coast, we found whales to be very plenty, and when we had been six months out, we found we had on board, five hundred and eighty barrels of oil. This was doing a "cracking" business, and captain Gardner thought he could afford to run into Payta and recruit.

This place affords a very good harbor and anchorage. The town is on the coast of Peru, to which government, it belongs. It is situated under a bank, at the backside of a deep bay. It is a small and

rather mean looking place. The inhabitants live mostly by trading with vessels which put in there for supplies, and they seem to have plenty of "ready cash." This place was sacked and burnt by the English, during their war with Spain, and has never since recovered its former prosperity and wealth. The worst difficulty we met with in recruiting at this place, was on account of water. All the water used by the inhabitants is brought upon jackasses, a distance of six miles, in which employment, about three hundred people are constantly engaged. They have but very little rain here, there having been none for three years in succession.

Having at length, "trimmed" our oil and taken in fresh supplies. we again sailed from the "off shore ground."

Before we arrived there however, we fell in with three whales, and after some "dangerous play" we secured one of them, but it was late in the afternoon before we got the monster alongside. Just after it had got to be fairly dark, an English ship just from London, hailed at a little distance astern with "what luck." "No luck at all" said captain Gardner. "That is my case exactly" said the Englishman and I'm off for Japan." "Well," said captain Gardner "when we get this whale cut in, we are going too, for it is no use to stay here." "But, mind you, John Bull I am not going your way exactly," said he turning round and laughing heartily at the trick he had played upon the Englishman. We heard the whales all round us through the night. The next morning the "London spark" was out of sight. This was good luck to us,

as we were not "particularly anxious for company" that morning! We now had sport for our crew, and a wild set of fellows they were, as I ever sailed with. For a time, we seemed to be surrounded with the "sea monsters" and it was but to kill, haul up and cut in.

When we had been here about six months, our water began to grow short and we made sail and stood for Callao in Peru. We had been out but thirteen months and had on board at this time two thousand barrels of oil. This, so far, was the greatest "haul," I had ever known any ship to make. Captain Gardner was in extacies, at his good fortune. He was in a generous mood, and told the men that when they reached Callao, and had trimmed the oil and put the ship to rights, he would furnish them with cash and they might go on shore for two weeks.

After we entered port Callao and completed all necessary business and repairs, we happened to remember that the Fourth of July would be on the "carpet," the next week, and accordingly preparations were made for a celebration. There were lying in port, at this time, the American frigate "Guerriere,"—the namesake of the English frigate that had an "unlucky fracas," with "Yankee Constitution,"—the St. Louis, a sloop of war, a double bank French frigate an English frigate a Columbian double banker and a Peruvian sloop of war; so that as far as "gunpowder" is concerned, we were well prepared to have a "blowout," and if I may be allowed to judge, the disposition was not wanting. The morning opened thick with fog, and we were preparing to

wash down the decks, and "put things to rights" a little, when a boat came along side and an officer in uniform jumped on board, with a request from commodore Thompson, that all work might be suspended on board the Magnet for the day, and also the commodore's compliments to captain Gardner with an invitation for him to hoist his colors and assist in the celebration; so down went the hatches, and up went the colors streaming in the wind; permission was now given for half the crew to "clean up" and go on shore. At sunrise the Guerriere fired a salute from her lower deck guns, one for each state. The St. Louis opened her fire at the same time and the fog clearing away, they ran up English colors as an invitation for them to give a salute. But "John Bull" remembering the "bitter cud" he had to chew on Bunker Hill, was suddenly taken with a bad cold so that "he could'n't roar" but

"In majestic sulks, he silent sat."

They then hauled down the English flag and run up the French colors, when the French double banker gave a specimen of her thunder from her lower deck guns, and immediately run up the Columbian flag, and the Columbian double decker returned the compliment in fine style, at the same time running up at mast head the Peruvian flag. A salute was immediately fired by the Peruvian sloop of war and this was the signal for the Grand Fort at port Callao which answered the salute in tones that caused the mountains to tremble.

“John Bull there sat, nor “touched his hat,”
But dark with anger turning :”
“By Jove above, these Yankees love
The smell of powder burning.”

Among them all, they sent the fog out to sea and the weather completely cleared and it became a very fine day. Immediately after breakfast I started in company with William Hale, the second mate, for the city of Lima, distant about six miles. The road from Callao to Lima is one of the most noble works of art to be seen in the world.

The road for the whole distance is a gentle ascent, not enough, however, to make travelling tedious. The street is about one hundred feet wide, laid out with perfect regularity, and raised about four feet. On either side of the road, is a small stream of running water, and on each side, between these streams and the wall, are rows of beautiful shade trees. The walls on both sides had the appearance of being formed of hewn stone, but are in fact made of huge brick, four or five feet in length and about three feet square ; these are laid upon each other to the height of nine feet. Along by the side of the wall on both sides of the road, and under the shade of the trees are placed settees, moulded of the same white mortar of which the wall is composed, for the accommodation of travelers. The color of the wall and seats is a greyish white.

When within half of a mile of the city and within sight of its gates, we came to beautiful groves of orange trees on each side of the road, planted with great regularity and beauty. The trees were of

three different sizes, having been planted at different times. As those which were first planted grew and became large, smaller ones were planted between them, and finally a third set have been planted and the scene is one of surpassing beauty and richness. These trees were covered with large yellow oranges tempting to the eye and more so to the taste; if ever there was a scene to make the mouth of a hungry Yankee water, this was one.

We now came to the walls of the city. They are about thirty feet high, twenty feet thick at the bottom and twelve on the top, built of stone laid in cement. Here sentinels are posted night and day, at regular distances. The gates of the city are large and being firmly wrought and curiously painted have a very grand and imposing appearance. The court beyond the gates is paved with small stones of different colors. On the right of this grand entrance is a large church and on the left a convent. The streets which are laid out wide, and cross at right angles, are handsomely paved. The gutters, which are of hewn stone, have continually flowing in them, streams of fresh water, which convey all the filth of the city to the ocean. The sidewalks are also flagged with large cut stone. I entered several of their churches and found the priests in attendance to be very polite, accommodating men, ready and willing to show strangers into all the mysteries of the place. The inside of the church was all in one room, without galleries, and its vast size gives it an air of grandeur that is indescribable. The altars are highly ornamented and inlaid with gold and silver.

As you enter the church, your eye is struck with the image of the Savior, in solid gold, upon the altar, together with the virgin Mary and all the apostles. In front of the altar is a large cross, with the image of the Redeemer in full stature nailed to it. All around the walls there are niches, in which stand the apostles, prophets and saints, in their ancient dresses and with sandals bound upon their feet. To add new charms and beauty to the scene, the inside of the church is lighted through a large dial of glass placed in the roof of the building. This glass is colored, so that a softened mellow light is thrown upon the rich and gorgeous scene. Awe-struck the careless and the thoughtless will almost involuntarily "bend the knee." The dome is in form an oval, supported by four white marble pillars rising from the roof. Other public buildings partake of the same character of expensive architecture as the churches.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The dwelling houses in the city of Lima, are mostly built two stories high, with flat terrace roofs. They are generally well finished, plastered upon the out side and handsomely painted, various colors, according to the taste of the owner. On some of

these buildings, of the larger and more costly class, are artificial fish ponds, (some of which probably, contain thousands of fish, having suitable apparatus for often changing the water, in these ponds, no difficulty is experienced in this respect. There are many handsome and even elegant stores and merchant's establishments filled with all kinds of European and India goods, and their counters are thronged with as beautiful and genteelly dressed ladies as are to be met with in any of our "fashionable cities." The men are well informed and polished in their manners, and very easy and affable in conversation. There are many public squares and shaded walks laid out in different parts of the city. They seldom have much rain, but the snow upon the sides of the Andes is continually melting and forming springs, which afford an abundant and unfailing supply of the purest water in the world.

There are many Americans who follow agricultural pursuits here, who knowing the months when their countrymen put in for supplies, are on hand to turn an honest penny. Between Callao and Lima, may still be seen the ruins of the city of Beenavista, and near by, are the intrenchments of General Bolivar in the siege of Callao. In the reduction of this place he was actually engaged three months, during which time thousands within the city perished from famine. As Beenavista lay between the two places, the shot from the fort, together with those from the works of Bolivar entirely demolished the place, since which time it has ever remained a haunt for robbers, who unexpectedly fall upon the unwary and unthinking

traveller. Here too, may still be seen the bones of many that were slain in the siege of Callao, as well as those who perished by famine. They were carried out towards where "old Callao" once stood, and thrown into the water. Their bodies were washed on shore or dashed in pieces, and their bones now whiten the beach for the distance of a mile or more. I walked among them and examined many of the skulls, but could hardly realize that they once belonged to the young, the gay, the beautiful and the mighty.

Farther on, are to be seen some of the ruins of old Callao, which was destroyed by an earthquake, about a century ago. Where the city once stood, is now a large bay, where vessels may ride in safety with their anchors cast amidst the proud courts, the walls and palaces of that once mighty city. In the bay where the water is clear and not deep, and round the banks, may still be seen the ruins of houses and walls which were at that time sunk.

The shore about the harbor seemed to lift itself and throw the water out of the harbor at each of the shocks, and at the third shock the city sunk to rise no more. About five thousand of the inhabitants perished at this time. A Spanish seventy-four which lay in the harbor at the time broke away from her moorings and was carried about half way from Callao to Bonavista, and left "high and dry" in the road to Lima; she was then sold and taken to pieces. On the spot, now stands a handsome monument to perpetuate the history of the event. There is an old man now living in Lima, who witnessed the [scene.

He was then a small boy, playing in a boat in the harbor. He suddenly found himself together with the boat lifted from the water and lodged upon the top of the wall in fort Callao.

Fort Callao is one of the strongest positions in the world. The wall is about thirty feet high and of solid stone. The inside of the fort is handsomely and tastefully laid out in squares and streets and forms a fine little town of itself. Around the fort is a moat, twenty feet wide and ten feet deep: over this moat is a draw bridge, which when drawn up, forms the gate of the fort. The bridge is about three feet thick, built of solid oak timber, driven full of iron bolts, with large flat heads that completely cover its under surface. The machinery for raising the draw bridge is very perfect and completely guarded from all exposure to the weather. It takes one hundred men to work this machinery, such is the great weight and size of the bridge. There are within the fort one hundred brass sixty eight pounders, ready to speak in tones not to be misunderstood. Two thousand good soldiers in command of this fort could put to defiance the whole power of the Spanish nation; in fact the only way to reduce the place, is by famine. The officers and soldiers in the fort are very partial to Americans and always salute the American flag when they see it hoisted in the harbor, and all our days of national celebrations, such as Washington's birth day, American Independence &c., are ever remembered and celebrated by them. When Callao of old, was standing, the town that now bears that name

was but a small fishing town, but has been greatly enlarged since then, and now has many large and beautiful buildings.

It is one of the best watering places in the world. The water is conducted from living fountains in canvass hose to the place where the water raft is moored and near the end of each piece of hose is a brass cock; when the water cock is in place all their is to be done, is to place the end of the hose in the bung hole and turn the cock, when the water comes with great force and perfectly pure and sweet. A few Americans have settled in this place and there are a plenty of grog shops open here at all times. It is also a tolerable good beef market, which together with all kind of vegetables excepting Irish portatoes may be obtained here at all seasons of the year. For potatoes the weather is too hot and dry. But it is time for me to close this long, and perhaps, to the reader, tedious description.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

We sailed from Port Callao, July 15th, and after cruising some time about Payta Head where we had tolerable luck, we stood away for the Galapagos

Islands. On the passage we were so fortunate as to secure two noble whales, which we had hardly cut in and disposed of when we put into James' Island, where we trimmed our oil and made some slight repairs to our vessel and boats.

We here took about three hundred terapin or sea turtle. They are very plenty on this island, and some of them grow very large, weighing upwards of three hundred pounds. Those however which are commonly selected as being the best for food, weigh from seventy to one hundred pounds. They are very fine eating; the common method of cooking them is to stew them in their own fat, adding butter, pepper, salt and vinegar, according to taste. The habits of the animal are rather peculiar. Fresh water is necessary to them for drink, and within them is a bag which will hold a quantity sufficient to last them for six months. Their common food is young and tender grass, or vegetables of any kind. They generally make their appearance in the beginning of the rainy season to take in their supply of water, and after that is over they again disappear; they are very harmless in their habits and disposition.

There are generally two rainy seasons in the year in these islands, during which it "seems sport" for the clouds to pour out their contents. While this season lasts, all nature appears in "living green;" but when it is over the "short lived beauties" die away, and not a green thing is to be seen until the next rainy season. Here also are to be seen in great numbers, a sort of lizzard, called guana. They are large and fat, weighing from five to twenty

pounds, and are very fine eating. They lay their eggs in the sand and the warmth of the sun soon hatches them. While roaming about the island, I at one time found myself in a "city" of them. The piece of ground was sandy and contained an acre or more. They had holes dug in rows, with sufficient room between them for "streets," which were hard beaten by constant travelling upon them. When I first entered their city they seemed to be rather suspicious of me and apparently disliked my appearance I was at first afraid of them, but at last taking up a couple of stones, I passed along with thousands of eyes fixed upon me. Some of them would run into their holes upon my approach, but others would stand their ground without, however, "showing fight."

James' Island has the appearance of having been blown up from the bottom of the ocean by some convulsion of nature. The rocks have a singular appearance and show very plainly the effects of fire, in many places having been melted and run together. On entering the harbor, a place is seen to the right, which strikes the beholder with wonder. As you gaze upon it you almost expect to see the fire burst up through, as according to its appearance, it has done, not many years since. The spot consists of about four acres of rock melted and apparently run together. Through the middle of this "four acre lot," is a crack or opening about three or four feet wide, of incalculable depth. From a stone thrown in, you hear no sound. It would seem that the whole of this vast rock had settled upon something solid under its centre, which, leaving the outer edges

without support had caused it to break and open as before mentioned. When I first went there, there was not a bush or a shrub growing upon this place, but in four years after, when I made my next voyage, then bushes were springing up from the holes and fissures in the rock in every direction. The only soil in which they have to vegetate and grow in a slight depth of a dark colored substance which looks like ashes or cinders, and in many places even this is wanting.

About thirty rods from the harbor is a fine "salt pond." Between this pond and the ocean is a very abrupt elevation of land, so steep that it is difficult to ascend it. The pond is formed by the salt water which, when heavy seas dash against the shore, finds a passage through the ground, under the hill, and thus forms a beautiful pond. This, when I saw it, was dry, and covered with fine white salt, to a great depth. As the pond does not fill with salt water, excepting when storms bring in heavy seas, which perhaps does not occur more than two or three times in a year, the water that remains in the pond evaporates and a new layer of salt is thus formed. As this is situated nearly on the equator, evaporation goes on very rapidly under the direct rays of the sun. The salt thus formed is of an excellent quality, and several vessels have been sent from the Sandwich Islands for cargoes of it. The pond is small, covering only half of an acre, and was probably once the crater of a volcano. On the other side of the harbor the land rises by a steep smooth ascent for half a mile or more, which is one solid rock, of a color nearly

yellow. As I walked on it, it gave forth a dull hollow sound, like that made by stepping upon a bridge. Here are thousands of names cut in the rock, by sailors and others visiting the island. And when we see, as I did, many names that were familiar to us, they recalled to mind many pleasing recollections of the past. Many sailors desert their vessels when at these islands, because too lazy to work, but as there is not a drop of fresh water to be found on the island, they are glad to ship again at the first chance that presents itself. When I had gained the top of this mountain of stone, I found myself on the edge of a steep and fearful precipice, at least three hundred feet high, and found that this had once been a volcano.

The crater was about half a mile in diameter, and very round and regular in its appearance. It was a grand sight, to stand upon that sharp edge and look down upon the tall grass, the flowers and huge trees that were then growing, where no mortal ever dared descend. These islands have been so torn to pieces and rent asunder by earthquakes, tornadoes and volcanic eruptions that the ocean seems now to beat through its darkest and most hidden recesses; and this is probably the reason why no fresh water can be found on the island. Far in the interior of the island pans and deposits of salt are continually to be met with.

There is a tree growing on this island which is said to possess the property of curing consumption. It was called by Commodore Porter a species of oak. The medicinal qualities of the tree were first discovered when Porter was cruising there in the frigate

Essex. He had on board two men who were considered nearly gone in consumption. The ship entered James' Harbor to get a supply of wood. When the boats came in they threw the wood on the gun deck, where the two sick men were walking for exercise. Seeing some green sticks, "like true yankees" they soon began to whittle, and it was not long before they had a piece of the bark in their mouth. It had a very spicey, aromatic taste and smell, which was very agreeable, and they soon began to like it. They soon began to gain in health and strength, and it finally worked a complete cure. A young man who had consumption seated upon him, saw the account of the facts in Commodore Porter's Journal, and was desirous of trying the experiment. He engaged a passage in a vessel bound directly for the Galapago Islands. When the vessel arrived at James' Island the young man was not able to go on shore. He soon procured some of the bark however, and found help from it. Some of the crew then went on shore, and tapped two or three trees, from which issued a liquid that soon assumed a thick appearance. With this and a supply of the bark, he returned when the vessel sailed, and before he had used all the medicine he was entirely cured. He is now a merchant in Providence. I procured some of it while there, which I chewed instead of Tobacco, and I found it seemed to renovate the whole system, and give life and healthy action to the functions of the body. I procured a large quantity of it, but as I did not use care while drying it, it soon became mouldy and worthless.

It grows plentifully on all these islands, and a person in search of it, will soon find it from its strong aromatic flavor which scents the whole island and harbor. On the right of the landing place of James' harbor is a place called the "Post Office." It consists of a box made water tight, with a close cover, into which every captain that enters the harbor, puts an open letter telling his "where from, where bound, what luck," and all about. When we came into the harbor there were many letters in the "post office" and we knew by reading them where all "the whalers" were bound.

Although the surface of James' Island is rugged and mostly formed of rocks, yet where there is soil, trees and herbage flourish luxuriantly and in some places trees of a foot or two in diameter appear to be growing from a narrow seam or fissure in the ledge of not more than half an inch in width. But upon examination the roots are found to extend over the smooth surface of the stone in some places for rods in every direction and when they find soil they suddenly disappear. The island is wholly uninhabited, it being impossible to live there for want of fresh water.

On Charles' Island, which is near by, is a Columbian colony. Here is plenty of fresh water, and on this island the Governor of the Galapagos has his residence. His colony receives frequent additions from cargoes of Columbian convicts and prisoners of state, who are sent there for life. Albemarle is another of the group, and is a fine large island, well wooded and watered. It is separated from James'

Island by a small strait, through which the current sets very rapidly. Here is situated that famous rock Rodondo, called by sailors "Rock Dunder," which is very hard, it being almost impossible to cut it with tools of the best refined steel.

There is a volcano on Albemarle, which however emits nothing but smoke, and that only occasionally. On the west side of the island are two bays called lee bay and weather bay, which at some seasons of the year are great places for whales. But we were not "in luck" in these bays; so having taken in provisions, wood and water and trimmed down our oil we prepared to be "off."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Being now prepared "to do up a whaling business," we stood away for the Main, distant about six hundred miles. Here in a few months we "got full" all but about forty barrels. Here we fell in with a whaling vessel under command of captain Coffin with whom we kept company. We were within one day's sail of Tombus, when one afternoon we raised a school of whales and set our colors to let captain Coffin know the luck. He was about four miles to wind-

ward and immediately squared away and came down before the wind. We had the Magnet hove too and our boats out in the water. The whales had all gone down. One of them rose to the surface and went to the windward on our weather quarter, when captain Gardner told me to give the signal for the boats, to come from ahead and go after this whale. I told him if he did so, he would lose the whale; but he said he knew better than that. So the signal was given and at the moment that the boats were off against the ship, up came a very large whale close to the spot they had just left. The boats belonging to the other ship were nearer the whale than we were then, but the word was given to see which ships boats would reach the whale first. And now "came the tug," such a pulling and hauling, such cursing and swearing, I never before heard; we got within twice the length of the boat of the whale when captain Coffin "fixed" him with his harpoon, and our business was to row back to our ship "chop fallen," and feeling "*particularly green.*" I never saw a mader fellow than captain Gardner was about that time. He swore he never would set his colors again for any body or any thing. But it was good enough for him, for he wanted but forty barrels to make up his cargo and he knew that captain Coffin still lacked five hundred barrels, and so in trying to get both whales the oil of which he could not have saved, he lost the whole. Next day we went into Tombus, and soon after captain Coffin entered. His whale had made him eighty five barrels of oil. At the entrance into Tombus Bay, is a very bad bar, which at certain states of the moon

becomes very rough and dangerous, and for two weeks after we had entered, though there was not much wind, the sea broke over it so that it would have been almost an impossibility to have got out. The beautiful river Tombus, sets through the bay with a very strong current. The town of Tombus, is situated about eight miles from the mouth of the river. The banks of the river are very level, with a rich and deep soil, which would make fine farms if the inhabitants knew enough to cultivate it. The banks also bear about one hundred and fifty alligators to the mile; we could see them reposing in the warm sun on each side of us as we passed up the river, though they did not appear to take much notice of us.

Their presence however gives a person rather uncomfortable feelings while in the water, and makes bathing, unpleasant and very dangerous. The river's banks are dotted here and there with beautiful little cottages, in the building and ornamenting of which much skill and taste is displayed. In Tombus we procured a supply of wood, provision and fresh fruit, such as oranges, lemons, water melons, squashes, &c., and were again prepared to "bob for whales." Before leaving Tombus captain Coffin told captain Gardner that he was in want of hands, and as the Magnet was about full, captain Gardner told his crew that if any of them wished so to do they might go on board captain Coffin's ship. There were two boat steerers with the steward and a boy who wished to go, and accordingly went with him, captain Coffin then wanted a mate, as his had been killed by a whale, and his second mate was not competent to discharge the duty

of chief mate. An arrangement was made therefore, that after we had got "full," our first mate Hale, was to go with captain Coffin, until which time the ships were to keep company.

Accordingly we sailed together, but as the Magnet was much the fastest sailer, we had to heave to every little while for the other to come up. I felt bad about Hale's leaving us, and I thought I would see if "I couldn't work it," as Yankees say sometimes when in a bad fix. In the evening it came on dark and misty, and I told the captain that I thought I could see the ship on the weather bow, but was not certain about it. He immediately gave orders to fill away and make sail supposing our company to be ahead of us, and in the morning she was no where to be seen.

Finding that our company had taken "French leave," of us we concluded that it would not be worth the trouble to follow them, and notwithstanding Hale was somewhat mad and disappointed that he had lost the chance, we stood away towards the Off Shore ground until we had got into the "variables," that is, out of the trade winds, then took the wind to the westward which soon brought us in Tequendama or "Turkey Warner" as it is commonly pronounced. This is a pretty good harbor and is situated at the inside of a deep narrow bay. The entrance into the bay is divided by a small Island. Vessels pass into the bay on both sides of the island, though the "ship channel" is on the northerly side, the other being navigable only for small craft. Here we had to get a new bowsprit, as ours had for sometime been sprung. This place is defended by two small batteries; one

in, and the other below the town. The place has suffered greatly in their mighty struggle for Independence, and most of the inhabitants were killed; but they were in the end victorious, and are now rapidly increasing in wealth and population. The land is very fertile and well adapted to the wheat crop. In the months of February and March their markets are teeming with the good things of this life. March there, is much such a month as September in New England, being the time of harvest. All their winter is in the month of June and July, during which time they have heavy cold rains, and high north winds which bring heavy seas into the harbor, but they have no snow and but very little frost. It is perhaps one of the best markets in the world. On entering it I was struck with astonishment at the rich variety presented to view. There were all kinds of produce and fruits such as apples, pears, peaches, quinces, as large as melons, grapes, green peas, beans, potatoes, and and numerous other vegetable productions. Here too was plenty of good fat beef for three dollars, lamb at two dollars, and cheese at one dollar a hundred. So cheap, indeed are all kinds of provisions that a man may live well in this place, for twelve cents a day, the only question would be, where to get the twelve cents. Inland fifteen miles from the bay is the city of Conception. It is a fine place and the inhabitants appear intelligent and polite. The women are fair, with light skin, about the complexion of Europeans.

Many foreigners are settled here and carry on considerable trade. There are many fine public build-

ings, which are large and have a very imposing and grand appearance. Here we had to get our bowsprit, but there was not in the place a spar large enough to make it of, and we had to take such as we could get, or perform a journey to the Andes to procure one. There were but three ship carpenters in the place and as they had more or less to do, to every vessel that came in. it was a long time before we could get our work done. They were very accomodating men and would work an hour or two for us and then about the same length of time for somebody else, thus changing back and forth it took them twenty days to finish our bowsprit. After it was completed, we put it in and took in provisions to last us home, and now the word was, weigh anchor and make sail, homeward bound.

CHAPTER XXX.



February 2d we again made sail and had a fine time round Cape Horn. After we had got well up with the cape we passed in sight of Terra del Fuego, we had the wind more to the west which brought it well aft on the starboard quarter. It then commenced blowing a strong gale, but as we had been expecting

it, we were well prepared to handle it. Soon however it came on with violent squalls of wind with hail. While these lasted we kept the Magnet before the wind, but soon as they were over we would luff, so as to keep her off shore as much as we could. One night the hail fell in such quantities, as to keep the watch employed all night shovelling it from the decks. It was as dark as the "cook's back room," as I stood aft, ready to assist the man at the helm. I held up my hand close to my face but could see nothing of it. I then tried to see the main-top-sail, but could not for my life. Our vessel cut its way along in this darkness and seemed to fly along with lightning speed. Towards morning the squalls seemed to abate somewhat of their violence. In the morning we saw Terra del Fuego far away on our lee beam, and we now kept her away a little, which brought the wind right aft. So away we stivered about ten knots an hour, under double reefed top-sails, nor could we show another stitch for ten days. We were now well down on the Brazil Banks and the weather began to grow warm and the wind to moderate so that we shook out all our reefs and

"Walked the waters, all in white."

We now began to overhaul our rigging and put the Magnet in order for painting, which we commonly do so soon as we get into the north east trade winds, during which the weather is generally dry and warm. Nothing occurred worth noting down and we arrived home about dark in the edge of the evening. We should have got in earlier but it was ebb tide, which

worked against us. We arrived in port June 10th, and were in hopes that no one would notice our entrance till next morning. But we had not moored ten minutes before our decks were covered, and the word was, where is captain Gardner? where's Tom? where's Dick? where's Harry? and the Lord knows how many more. Soon after we entered port, I obtained a settlement but as oil was still very low, wages did not count up right. I now made an examination into my affairs, and found I was owner of something more than one thousand dollars.

CHAPTER XXXI.

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I now began to cast about in my mind whether I would go to sea again. Reflection told me that my thousand dollars would not last a sailor forever on shore, and not knowing as I had a relation living on the face of the earth, I had but little inducement for a shore life. I therefore concluded that if I could get a good lay, I would try another voyage and let my "cool thousand eat provender a little longer and gain flesh." Knowing that the Rosellic was in the river at Warren, I went there to see what chance I could obtain. They were anxious enough to get hands and



offered good lays, but finding that the vessel had not been thoroughly repaired I would not go in her at any rate. I then went to New Bedford where I found the Isaac Howland lying, getting ready for sea. She was a fine large ship, with four boats and capable of taking in four thousand barrels of oil. She was then preparing for her second voyage. When I came to New Bedford, captain Austin, master of the Howland, was out of town and did not return for a week. When he came into town I went to see him and found him a very large thick set portly looking man and very gentlemanly in his manners. I soon made a good lay to go with him as shipkeeper, and we were to sail in about two weeks. During this time and until we sailed I continued to board with Mr. Otis Russell. All things being now ready we sailed from New Bedford, November 29, 1832, with a fair wind, we soon crossed the gulf and made the island of Trinidad, where we took a fresh departure. We now had light winds and smooth weather until we had got into high south latitude, when we had heavy gales from the south west with much rain. But we were but fourteen days from the time we left Staten land, till we were running down the southern side of the cape. When we were right off the extreme point of the cape we saw a school of large whales, coming round into the Atlantic ocean, which leads me to believe that whales at some seasons of the year may be caught in the Atlantic as well as the Pacific. We now reached the off shore ground, but met with very poor success. Our men were not so expert "taking in" whale, as they had been in "taking in"

captain Austin. Indeed the whales themselves did not show a disposition to be taken, for they did not appear in sight once in a dog's age. We had now been out seven months and had got only three hundred and eighty barrels of oil, and we found it necessary to recruit. Accordingly we run into Callao, where we lay some time.

While here, three of our men deserted and we had to ship three more by the month. We were at some trouble to find them, but at length made a raise of two white men and one whale of a black one. Here we lay about twenty days taking in supplies, then sailed again for the Off Shore ground; thence we sailed and cruised off Payta Head, until we at length arrived near Callao, when we fell in with a school of cow whales. We hove the ship to and got out the boats; the boat in which the first mate went, neared the whale first, and after fastening by the harpoon to the whale, the mate was lancing him, when he suddenly struck with his flukes and knocked the mate out of the boat into the water. A man immediately jumped overboard and caught him by the hair as he was going down and we got him into the boat again. We supposed that he was dead, as he was perfectly insensible. We carried him to the ship and laid him upon a sail on the quarter deck, where after a great while he came to. As we were near Callao, captain Austin thought it best to enter port and call medical aid and assistance, which was accordingly done. The doctor thought that though badly hurt there was no particular danger in his case. We lay here two days, and while in port caught two of our men, who

had deserted, so that we now had a crew of thirty two hands in all. We sailed again and bore away for the Galapagos' Islands, where we met with better fortune than at any other time since we came out.

We went into Charles' Island, where the Governor has his residence, with a colony under him, as I remarked in another chapter. He has a snug little house for himself and aids, very tastefully ornamented with gravel walks and shade trees. He was born in New England, of French parents. He entered the Columbian service and rapidly rose in rank until he held the commission of General in the armies of Columbia. The government was deeply indebted to him for his services and having no money with which to pay him, she made him a present(?) of these Islands. The settlement is about half a mile from the water. The road, if a broken, rocky path, filled with bushes, can be so called, from the harbor to the Governor's seat is up a steep ascent all the way and is very tedious to climb. They are now making it some better by clearing away the rocks and bushes and will in time have a decent cart path. At the settlement is a fine spring of fresh water which never fails.

This Island, unlike James' Island, seems formed of earth instead of fire, stone and brimstone, and it is probably owing to this fact, that the fire has had less effect upon it than upon the others. Indeed, springs of pure, fresh water abound on several parts of the island, and the Governor is about constructing an aqueduct of bamboo, to convey the water to the harbor. Should he complete it, it will make one of the

finest watering places in the world, as the harbor is good and of safe entrance and directly in the way of whaling vessels. Nearly opposite to the town are three high hills, that have once been volcanoes, but have long since ceased to burn. The ashes and cinders that have in former times been thrown from them form one of the richest soils in the world, on which vines of all kinds grow luxuriantly. I saw pumpkins that were raised on the sides of these hills that were twice as large as a bushel basket, and two of them, when slung made a full load for a jackass, down to the harbor. The terapin on this island are small and not so fat or tender as those on James' Island, though there are a plenty of them. On Charles' Island are about twenty Americans, who are mostly runaway sailors. The Governor gives them a piece of land to work on. They work one day in the week to pay him for the use of the land. They seemed anxious to do their best and raise what they could; what their success will be, time only can show.

There are about the Islands, a good many seal. These, with Yankee ingenuity they contrive to catch, and their skins bring them about two dollars each. These they exchange for cash, clothing or any other articles that they are in want of. When the colony first came here, there was but one man on the Island. He was a German by the name of Johnson. Some whale ship that had touched there for wood, had landed some men, and Johnson who had grown tired of salt water, being among them, ran away and hid, and the vessel went away without



him. As soon as the vessel was out of sight, he ascended one of the three hills before mentioned in search of water. But a dismal prospect was before him; it was now the dry season of the year, and as far as the eye could reach, there was not a leaf on a tree or shrub, nor any green thing to be seen. He began to wish himself back again on board his ship, when in the distance he thought he saw some green bushes, around which numerous birds were flying. He hastened eagerly to the spot and found a cool fresh bubbling spring of pure water. This encouraged him and he went to work and constructed a rude hut. His whole stock of tools and cooking utensils consisted of a hatchet, a boat keg and a pocket knife, together with flint, steel &c. He now killed a terapin and roasted the flesh upon a fire he had kindled and with the cold water for drink, he made a hearty meal. He soon began to clear up a little patch of ground with the hope that when some vessel put in there, he might procure some seeds of them. He also killed a number of seals, the skins of which he saved with great care. The first vessel that put in after he went there, was the Harvest, of Nantucket. He went on board of her with his skins, which he sold for bread, meat and clothing and also procured of them corn and various kinds of seeds, such as melons, pumpkins, potatoes &c. With these he went on to the island again, feeling as if he was prepared to live. He planted his seeds and found that they came up very quick and grew finely. He kept on clearing more land, which he planted and in six months he had a fine



large garden in a very flourishing condition. When vessels came in for water, wood or terapin, he could now supply them with potatoes, pumpkins, melons, squashes, corn &c. He was then six hundred miles from any living human being. When the Governor took possession of the islands, he found Johnson quite an independent farmer. He still lives there.

Many years before Johnson tried the hermits life, there was an Irishman by the name of Pat, who lived for several years on the island about four miles above Johnson's opening. He had a large piece of land cleared up, which lay near a fine sandy beach which is still known by the name of "Pats Landing." On this little farm he raised large quantities of vegetables such as were most saleable to the vessels that called there, with which he carried on a brisk trade for many years. But he was a great rogue and was after a while suspected of being rather "tricky" in his dealings and vessels were afraid to trade with him. So after a while, he began to grow lonesome in his retirement and he prevailed upon a very weak minded man to run away from ship, pretending that he wanted him for a partner in his business. They lived together for some years and it was said by fair means or foul he had scraped together a large sum of money; when suddenly his mate disappeared; no one could ascertain any thing of his whereabouts. Pat said he had got mad at him because he would not leave the island and give up business, and that he had stolen his boat and run away. All however who were acquainted with Pat, supposed he had killed him so as to secure the whole of the money.

## CHAPTER XXXII.



Soon after the mysterious disappearance of the man, a ship stopped there to water, and a negro took his gun and went on shore, to see what kind of game he could start. Pat saw him and soon got into conversation with him. He asked him if he liked whaling. "I like him berry well," said Cuff. Finding it out of the question to persuade him to desert ship, Pat, who seemed very friendly, was looking at his gun and praising it to the skies, which so inflated the vanity of Cuff, that he incautiously handed it to Pat for close examination. Pat finding it was well loaded, suddenly turned upon Cuff, and in a terrible voice, told him to march before him or he would 'blow his d——d brains out." Cuff was forced to comply, and away they went, Pat intending to make a slave of Cuff, and make him work on his plantation. Cuff did not like this way of engaging in service, and the unpleasant prospect of having such a master, caused him to "roll his eyes some," in doing which, he saw Pat's head turned towards the harbor, somewhat off his guard. Suddenly wheeling to the right about, in his march, Cuff gave him a "stiffener," with his fist that laid him "quietly in the green," and siezing his gun, he "lined it" for the beach, where the

rest of the men were with their three boats. All hands now went off in search, of terapin, and while they were gone, Pat, mad at the loss of the negro, went down to the beach and stove all three of the boats; he then took to the woods and hid himself. When they returned and found what had been done to their boats, the whole crew dispersed and spread over the island and soon found Pat snugly secreted in an old tree. He was ordered down, but refused to comply. A musket was then presented, and as they were taking aim, down he dropped from limb to limb, till he reached the ground, when he begged like a dog, for his life. He was taken on board ship, strung up and received three dozen lashes on his bare back. All the time this was going on, Cuff stood with eyes glistening with delight and pleasure. "Gorra mighty, massa captin, how he do hollar." Pat was then sent on shore again. Finding now that people had found out his policy, and seeing no farther chance for speculation, he set sail in an old boat he had bought of some ship, with all his goods and treasure, and arrived safely at Guayaquil, having sailed all the way in his open boat. Here we must leave him.

Charles' Island being a hard watering place, the spring from which we would have to take the water, being about half a mile from the shore, we concluded to sail for Tombus, to water the ship. There were on Charles' Island, eight convicts whose term of "office" had expired, and the governor wished captain Austin to take them out with him and land them at Tombus; in payment therefor, he was to have twen-

ty boat loads of wood cut and hauled down to the beach, ready to take on board, when we again put into Charles' Island. When we arrived at Tombus, we made no stay, after landing our "live cargo," but sailed for Callao, where after thirteen day's beating, we arrived and found in port, an American sloop of war, and they were every day expecting the arrival of the Potomac, which had been sent out to chastise the Malays, for their depredations on our merchant ships. Here we laid in water and fresh provisions, and let the crew go on shore to refresh themselves. While in a spree, and partly intoxicated, one of our men got badly hurt. He was trying to scrape acquaintance with a surly old Spaniard, who wished to have nothing to say to him. The sailor in drunken sport, came up behind him to strike him familiarly on the back, when the Spaniard suddenly threw back his knife, and he struck on the point of it, cutting a long gash, four or five inches in length. The sailor however, had no one to blame but himself. He was so badly wounded that we had to leave him behind us, under the doctor's care, and ship another man in his room. After lying in Callao a sufficient length of time to recruit the men, we again sailed down the coast as far as Tombus, and then stood away for the Galapagos, to take in our wood which we had paid for. After we had taken our wood, captain Austin was invited on shore, to dine with the governor, and was treated with much respect by him, and received many presents, such as boat loads of terapin, melons, &c.

As we were about ready to weigh and make sail,



a Mr. Jay came on board. He had left a Nantucket whale ship, under curious circumstances. He held the office of first mate on board the ship he had left, and had been very successful in taking in oil, and the captain grew jealous of him. He therefore talked with the crew in such a way as to injure Mr. Jay in their eyes and finally they got into an open quarrel. The captain then went to Mr Jay, and told him that his crew, from some cause, had taken a dislike to him and threatened to leave the ship, and as she was now full of oil, it would ruin him if they did. Mr. Jay told him, rather than that he should suffer in that way, he himself would leave the ship and go on to Charles' Island, and stay till some other chance came up, which he did, and the ship sailed without him. The captain thought by this plan, he should get the mate's "lay," as well as his own. He was also fearful that the mate would get command of the ship the next voyage, and he be turned off. He now wished to get a chance to go home in our ship. Our chief mate, who had been struck by the whale, was yet quite sick, and there was but little chance for him to recover, and the second mate was not competent to fill his place, so captain Austin concluded to take Mr. Jay on board. We now cracked on all sail for the off-shore ground, where we found whales tolerably plenty. After we had been about a month out, our first mate died, and Mr. Jay was chosen to fill his office. He was found to be a good sailor and as good a whaleman as ever handled a harpoon.

We got about three hundred and fifty barrels after being out nearly seven months, when most of the



crew began to be unwell. I had been failing for a month and began to suspect that it was the scurvy internally; I therefore took a strong dose of brimstone and molasses, and the third morning after, as I was washing my feet, as I usually did, I found my ankles were covered with little red spots. As I was looking at them, Mr. Jay came along and asked me what the matter was. I told him something had been biting me outrageously. "Why," said he, "you have got the scurvy, no mistake." About the same time, our limbs began to swell and two men in the fore-castle, were quite lame with it. Finding that the scurvy was in the ship, the captain told the mate to crowd on all sail, day and night, and we soon anchored our ship in the harbor at Payta Head. The captain immediately went on shore and sent on board, fresh beef, potatoes, oranges and other fruits and fresh provisions. At last, the word came for us to go on shore, but a number of us were hardly able to walk. When they came to the carpenter, he said he could not move and had given up all hope, and he got one of the men to sit down beside him and read the Bible aloud, to prepare him for death. Suddenly two sailors made their appearance and "snacked" him out, neck and heels. Now he was not so lame as many others, but he had not so much soul as a mouse; but like a goose, he had a double gizzard. He would have laid there and died rather than to have moved. My teeth now all became loose and I could eat nothing but a little soup or something of that sort. My gums were as black as charcoal and breath very offensive. But the most painful part was to sit down or rise up. The cords of my legs

were so swollen and stiff, that it was like taking life from me, to move. What made it still worse for us, was, that in Payta Head, there is no deep fresh soil, but all is hard clay, white and bare, without any green sward. Hence the weather was hot, dry and dusty, and of itself unhealthy. Had we been where we could have got plenty of fresh loam, we might have been well men in a week or two, as an application of that to the limbs, will effect a speedy cure. There was plenty of fresh provisions and fruits in the market, which made it some better for us. I one day, procured a horse and saddle to take a ride, a few miles back into the country. I got all ready and "made a straddle" of my horse, but was soon glad to "unstraddle" again. He went like a trip-hammer, which pained me so that I could not stand it. I then commenced rising very early in the morning, as soon as it was light, to walk on the beach, and I could see the men when they turned out; on board the vessel, and longed to be among them, but could not. My boarding house was not exactly the thing to suit me in the condition I was then in. It was a boarding house and grog shop united, and there being about thirty sail of vessels in the harbor, the place was continually thronged with drunken sailors and others, who must of course, have fiddling and dancing in the house, night and day. Finding this to be the daily course, I at length, made out to procure a small room to myself, where, though I was still troubled with noise, I could, at least, be by myself and secure from interruption.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

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While here, "resting on my oars," I was led, more than ever, to mark the reckless character of sailors in general. A sailor on shore, always finds a use for all the money he can get; and as some masters of vessels are not supplied with this necessary article, in sufficient quantities to suit all hands on shore, the sailors often will be seen selling their clothes; good new shirts, which cost nine or ten shillings, they will sell for half that amount. A person therefore, may clothe himself here, with American made garments, for half the money that it would cost in America. A sailor's wants after a long voyage, generally are, a "few horns of snap-eye," a fiddler and a female companion. These embrace all his earthly wants, and with these supplied, he is careless, thoughtless and reckless of all consequences. Sometimes he is full of money—at others, he has to beg a "horn." This depends upon his success while at sea. I am speaking more particularly, of those engaged in whaling, which business, as an old French pilot once remarked, is like privateering, if you "no catchee, you no havee."

While lying here, the rigging of the vessel was all overhauled and she was put in order for a cruize; but the crew were not well enough to go on board.

The captain now went to the American consul and made out a discharge for the crew, paying to each man, thirty dollars, with an obligation to pay the remainder, on return of the ship. I was sorry to leave captain Austin; but there was no other way. This was the second vessel I had ever left before completing her voyage.

When captain Austin came into my room to shake hands at parting, I saw the tear glisten in his eye. He said he was sorry to lose me from his ship but it could not be helped. I sat in the door of my boarding house and saw the boat near the ship and the merry "yo heave O," fell upon my ear as I saw the sails spread to the wind, and they were gone and it was the last I ever saw of the ship or her fine commander. A feeling of loneliness and desolation now came over me that greatly retarded my recovery. In the course of a few weeks my ship mates were most of them about well and left me comparatively alone. My recovery was slow, owing to the state of my mind and still more to my being of very full habit, being at that time very fleshy. I had no need of expending what little money I had by me as I was supported by the consul, who supplied all my wants and made ample provision for me. When I began to recover, I had many applications to ship, but had to refuse them all, fully determined not to venture out till I had perfectly recovered. There was a fine new ship called the Hobomok, captain Barnard. She was from Falmouth and had been only nine months out, and had on board four hundred and fifty barrels of oil and was capable of carrying three thousand and eight

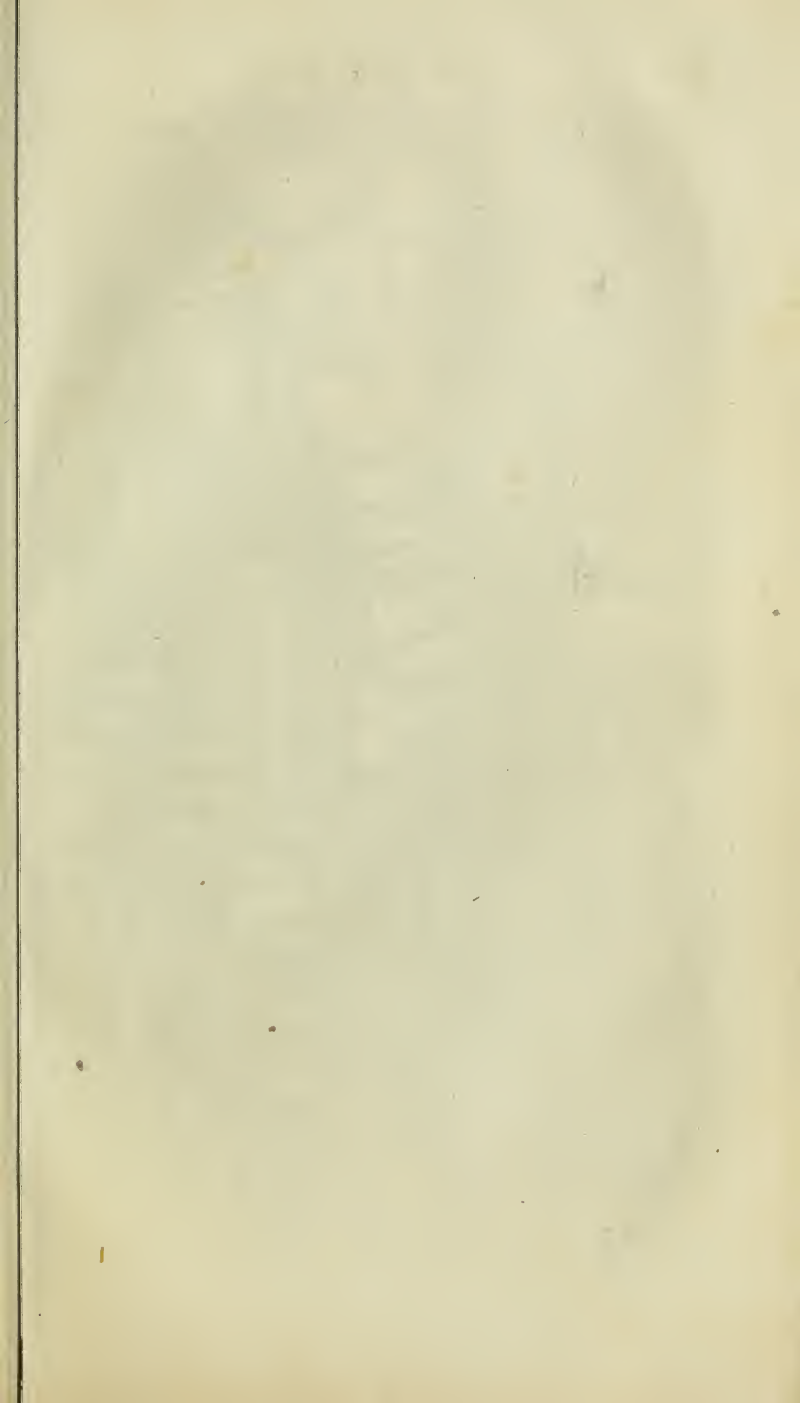


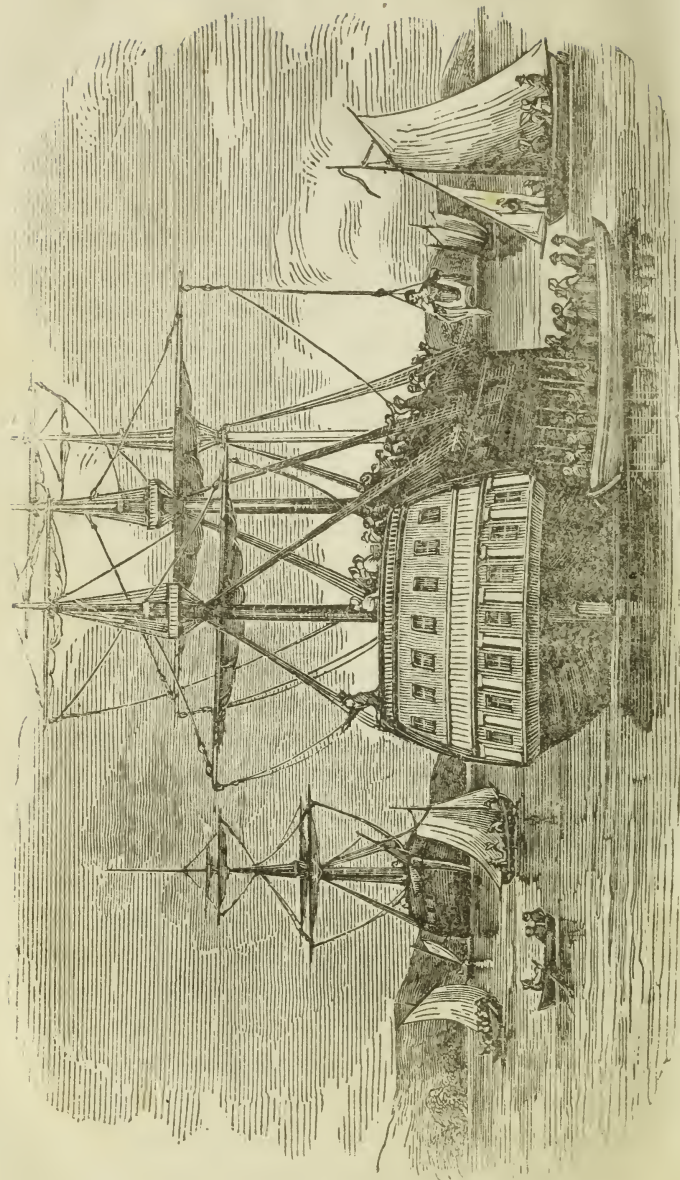
hundred. Captain Barnard one morning entered my room and asked me if I was well enough to try the salt water again. I told him I was not, but was in hopes to be able in a short time. He said he had no ship keeper and could not get one in port, and appeared so anxious for me to go, and offered me so good a "lay," that I finally told him that if I was able when his ship sailed I would go with him. This was in December, 1834. I was not to go on board till she was all ready to sail.

The next day, captain Barnard gave half of his men liberty to go on shore. As soon as they got on shore the carpenter, cooper, and blacksmith ran away. And the next day the captain would not let his hands go on shore. Upon this they all refused to do duty and when called would not come on deck to work a stroke; captain Barnard jumped into his boat and pulled for the Fairfield sloop of war that lay in the harbor. He went on board and made his complaint, that his men refused to obey orders. The captain of the sloop, immediately fired a gun and hoisted the signal for a mutiny. He then dispatched the first lieutenant with a boat and men, with orders what to do, when he came on board.

When he came on board he told the mate to go and order up the men, but they still refused to obey. He then went forward himself and ordered them on deck. One of the ringleaders looked up and saw who it was that gave the order, and then told the men that there was a gentleman on deck that wanted to see "them righted," so they all came on deck.— He then called them all aft and asked them why they







refused to obey orders? The ringleader answered that they wanted liberty on shore, and Capt. Barnard would not let them have it. "Is that all," said the Lieutenant. "Do you have enough to eat and drink, and are you used well in other respects?" "Yes, yes," they all answered. "Do you not know" he asked again, "that captain Barnard is under no obligation to let you go on shore? You have been only nine months out and were on shore three days, and it is as much as you could expect. We have been out nine months on board the sloop, and not a man has been on shore yet, though I mean they shall soon. Come! we'll make short work of this. What do you say, men will you go to your duty again like good men and true?" The answer from all hands was "No." He then ordered them to be tied up and flogged with the "cat-o'-ninetails," till they would promise better fashions. They took one that looked pretty tender, and at the first blow, he sung out like a loon, and like to have jumped out of his skin. How does that feel said the lieutenant! "Oh! take me down! take me down and I'll go to work" said he. Take him down then, was the word, and try another, they gave him three lashes and he said he would turn to work. They all now promised to go to work like men. But the lieutenant ordered them to tie up the talkative one, the ringleader, and give him half a dozen to bring him to his feelings. "And now young man" said he looking him in the face "next time you want to get into a scrape of this kind my advice to you is not to be "spokesman," for I tell you it is a hard berth to get into. But as this business seems to

be all settled, I wish you all good morning." So saying he touched his hat to captain Barnard, jumped into his boat and returned to the sloop again. Had the crew refused to obey orders when the ship was in some port alone, the captain would have had to let them go on shore. But for them to rise up in mutiny, under the guns of a man-of-war, was one of the most foolish things that could have been thought of. Captain Barnard asked me if that scrape would make any difference about my going with him. I told him it would not, that he had done nothing more than I would have done, under the same circumstances and that I was ready to go with him and stand by him through "thick and thin."

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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On the 5th of January, 1835, we sailed for the Off Shore ground, where we cruised till the month of March, with ordinary success, and then sailed for the Sandwich Islands. We got one fine whale on the passage and arrived and anchored outside of the bar March 25th. We entered the harbor the next day and let half of the crew go on shore, and during the five weeks she lay here, one half of the crew were

on shore all the time. All this time we had to pay three dollars a day for hands to caulk ship and make repairs, and the hands we employed were mostly those who had run away from other vessels. Now a regular trade between the sailors and the natives commenced. Some took their shoes, some their clothes, others their tobacco or any thing "they could raise the wind on" as they called it; and one miserable fellow when he had sold everything besides, took a Bible that his old mother had given him and went and sold it for a bottle of rum. With that he came on board and gave the officers some of his Yankee sauce, for which he was tied up and received a "round dozen, bareback." The next day he went on shore and went into a low dram shop, kept by an English giant, who stood six feet four, without his shoes. Here he run up a long bill, and then with drunken gravity and cool impudence told the Englishman that he had got no money, but was in hopes to make a raise somehow, soon, and then he would be happy to remember him. "Why," said the Englishman, "didn't you tell me that before?" "O," said the sailor, "I thought you would find it out;" at the same time putting his thumb to his nose, — "John Bull sometimes finds out things without his specs, but I reckon 'twould trouble you to find out the 'spec' you have made this time." "If you mean 'spectacle,'" says the Englishman, "I'll show you one in a moment." So saying, he caught a piece of rope six or eight feet long, that lay there, and gave the sailor the end of it in such a way on his sore back as to "hoist him three feet high and six feet ahead,"



He followed him up with blow upon blow, from one street to another, till the poor fellow sung out, "murder! murder!" in a most startling manner. "There," said the Englishman, "I've got pay for one glass, and if you happen my way again we'll settle for the rest." So saying, he doubled up his rope and went back to his shop. The sailor never came on board again.

While lying here the crew all deserted ship, but the steward, cook and three hands. "Let them go," said captain Barnard, "I'll not look a moment for one of them." He then went to the King and got permission to ship a crew of natives. He soon found a crew, all of whom had served as extra hands on board whale ships before, and were smart, active and sharp sighted men. Three of them as we afterwards learned, were among the number who massacred a part of the crew of the William Penn, and ate them on Navigator's Island. The ship lay off the Island, when two of the mates with ten men took two of the boats and went on shore for fresh water. When they landed, the natives suddenly rushed upon them in great multitudes and knocked them down with their war clubs and killed them and then made a great feast upon the occasion. The natives, prior to this act of savage barbarity, had been quiet and peaceable, but were highly exasperated at the conduct of an English vessel a short time before. The Englishman stood off shore, when a great number of canoes put off, and approaching the vessel, offered to pilot her into the harbor. They fastened their canoes to the stern of the ship and

came on board in great numbers. The captain seeing this, concluded to play them a trick; so tacking ship on some pretence, he stood off from the shore, intending, as he said, to tack again and stand in. But when he had sailed about five miles from land, he gave orders to cut the canoes loose and send them adrift. The wind blowing almost a gale at this time, made it necessary for the savages to jump overboard, in order to save their canoes. Great numbers of them were drowned. This base act of the English captain incited them to acts of hostility, and they were burning for revenge, when the William Penn, unconscious of danger, entered the harbor, as before related. Their taste for blood once up, they were not easily satisfied. A few days after this scene of butchery, the new ship Warshonk, ignorant of the state of feeling among the natives and of its cause, stood boldly in for the shore, when according to their custom, great numbers of the natives came on board with their war clubs in their hands. They seemed very quiet and peaceable till the deck was thronged with them, when, as the captain was looking through his spy-glass and standing by the capstan, one of the savages who was behind him, suddenly struck him with his war club and killed him instantly. This was the signal for a general massacre. They then sprung for the sharp blubber spades which were stowed away under the boat on deck and killed the mate. The first mate hid himself with a few of the men below, and the second mate jumped overboard and was killed in the water. The steward was fortunate enough to fasten

himself into the cabin where for the present he was safe. So sudden and unexpected was the attack, that the savages gained entire possession of the ship, and the chief took the helm and steered her before the wind into the harbor. The steward who had taken refuge below now fired a pistol through the sky-light and killed the old chief who stood at the helm. The natives seeing him fall were struck with a panic and jumped overboard. The steward now came up and calling to his aid the few hands that were left, hauled the ship on the wind and soon got her out of the harbor again. About two thirds of the crew lost their lives in the affray; I afterwards saw one of the men who had been left on deck for dead. He had received a fearful wound in the face from one of the sharp spades, wielded by one of these hitherto harmless and peaceable natives.

But it is time to return to our own ship again. After trimming our oil we weighed anchor and sailed April 29th, and had fine moderate weather until we gained the coast of Japan. But whales were scarce and we had very bad luck. The two mates were continually at logger heads and their object seemed to be rather to prevent each other from having success, than to fill the ship with oil. So that while some ships had got their thousand barrels and more, we had taken only two hundred and fifty. Here we staid till October, when the weather became rough and tempestuous, and we left and sailed for the north west coast. Here we saw several large water-spouts one of which was very near to us. The water seemed to be rising into a cloud which laid very low,

in a large body, reflecting rainbows in every direction. As the reader has probably often seen descriptions of them, it is unnecessary for me particularly to describe their grand and majestic appearance. We at this time used frequently to pick up drift wood and sometimes whole trees which had been washed up, roots and all, by storms and inundations upon the coast near which we were sailing. This drift wood was secured, and we soon had a sufficient quantity to last us for three months. We one day, picked up a very highly finished canoe, which we took on board, and after having painted it up we called it the 'North Wester.'

The wind was now light and variable, and we had but little success in whaling, taking but two for a long time. We now found it necessary to put in shore for water and made a large bay. Here we landed and found a family of Spaniards settled, who were known by the name of Fisher and were formerly from Cape Cod. The town consists of the old king Fisher and his mate, with their three sons and their wives and about three dozen little Fishers. They appear happy and contented though they have no neighbors for scores of miles. They have about an hundred head of cattle, forty fine horses, with hogs by the acre. They make very good cheese in large quantities, which they press in square boxes made for the purpose. We could buy a bullock, dressed ready to carry on board, for four dollars, and provisions of other kinds in proportion.

There is excellent water to be had in this place, but it is a most tedious watering place. In the




months of July and August, the sea drives into the harbor with such force as to make it dangerous for any vessel to enter. The force of the waters has washed up the sand, forming a bank of at least forty feet above the level of the sea, at other seasons of the year. Over this bank we had to roll all our water casks, and on the shore sink wells, from which to fill them, then roll them back and raft them to the ship. This was once a beautiful harbor, formed by a high point of land projecting from the north west far into the sea. But old father Time, whose fingers soil everything he touches, has made sad work in this place. The high priest is more than half wasted away, leaving a raw, black solid rock, worn round and smooth by the waters, extending forty or fifty feet into the air. When storms drive into the harbor the landmarks are often covered with the towering waves. Should this work go on, and the point present to the waters nothing solid and imperishable the harbor will soon be without protection. While here I procured a horse of the old king Fisher and took a half day's ride through the woods. The growth is mostly large pine, without underbrush of any kind. The ground is completely covered with tall green grass, which grows luxuriantly under the shade of the huge pines. During this ride I saw several lions, wolves and foxes, but they offered none of their sauce to me. They often came out in sight of the buildings, but as soon as they see anything moving they are off to the woods again. The wolves, however, are more tame and will often show their teeth as you pass them. When returning from



my ramble, I was followed several miles by the "varmint," as Davy Crockett was wont to call them, and they would not leave nor forsake me till I got within sight of the sea shore.

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## CHAPTER XXXV.



All things being now ready, we sailed for the Off Shore ground and from thence to the Continent to procure a supply of bread. On our passage we took two whales, but when we arrived in Conception bay we found that an earthquake had been there before us and destroyed the place. It was indeed a complete wreck. Large store houses had been thrown down and goods lay in every direction in the streets. The public squares were filled with dead bodies, broken furniture and mourning relatives. In every direction appeared ruin and devastation. Wheat lay knee deep in the street all soaked with salt water; all was disorder and confusion. Finding it impossible to get a supply of bread in that place, we prepared to sail for some other port, when it was found that twelve of our men had deserted. But as they were mostly Sandwich Islanders, they were not much missed in working the ship. They had taken

up their clothes faster than they needed them, probably with the intention of leaving the ship when a favorable opportunity should present itself. We made sail for Valparaiso, where we cast anchor in twenty fathoms of water close in shore. The harbor is nothing more than a half moon bay open to the south and south west, into which at some seasons of the year when the wind is in certain points, the sea drives with great fury. Here it was that the frigate *Essex* was taken while at anchor by an English frigate by means more successful than honorable. The town is large and finely situated; the houses are mostly of stone and brick, though some are of wood. The new custom house adds much to the beauty of the place. It is a very fine stone building with high towers and battlements in one of which is placed a good town clock. The streets are wide and handsomely paved with small stones. As it is a man-of-war station, an American commodore with a sloop of war and sometimes frigates spend the year in this place and at Callao, ready to quell any disturbance on board ships that visit that coast. Difficulties often occur in consequence of the irregularities and misconduct of sailors on shore. A case of this kind came up a few years since. An American whale ship had sprung a leak and was under the necessity of throwing their oil overboard and putting into this port to repair. This business was so expensive that it brought a fit of the blues upon the captain and he continued to brood over his ill luck and misfortunes until he became deranged, though not noticed by his men at the time. While in this state

he went on shore and entering a large ware house in which were four Spanish clerks engaged in business, he suddenly drew a dirk and before his motions could be arrested he stabbed them all and one died instantly; the others lingered along for months and finally recovered. He was pursued and finally taken. He had his trial but was acquitted on the ground of insanity. The next day he was walking on the wharf with another officer, when he was shot through the head and instantly killed. This deed was probably committed by a relation of the young Spaniard who was killed in the ware house. For light and trifling offences the convicted criminal, belong where he may, is sentenced to the "roads," for a length of time sufficient to atone for his crime. The roads, as they are called, are public highways and other public works and excavations.

The people are easy in their circumstances and affable in their manners, fond of music and dancing; they are very white and fair, the females peculiarly so. Perhaps there is no country in the world where the climate and soil are so well adapted to all kinds of produce as this. Indian corn, rye, wheat, oats, potatoes, apples, pears, peaches, cherries, melons, grapes, figs, &c., &c., all seem to grow with equal luxuriance. The land is also good for grass and hence hay may be had in abundance and of good quality. After procuring twelve pipes of bread, we shipped a dozen hands, to fill the place of those who had deserted us. This was easily done, as there are many who ship on board whaling vessels, that are induced so to do, by the money paid in advance.

Hence they take the first opportunity to desert. There are many who live in this way, continually shipping in new vessels, taking their twenty dollars and then they are off as soon as possible. This class of men are called "beach comers" and are in general a desperate set of fellows.

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## CHAPTER XXXVI.

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Having now taken in every thing which was necessary, and got all ready, we sailed on our last cruise along the coast as far as Callao, with but little success and then bore away for the off shore ground, where we found whales enough, if we could have caught them. But our boat steerers did not understand their duty. One of them, through ignorance or carelessness, lost nine large and four small ones, making in all, thirteen; enough, had we taken them, to have completed our fill of three thousand barrels; instead of which, we had but fourteen hundred barrels.

After cruising here until the weather became rough, and the season advanced, we put into Payta to fit out for a home voyage. Here we lay twenty-five days, that the men might go on shore to prevent the scurvy. February the 6th, we sailed, and in forty days were off Cape Horn. When we were off Staten Land we took a sixty barrel whale, and, as

the weather was rough and rainy, it deluged us a week. On our passage here, we spoke a brig from New York.

We now began to overhaul the rigging, clean up, and prepare for painting. While running along the coast in a thick fog, we suddenly found ourselves in ten fathoms of water. We shortened sail and hauled off on the wind and began ringing the bell. Some of the crew at the same time loading a six pound signal gun, which we carried on board. We had just got her loaded, when a Nantucket fishing smack hove in sight. We hailed, and they sent a boat aboard, and just as the boat came along side, our men touched off the six pounder over their heads, and such a jumping I never saw before; they had not seen it and knew nothing about it. "Damn your long tom," said the pilot, "did't you know it was made to frighten a man to death."

We now learned our "whereabouts," and again made sail, and after a pleasant voyage arrived home in safety. Although my lay had been good, yet owing to our poor luck, I found myself in rather "poor sledding." It was necessary for me to go to New Bedford to settle up the business of the other voyage in the Isaac Howland, captain Austin. And, after discharging cargo and obtaining settlement, I took stage for New Bedford. But owing to delays, drunken drivers, taking wrong roads, and various other accidents to which a sailor on shore is subject, it was a long time before I got there. When I had arrived at Fall River, I took a private carriage, and merrily I went on, whistling to speed away the



hours. Near night, I supposed myself within a few miles of the desired port, when suddenly the spires and steeples of Fall River hove in sight; and after taking an observation to find out my bearings, I found that I had "sailed round my anchor" and entered the same port again. Under such circumstances I concluded to cast anchor again, and wait till the next day and take a pilot. In the morning soon after starting afresh, I found I had procured a "pilot" indeed! He would take an "observation and fresh departure" from every port, and all his calculations were of the distances between ports. When night came on, we found ourselves at Warren, instead of New Bedford. We had to put up here for the night, and make ourselves as comfortable as we could. In the course of the evening, I found that a ship was fitting out from this place and I had an offer to go in her, but as I had not yet made up my mind to go to sea again, I could give no certain answer. I however promised that when I returned from New Bedford I would call and see the ship, and let him know what conclusion I had come to.

The next morning I sent my private conveyance home by the "pilot," and took stage for New Bedford. After settling my business with the owners of the "Isaac Howland," I "loafed" in the place for about a week, that I might get completely rested and free from scurvy. The first day I was in the place, I had four applications, with good offers to ship, but had not concluded to "tempt the waves" again. After spending a week in the place, I left it, and returned to Warren.

I had not been in the place more than an hour, before captain Barton, of the ship *Boy*, came to see if I had concluded to ship with him for a voyage. I told him I had not made my mind up about it, but as he wished me to, I would go and look at the "*Boy*." She was a fine sound ship of about two hundred and sixty tons, and though not new, was well conditioned to stand a rough voyage. After a thorough examination of the ship, I asked captain Barton why he called her by a name so uncommon? He said that while the ship was building, the first owner had a fine boy, who spent most of his time in play, in and about the vessel. The owner was very proud of the lad, as well he might be, and often boasted of him. A few days before she was launched, the boy was taken sick, and on the day the "launch" was to have been made, he died. From these circumstances the ship became so associated in his mind, with the image of the departed one, that the owner named her "*The Boy*," which name she had ever retained.

I told captain Barton that I would make an examination into my affairs, ascertain my situation, and let him know my determination soon. I immediately wrote to my agent in Boston, to know if the bank in which I had placed my money, was in good standing. I received word from him, that it was considered as safe as any institution of the kind in the city. I found that in money and other property I had about thirteen hundred dollars. As this would not suffice "to retire from business" upon, and as I had begun to grow sick of "earth and its transient pleasures, I concluded to ship once more for "grease."

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

I never made preparations for a voyage, with a lighter heart than at this time. I was sure of success. Here was a good ship with an able and experienced commander, and a crew of mostly old whalers, all wide awake. Every one thought we should not be out more than two years to get filled, and I began to hope that fortune's wheel might make one "golden turn" for me. All things being now ready for sea, we weighed anchor, and sailed September 10th, 1836. We had fine winds, but no whales till we made the Cape Verd Islands. We then sailed for St Jagoes, where we regulated our time and took a fresh departure. We soon found that we had been most outrageously deceived in our captain. He was not the "lamb" we had taken him to be. At times he was boyish, rude, and regardless of all discipline on board the ship; at other times he was haughty, reserved and very passionate. He gave the carpenter orders to make a case to put over a chest of tea, and insisted upon his making it according to the directions he gave. "Old broad axe" who understood his business well, told the captain that if he made it so, "it would be too small." "Damn you, that's none of your business," said the captain, "your duty is to obey orders, and if you don't know

it yet I'll learn it to you. You make the case as I tell you." The carpenter made no reply but quietly shifting his "weed" into the other cheek and squirting about a half a pint of the juice into the water, he went on with his box. When he had got it completed, he carried it to captain Barton, who tried it on the tea chest, but found it too small by several inches. "Here" said the carpenter, "I told you so; next time, you tell me what you want done, and I will do it as it should be done." The captain answered him not a word, but up fist and hit him a "clew" in the side of his head. In an instant "old broad axe" had him by the throat and he choked him till he began to grow black in the face, and then stepped back to his bench again. "Now sir captain," said the carpenter, "you need not think to frighten or scare me; that was never done yet; I know my duty and I calculate to do it. Any thing that is to be done, I stand ready and willing to do it. But if you ever presume to lay that fist upon me again, it shall be the last ungentlemanly trick you'll cut up in this life. He kept "proper distance" from the carpenter's bench after this outbreak, but to the rest of the crew he was most abusive, yet in the hour of danger he would turn white as a sheet through fear. The next day he was cross and surly, and cast many a glance of evil import towards the carpenter.

Finding no one cared for him, he next begun upon the boys; damning one, threatening another and flogging another. Next day he was down on the deck playing with them.

The next plan he adopted to revenge himself upon



the crew, was to shorten their rations. They soon began to complain that they had not beef enough. I now went to captain Barton in order to expostulate with him, upon the course of treatment he had adopted. I told him his men would not stand such treatment, that they would desert ship the first opportunity and it was for his interest, as we had a crew, to keep them. "Damn 'em let 'em go if they want to," said he, and finding it of no use to reason with him I went about my own business again. We kept on our course without seeing a whale, till we were well up with the Brazil Banks, when we began to trim ship and put every thing in order for going round Cape Horn. We attempted to pass through the straits of Le Maire, but we found the wind coming off from the north west which forced us to wear ship and sail south of Staten Land.

This "land breeze" brought with it a winter's supply of hail and snow, and for fifteen minutes we could see nothing and do less, it then passed off. Being thus forced round Staten Land, our passage was much longer than it otherwise would have been. We were fourteen days round the cape with very heavy weather, which made our "green hands heave ship" a little. But on the whole they stood it better than could have been expected and there was not one of them who "backed out" from duty.

We soon made the coast of Chili, down which we run for several days and then sailed for the island of Juan Fernandes.

We entered the harbor after night fall, and immediately landed in quest of fresh provisions. Just as



we came to the landing we met the governor, who told us that no provision could be had on the island, excepting wild goats on the mountains and that it would cost more to catch them than they were worth. He now requested captain Barton not to anchor his vessel in the harbor that night, because he had a large number of state prisoners in the fort and it might induce them to break out, seize the ship and make their escape, as he had but few soldiers with him to guard them. Finding that we could get nothing at this place, and thinking it to be rather a dangerous neighborhood at this time, we sailed for the Island of Masafuero, where we arrived early next morning; and a wild dreary looking place it was. The whole island seems to have been shaken to pieces by some violent explosion and huge rocks are split down hundreds of feet, in some places into the water, opening passages wide enough to admit our boats. From one of these I looked up, and more than one hundred feet above me, I could see wild goats standing upon the very edge of the chasm.

There are a plenty of good fish resembling our cod, having, however, a very stiff sharp thorn in the back fin. After a short stay, we again sailed for the Galapagos Islands. We lowered the boats and took one whale on the passage and we ought to have taken half a dozen. While the boats were out I took the spy glass and watched their proceedings, and I never before saw so much mismanagement in so short time. I was now satisfied that this voyage would amount to just nothing at all.

As we had now been out six months, captain Bar-

ton thought it high time to go into port, and accordingly we trimmed our sails for Charles' Island.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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Upon our arrival, I found things in a very different fix from what they were when I was there before, The old Governor was gone and in his place was a General Williams, who as a public officer had taken the funds of Government to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars and appropriated it to his own use. When his dishonesty was discovered he was banished to Charles' Island, where owing to his faculty for business and his popularity, he finally became Governor. Here he is safe, but if he dare to take a peep at the continent, his neck must stretch for it. He is a fine portly looking man and still wears the uniform he used in the service of his country.

While laying here the carpenter and one of the green hands run away, which was nothing more than expected. After four days we sailed for James' Island, where we fell in with a Spanish schooner. We soon struck a bargain with her and bought of her fresh provisions and paid in bread. We lay

here two days and then sailed for Moheë, one of the Sandwich Islands. As soon as we got out of the harbor we run into a school of whales and were lucky enough to take and cut in three of them. We now sailed towards Mohee, where we arrived about the first of March.

This Island like Owhyhee possesses a fine soil and climate and is also a missionary station, and the benighted inhabitants are gladly receiving and joyfully embracing the Christian religion. On the Island, pleasantly situated, is a seamen's chapel, where religious services are regularly performed. About a mile from this is an academy and printing press, all in full operation. There are about a hundred students in the academy, who are taught by Americans from the United States, sent out by the Missionary Society. The prospect looks flattering, that in the course of a few years the inhabitants of the whole group of islands. will become a christian and consequently respectable and happy community.

While we were lying in the harbor, the king of the Sandwich Islands entered the harbor with a sloop of war which was his own vessel. The queen had died a few days before and though the island of Woahoo was her place of residence, yet being a native of Mohee, she desired to be buried there. He had now come in state with the corpse and preparations were making for the burial. The coffin alone cost seven hundred dollars. She lay on board the sloop while a costly tomb was built. All things being prepared, the day for the funeral was fixed upon. The road from the landing place to the tomb

was first covered with fine, soft sand and then covered for two rods in width, the whole distance, with fine, soft mats. At noon the sloop commenced firing minute guns for two hours, and then a brig lying in the harbor together with the fort of twenty four guns struck in with their music to assist in the ceremonies. This firing was kept up till sunset; the corpse was then placed upon a hearse, brought from Woahoo for the purpose. The procession then set forward in the following order. The corpse followed by the king in full uniform, king's secretary, prime minister, relations of the deceased, officers of state, masters of vessels and all others who would join in the ceremonies. The procession was more than a mile in length. When the procession arrived at the tomb, the corpse was taken from the hearse and carried into a house and kept four days before burial. When it disappeared into the house, all that multitude set up a most unearthly yelling and screeching and kept it up for a long time and this barbarous noise had not all ceased in three months after that time. This relic of superstition and ignorance will doubtless soon disappear as others have done before the light of science and Christianity. A few years since the funeral ceremony was simply to dig a hole in the ground and place the corpse in it, naked, accompanied with dismal yells and lamentations.

Having obtained all necessary supplies, we sailed for Woahoo, where we remained but one day, when we sailed for Japan. We got on whale ground about the last of May, but we found but very few



whales. We here spoke the ship Charles Augustus of New Bedford, captain Brown master. He had been very fortunate and lacked only forty barrels of being full and ready to return home. He had taken the crew of an English ship off of Christmas Island. They had been on the island for more than two months. They had been wrecked upon a point of land, while chasing a whale too close in shore, and all attempts to get her off proved in vain and it was with great difficulty that the crew reached the shore. Soon after their disaster the weather became mild and the wind moderate and they succeeded in getting their provisions and water from the wreck. This was fortunate for them, as there is no fresh water upon the island. In a few days the ship went to pieces and some parts of the wreck washed upon the beach, which they secured. They then went to work and dug a large hole in a sand bank and erected over it a rude shelter, making use of the fragments of the wreck they had picked up. They next buried their water casks in the sand together with two barrels of rum, to prevent the effects of the hot sun upon them. As heavy showers were frequent, they took a large sail and spread it upon four posts so that it would bag down in the middle, through which they cut a hole and placed under it a large water cask so that when it rained, the sail would gather the water and turn it into the cask. They were thus able to keep a good supply of water on hand. They were now prepared for a long stay upon the island, though they indulged strong hopes that some ship would land there and take them off.



When they had been on the island about two months ten of the men started away one fine morning, to visit the south side of the island, hoping to find some kind of fruit. When they had crossed a high ridge of land, they saw standing in towards them a large ship. She soon hove too and captain Brown came on shore with his boat. As soon as he had landed the men came from the bushes and told him their story and asked him if he would take them off. He, supposing them to be runaway sailors, told them he was full and could not. They swore to the truth of their story and finally siezed his boat and told him he should not go to his vessel again without them. He then consented to go to the camp and if they told him the truth, he agreed to take them off. Captain Brown accordingly accompanied them and came to the encampment, where he was informed by the captain of the wreck that if he would take them into one of the Sandwich Islands, the English consul would amply reward him for his trouble. He took them all on board his ship, together with as much of their baggage as he could find room for. He left the beach strewed with valuable articles that came from the wreck, which the men had brought from the camp, hoping to get them on board, but as they could not be accomodated, they left fine picking for the next ship that might chance to put in there. He landed the crew of the wreck on one of the Sandwich Islands and was paid for his trouble by the English government.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

We now proceeded to the coast of Japan, where we found whales plenty, but had no luck catching them. Captain Barton knew but little about the business, the first mate knew what to do but the captain would not let him do it, and the second mate was so near being a fool that if he sneezed he could'nt tell who it was. We lowered our boats into nine schools of whales and did not get one. Had our men been as good as I thought they were before sailing, and been well commanded we might have filled our ship in less than two years. After an unsuccessfull effort to take a whale, the crew would come on board cursing and swearing, the officers would blame the men, and the men the officers. Mutual recrimination would be the order of the day for some time and from angry words, they would often proceed to blows and then would come on a regular built "row." With such management and such discipline but little could be expected, and but little we got. One ship cruising near us got eleven hundred barrels while we got but two hundred and fifty. The weather now came on rough and unfavorable and though whales were still plenty we could not take them. We now run for the island of Mohee and took one whale on

our passage while off Owhyhee. After entering the harbor and getting well recruited, I advised captain Barton to sail for Payta Head, and cruised off there a short time. But he said he knew better than to do that and he did not want to be instructed in the course he was to follow by any body. We thus lay idle for some time and procured every thing we wanted on board, got the crew cured of some symptoms of scurvey that had made their appearance, and then sailed for the island of Marquesas.

We experienced very rough weather with much rain untill we had crossed the line, when it came on more mild and moderate. We saw nothing on our passage but black fish, porpoise and fin back whale. This species of whale, though very large is good for nothing, yielding but little oil and that of poor quality.

It is dangerous work to meddle with them, as they are quick in their motion and possess tremendous muscular power. At any time, if we find that by mistake we have fastened to one of this kind — and we know it in a moment — the only remedy is to cut loose as quick as possible, as one of them would take a boat down in smooth water in an instant.

We hove to, off the island of Whyahoo and lay through the night, and early the next morning more than fifty of the natives came on board, mostly women and young girls. This island is a small rocky place. The face of it is very uneven, there being high ridges of rocks with rich and fertile vallies between them. In one of these we found two Irishmen who devote their whole time to raising swine and cultiva-

ting the sweet potatoes, which they find ready market for in the vessels that so frequently put in here. They both came on board and we bought some of their produce and the next day sailed for the island of Magelan which lay in sight. Here we got three whales and cut them in; we then run down under the lee of the island, and of all the hot places that I ever saw this was the hottest. A small boat now came alongside with a huge black man for crew. He had a string tied round his neck on which was strung cards, written in different languages, informing the reader of a good watering place on shore. At this moment we saw eight war canoes putting off from the shore, each having on board ten warriors. As this was a manifestation of attention on their part that we did not like the appearance of, as they are a real set of cannibals on this island, we filled away our main-sail, after they had got within pistol shot of us and soon left them far behind us. At a distance this island looks like a vast mountain rising from the sea; but when we came near to it we found that for a half a mile round the shore it was a level plain, and then the mountain rises abruptly almost perpendicular to a great height. The island contains a vast population, but the inhabitants are rude and uncivilized.

The American Board of Foreign Missions have several times, tried to make a station of it, but the natives always drive off all who are sent to them. We now sailed round to the other side of the island and cruised for a short time, but got no whales and in fact we had got but four for the whole season. The



whales all appeared to be running a race to the windward and if we had tried we could not have come to a worse place for oil than this. The men themselves began to see how the game was working, and began to grumble, and I could see by their appearance and actions, that some of them would be off by the first boat. I now frankly told captain Barton that I feared the men would desert the ship, as soon as they could get a chance. I don't doubt it, said he, and that is why I came here among these "men-eaters" so that if they want to run away, they dare not do it." After a three months' cruise, finding we should get nothing by a longer stay, we sailed for Wytahoo. Here the harbor is formed by two points of land which run into the sea, and between these points in the mouth of the harbor, the bottom is formed of smooth ledge, on which an anchor will not hold at all. Farther in, is a "mud hole" as it is called where there is good anchorage. Upon entering the harbour, a Pilot came off and told captain Barton, he had better enter the harbor and he would find better bottom. "Never mind the bottom" said he "I want to be where I can make sail in a hurry if need be, I'll risk the hard bottom." All went on well for a number of days, but at last the wind came off shore down through one of the vallies with such force as to drive us out of the harbor, and we found our anchor would drag and hold merely nothing. Captain Barton, was now glad to enter the harbor and cast anchor where he had been told to. Our ship was now thronged with natives particularly women. They are of good sizes form and complexion, though tinged a little yellow



Their dress was well calculated to show the "human form divine" to the best possible advantage, consisting simply of a strip of cloth tied round the waist, and with many, even this was wanting. The men are strong and robust and generally possess good features and go more fully dressed, than the women. They are docile in their dispositions, but when angry are formidable foes. There is a great fat missionary supported on this island by the English Board; but he is not half as useful to the natives as a laughing fat cobbler would be. He makes out with much grunting and straining in pleasant weather to preach once every sabbath, in the native tongue under the shade of some huge tree, and then he thinks the duty of the week is done. He has not opened a school, nor taught the natives anything useful since he has been here. Hence he has but very little influence over them, and they listen to his preaching, without showing the least interest in what he says.

The King is a fine portly looking man of about forty years of age, weighing about three hundred pounds. His dress is a "tappen," or cloth thrown over the shoulders, descending to the knees, and a gold laced cocked hat, given to him by an officer of a man-of-war. His body is tattooed all over, with various figures of things "visible and invisible."

The soil is very productive and the bread fruit grows here in great abundance. The body of the tree they manufacture into dishes, bowls, and trays. It is also much used for canoes, and when seasoned is almost as light as a cork. The bark of the tree is made by the natives into a kind of cloth called by

them "tappen" and some of it possesses considerable strength and durability. It is whitened and then dyed various colors. The woods are filled with wild hogs, which feed on roots and fruit which grow in great plenty. Their principal food however, is a kind of oily hard shelled nut, which are so abundant on the island that in some places they lay on the ground at certain seasons of the year to the depth of several inches. From these nuts the natives obtained light. They crack several of them and pass a slip of bamboo through them, and on being lighted they burn with clear white light for a whole night. I was on shore all the time we were in port, and one day I took it into my head to visit the two Irishmen before spoken of. Their names are Collins and Robertson. Their farm is a rich valley about one mile in length and a quarter of a mile in width. The soil appear to be a black mould about two feet deep, and below this is coarse gravel, like that on the sea shore' after digging through the sand. These men have native wives, with whom they live in peace and happiness. They have a large house, rude but comfortable, formed of the wreck of an American ship that drifted ashore a few years previous.

I here observed the banian tree, one of the greatest curiosities in the vegetable kingdom. The one which I examined covered more than a quarter of an acre of ground. It grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, sending out very long wide spreading branches, which, as they extend from the main body of the tree, gradually bend to the earth, where they root and form other trunks. From the arch, thus

form hundreds of shoots ascend and in their turn, bend down and root. One tree had more than two thousand trunks, and five thousand men might repose under its foliage.

As the weather was very warm I slung my hammock under the branches of one of these beautiful trees, and used to lay in it through the greatest heat of the day. The tree forms a shade through which no ray of the sun can penetrate while the cool breeze plays gently through the foliage, and the stillness is broken only by the sweet songs of birds near by, yet concealed from view. I do not know that I ever enjoyed life better than while on this island and I almost dreaded for the time to arrive when we were to sail.

I thought one evening that I would try sleeping in the open air. I accordingly took my hammock and went into the woods. I soon had my bed slung under a banian and had begun to sink into a sort of dreamy forgetfulness, when I thought I heard something approaching, I looked all round but could see nothing; I however was satisfied that a herd of something was almost silently approaching my resting place. I now began to be somewhat frightened not knowing but it might be some wild ferocious beast. Presently my hammock began to swing to and fro, and a score or more of human voices commenced a wild chant in broken english

Sleep white man, sleep

Under the banian tree.

As I was by this time fully awake, I looked around and saw twenty or thirty native girls dancing round my hammock to the wild, melody they were chanting.

Seeing that I noticed them two of them sprung into the hammock with me, which being not used to carrying heavy loads broke, and down we went all in a pile together. This produced a fresh bunt of wild merriment among them and finding that after all, there was no prospect of driving them away, I went to work to re-sling my hammock. I soon had it strong enough to bear all who could get into it. I again got into it and that night at least I had no reason to complain for want of company.

We were on shore here about twenty days, and more than half of the time I spent at the house of Collins and Robertson. They were very sociable people, and in the evening, their house would be filled with young natives, mostly females. I found by their conversation that they have indistinct ideas, of a future state of existence and also a belief in a Supreme Being.

I was one evening setting near one girl about eighteen years of age, when she asked me in broken english. "Cap'n spose me die, me go to hell, spose?" "No said I "if you are a good girl you will not." She had a short time before this, been very sick and she now said "me love Great Spirit 'cause when me sick he makes me get well."

I now took from my pocket a map, explained to them which was land and which water, showed them the continent of America which was my home, traced out our course while sailing to the place where we then were, pointing out the other continents and finally shewed the island of Marquesas where they lived; they were much amused and expressed great



astonishment when they saw how small their own island was when compared with other portions of the world.

Sailors try very hard to run away on this island as the king makes a great deal of any white that will stay there. Still he uses every exertion to find "run-aways and when he finds them, always returns them to the ship if she is in port. But if she has sailed he takes them into favor and they have no reason to complain of the treatment they receive at his hands.

St. Dominica, is the largest of this group of islands and is about fifty miles in circumference. It is supposed to contain about fifty thousand inhabitants. It is divided into several petty monarchies, which are continually at war with each other, and all prisoners taken in battle are roasted and eaten. They are very treacherous and play every trick and try every plan to surprise vessels that put into their harbor. Once when we were passing, a boat came off and one of the natives on board of it, who could speak a little English, hailed, "why you no come in captain, plenty pig, plenty wife, shore ; come in, cap'n, come in," But we did not think proper to accept their very urgent and hospitable invitation. The king of Whytahoo is at war with the king of the north part of this island, and has at his command quite a number of fire arms, though his soldiers are not very skillful in the use of them. They take no aim when they fire, but holding the piece high over their heads blaze away hit or miss according to chance. He is very anxious to procure ammunition, and will pay almost any price for powder or lead. The domestic broils



and disturbances are produced in a great measure, by a few unprincipled white men who have run away from ship and settled on the island of St. Dominica. These men are as fond of human flesh as the natives themselves, and aided by a few natives, will oftentimes make a descent upon the island of Whytahoo at the night, rush suddenly upon a party of women or children, knock them down with their war clubs and then before the alarm can be given, return to their own island and make a great feast upon their prisoners:

This lamentable state of things would not long continue, had they as active and efficient missionary labors here as at the Sandwich Islands. But the whole object and aim of the present missionary seems to be, to get a good fat easy living without labor, and the way he will lie to sponge something out of the ignorant and unsuspecting is a caution to the father of lies. When a ship comes into port, he will come on board, and complain bitterly of the usage he has received from the "Board." He has left all for the good of the cause and they neglect to supply his wants or give him even the comforts of life. Touched by such a tale of woe, he often gets a bag of fine bread, a few pounds of tobacco, a suit of clothes or something else as valuable, when in fact he had at home a plenty of every thing. He invited captain Barton to dine with him, and at the time entered the room, having on an old pair of shoes all out at the toes, he excused himself by saying they were the only ones he had. Captain Barton made him a present of a new pair, when at the same time he had

a half a dozen pairs of new shoes sent out by the "Board." When dinner was ready there was nothing on the table fit to eat, and before he could make a meal, captain Barton had to send to the ship for provisions. He had provisions plenty all the time; but that is the policy adopted by John Bull, wherever you find him, to get all he can, no matter how. "The end sanctifies the means." We had now got our water ready to bring on board, but finding that we could not procure wood conveniently where we were, we sailed round to another port of the island and entered Collin's harbor. After obtaining our supply of wood, we went back to take in our water and provision, and as soon as we arrived at "the devil's back bone," down went the anchor again on the very spot from which we had been driven once before. Early the next morning while half of the crew were on shore, a gust of wind came down from the valley and drove us out of the harbor, and finally ashore on the sand and here we lay, every moment expecting to lose our ship. The men on shore seeing that we had not hands enough to work ship, came off to our help, and just before night we got her off again without material damage, only breaking most of our handspikes. We entered the harbor again and this time the captain was contented to drop his anchor in the "mud hole." All things were now put in order, our supplies all got on board, and every thing in readiness for a cruise.

## CHAPTER XL:

As Sunday was to be the last day in port, captain Barton gave his men permission to spend that day on shore, and off the men went to amuse themselves as best they could. When night came on, the men returned to the ship, but like the "Dutchman's pig," four of them came home missing. They had taken the precaution to remove all their clothing from the ship, when not observed, and had drawn all the clothing and money they could get, from the ship's stores. When captain Barton found they were gone, he said he would not go after them. But Sunday night four more left the ship. They took all their clothes, and everything of value, and put them in four large tubs, which they placed in the water; they then got overboard themselves and swam ashore, pushing the tubs along ahead of them. The first notice of their departure, which we had, was a sight of these tubs, standing in full view, on a high smooth rock, that projected from a point of land which made out into the harbor, near to the vessel. Something must now be done, as eight of our men were gone, and I advised captain Barton to go to town and try and catch them. He concluded not to go himself, but ordered the mate to take a boat and four

men with him, and see if he could find them. In about six hours, the boat again made its appearance, with the mate and two of the men; the other two had taken the opportunity to run away also. Ten of the crew were now gone, and what to do we did not know. There were no hands to be got in the place, and as the deserters had probably gone over to the other side of the island, it would be of little use for us to hunt for them. Captain Barton now went to the king and told him, if he would catch them, he would pay him for his trouble, in powder; for this, the king would do almost any thing. Five hundred of his warriors were instantly in motion. In the course of three hours, they were all found and brought on board. They had been secreted by the women, and some were found covered with leaves of trees; others hid away in the thick foliage of some huge Banian tree. Captain Barton now told them, that if they would all return to their duty, nothing more should be said about the scrape. To this, they all agreed, though with sour looks.

All things being now ready we sailed for Japan. We passed Christmas Island, which is very level and entirely surrounded by a high bank of fine white sand, washed up by the waves of the sea. It is not however, inhabited, and we did not land, but continued on our course and the next day, ran down on the south side of Fanning's Island. This green spot in the midst of the ocean, is about fifteen miles in length and almost as level as the water around it. Its elevation is only ten feet above the level of the sea and it is surrounded by a beautiful white sand

bank, raised by the waves. When captain Cook first discovered it, it was nothing but a coral reef, over which the billows dashed, the whole length of the island. Since that time, it has gradually arisen to its present height. A fine soil is formed, of about two feet in depth, and the whole island is thickly studded with cocoanut trees. These trees are all of a size, and under them, lay cocoanuts, to the depth of three or four feet. At the present time, it is not inhabited, though the king of the Sandwich Islands, several years since, planted a colony here ; but they soon dwindled away, not being sufficiently civilized to colonize advantageously. We found on this island, an excellent well of fresh water, and the land yields about fifty bushels of land crabs to the acre ; indeed it was a difficult matter to walk without treading on them. There were also many large birds, larger than a goose, and excellent fish in the harbor. Speaking of the harbor, there is not probably, a finer than this in the world. It is formed by a narrow passage, not more than three rods in width, through the coral reef, of sufficient depth to admit the largest vessel. This passage is about a quarter of a mile in length, and then opens into a fine large basin, where the navy of England might all ride at anchor.

While we were getting water, three men suddenly made their appearance. They were in a wretched condition. They were clothed in rags and had beards three months old. They requested captain Barton to take them on board his ship, as they were poor unfortunate men, who had been left on the



island by accident. They stated that they had been sent on shore to cut wood for an English ship; that while they were thus engaged, the ship was driven to leeward and could not make the harbor again, and was forced to sail without them. They said they had lived upon cocoanuts and other wild fruits, with the few fowls they could kill, roasted. After making them swear to the truth of their statement, captain Barton consented to take them into his ship. One of them was an American—the other two were Englishmen.

We now tried our fortune among the "small fry" in the harbor, and for a few hours, we had fine sport, catching fish which weighed from eight to fifteen pounds. In shape, they resemble shad, though they had but few bones and were very fat. They had scales as large as a dollar. After taking in a good supply of them and getting on board ten or fifteen boat loads of cocoanuts, we again made sail for the coast of Japan, where we arrived about the first of June. We had rough weather and heavy seas through the month, but in July, it became more mild and moderate. During the month, we spoke a number of ships, but they had done nothing to speak of. We saw but few whales, and when we did see one, there was always such a fuss made about it—such a hurrah and noise—that they would be off, before we could get at them. I was discouraged, and so were most of the men. We had left home with high hopes and ardent expectations and had reason to think we should make a "handsome voyage." But these hopes it was now vain and foolish to indulge.

I wished myself at home, a thousand times. The day had been unusually warm and still, and it was now near night. While I was indulging my gloomy reflections, I saw a dense cloud rising, and while watching it, captain Barton asked me if I thought it was going to rain. I told him I thought we should have as much wind as we could stow away soon. "Well," said the captain, "I think it will rain; however, take in the top-gallant sails and haul up the main-sail—it will do no harm." These orders were hardly obeyed, when a tremendous squall struck us on the larboard quarter, and I instantly put the helm down and brought her to. The orders now came thick and fast, for when the squall struck us, our ship almost leaped out of the water, and the ocean all around us was foaming white, though darkness was fast closing in upon us. Captain Barton was now awake to the danger of his situation, and in a clear voice, he gave off the word, "haul up the spanker—down the jib—let run the mizen top-sail halyards—let go top-sail halyards, fore and aft—haul up fore-sail—up buntlines—out with reef tackles, and the ship thus relieved, seemed to ride in comparative safety again, and all hands began to take a long breath. I do not remember ever before to have experienced such a squall as this. It lasted about ten minutes and then passed away, and the sun near its setting, suddenly broke forth in its brightness and gave us its "cheerful good-night."

## CHAPTER XLI.

The season being now nearly closed and the weather becoming rough, we sailed for the North West coast and without accident made the nearest part of the continent, and so worked slowly up the coast, taking two small whales on the passage. Finding it now necessary to get wood, we stood boldly into a small bay, and sent two boats on shore, for wood. When they came on board again, they had procured their wood and also about five bushels of the most beautiful shells I ever saw. It was in this bay, that the "Hobomok," a ship in which I had made one whaling voyage, was lost, while riding at single anchor. They had in about five hundred barrels of oil, and were not aware that the ship was drifting, until she struck. The insurance on the ship was lost, in consequence of this gross carelessness on the part of her commander. The ship was abandoned as worthless. But a few enterprising men took it into their heads, to make something of the wreck. They broke it to pieces and constructed two small schooners, which they carried into St. Blas, and sold for about ten thousand dollars.

After laying here a day or two, we ran down to the Maria Islands, for water; but finding none, we

entered the bay again, where we found a good place for wood and water. The growth of timber has none of the appearance of that in the United States of America, it being, for the most part, of a redish color and very heavy, interspersed however, with some trees of *lignumvitæ*. There is perhaps, no part of the world, where the soil will so richly repay the toil of the husbandman, as here. Indeed almost every luxury seems to spring from the ground without cultivation. A settlement might be formed by thirty or forty hardy young farmers, and in a few years, by raising supplies, cutting wood, &c., for vessels that put in there, they might realize a handsome fortune.

While we were cutting wood for our ship, two miserable, half-starved wretches suddenly made their appearance. One was an Italian, of about twenty-five years of age, and the other, a Spanish boy, of about sixteen. They had belonged to a small Spanish schooner, bound to St. Joseph's, which was commanded by the boy's father. When near the Maria Islands, she was struck by a sudden flaw of wind, or rather by a heavy squall, and the vessel capsized and filled. The crew were all drowned but these two, who got upon a spare mast which they had on deck, and which they were carrying to St. Josephs, for a schooner there building. This, when the vessel sank, floated away, and the youngsters got hold of it and so saved their lives. They were exposed to the mercy of the winds and waves, on this frail support, four days and four nights, when they were thrown with much force upon the rocks and with



great difficulty and danger gained the shore. The boy was thrown upon a sharp pointed rock, which tore out one of his eyes. They had been on this shore for three months, during which time, though within half a mile of a good spring, they had tasted no water. They had managed to live, by killing lizzards and eating them raw, and for drink, they cut into some of the trees with sharp stones. From some of the trees, the sap would flow freely, and this was all the drink they had. We took them on board and after washing them clean and cutting off their hair, which had become all matted together, we gave them each a suit of clothes. While this cleansing process was going forward, some coffee was made for them and a spoonful given to each of them; but it was a long time before they recovered their health, so as to bear heavy food.

We here got on board, nineteen boat-loads of wood and a large quantity of *lignumvitæ*, of which to make block pins and shives, which we found very convenient. We now sailed for St. Blas, where we landed the two poor fellows we had picked up. When they got on shore, they fell upon their knees and prayed for blessings on our heads, and that we might arrive safely home. We landed them about eight miles below the town, though there was a good road leading there, into which we directed them. Their situation strongly reminded me of the time when, alone upon the mighty deep, without an earthly friend who could afford relief, I prayed for death to end my miserable life. Finding the place where we now were, to be a hard watering place,



we sailed for Cocas Island. The harbor consists of a fine half moon bay, where we found good anchorage. The island is entirely uninhabited, though the climate and soil are good, and the woods filled with wild, but delicious fruits. It is well wooded with a small growth, and is a very good watering place. We filled forty casks in about two hours, and got them on board. The water gushes out of a large fissure in a huge mountain of solid rock.

Again sailing, we made the Galapagos Islands and entered Lee Bay. Here we cruised some time for whale, but with little success. We made out better however, on the shore, while taking fresh fish, getting as many as we wanted with but little trouble. We also took about one hundred terapin, which were to us, at this time, a great luxury. After taking three small whales, we went into Weather Bay, where we saw nothing worth taking. Indeed, the current sets so strongly here, that it is a dangerous place for shipping. Finding we should get nothing here, we went into Lee Bay again, where we took one large whale, that made us eighty-five barrels of oil. After getting on board several boat loads of good fresh fish, we sailed, about the middle of May, for Masafuero. Here we cruised with but little better success, for a week, and then sailed for Juan Fernandez. This island, though small, is one of the most lovely situations in the world. The soil is deep and rich, and might be made into one vast garden. But there is little need of this, as almost every thing grows under the simple culture of Nature, in rich and wild profusion. I have seen many lovely

spots that gem the ocean, but I know of no one "dressed in such living green," as this. But it is needless for me to give a minute description of this island, as, since it became the residence of the renowned Alexander Selkirk, every school boy is acquainted with its climate, soil and productions. We cruised a week in the vicinity of this island, but finding nothing but black fish, and fin-back whales, which we did not care to meddle with, we sailed for the coast of Chili, about six hundred miles from Juan Fernandez. We made Conception Bay, about the middle of June. There is no dangerous point in this bay, except in the mouth of the harbor, near the middle of which is a small island, near which is a very dangerous reef of rocks. We run in within about half a mile of the shore, when a boat from the Custom House, made its appearance. The harbor master and captain of the port came on board, after the custom-house officers had departed, we weighed anchor and ran into the harbor, where we anchored within a cable's length of the shore, with the small bower anchor. There were a number of whale ships in port, some just in, and others on the point of departure. We had been at anchor here, but a few days, when a powerful blow came on and we were under the necessity of moving farther off from the shore. The wind was in such force, that the sea would break over the beach and roll clear into the town. The gale lasted about twelve hours, and when it began to moderate, we began to get our water on board, which job we had not completed, when it came on blowing again. The

wind blew so hard this bout, as to strip some of our light sails to rags, and though it was cold work, yet at it we went, to repair sails and rigging. The rule of captain Barton was, to let one half of the men go on shore every night, until repairs were all made, and then one half might be on shore through the day. As most of the crew had very little coming to them, in the way of wages, we were apprehensive that many of them who cared nothing about going home, might leave the ship and not return. One night, while one half of the men were on shore, there came on a regular blow; and it was so rough the next morning, that the men did not dare to come on board, in their small boat. The second mate being on shore, made a signal for a boat to come after them. The first mate selected a crew, who were all expert swimmers, and sent the largest boat after them. When they came to land, instead of bringing her round with the oars, and throwing out the anchor, they ran her head first, upon the beach, and let her swing round, and the next sea took her, crew and all, and landed them upon the beach, high and dry, and came very near spoiling the boat. I said, high and dry, but they were not dry exactly, for the boat capsized and filled, and had not the captain been on shore at the time, watching their progress, and ready with a number of hands, to assist, some of them must have been drowned. Though the boat had come after them, yet they pretended that they did not dare to go on board, while the water was so rough, and a party of them went up to a public house and spoke for a breakfast. The captain en-

tered the house soon after, and ordered his men, who had been on shore all night, to go down to the boat and go on board. But five of them, who could not swim more than a stone, told him that they were afraid to go. "For," said they, "if the boat should capsize, we should go to 'Davy Jones' locker,' in spite of the d——l." "There is no kind of danger of that," said captain Barton. "Well," said they, we dare not risk it, and we sha'nt go till such time as the weather moderates." The captain told them, they should go, and they said they would not. A real row now commenced, the main dispute being between the captain and one of the boat steerers. Captain Barton now went to the captain of the port and entered a complaint against the boat-steerer, had him arrested and thrown into prison—all within an hour or two. This procedure enraged the men and put the very d——l into them. They told him it was all his own fault—that the men were discontented—that if he had done his duty, the ship would have been full and at home, a year ago. Finding it was no use to talk with them, he left them, knowing that he was much needed on board the ship. But as he could not get his own crew to help him, he had to go to the custom house, and give them eight dollars to carry him to his vessel, a distance of about one hundred rods. By this time, he began to think he had paid too dear for his whistle. Accordingly, after the gale moderated, our boat came on board, leaving two men behind on shore. When captain Barton went on shore again, he entered a complaint against these two and had them put into prison also.

Here were three of them that were not likely to run away. After they had been in jail a few weeks, an officer waited upon captain Barton, and very politely requested him to discharge a bill for boarding and tending three of his men, for three weeks. Now this was an "unkind cut," and one which affected the captain most sensibly; but upon reflecting a moment, he saw he was in for it, and "must shell out," any way he could fix it. He accordingly "forked over" fifteen or twenty dollars, with as many deep sighs and half muttered curses. He now let the two men out, and they gladly came on board. But against the boat-steerer, he vented all his spleen and at once made out his discharge. He now thought he had got rid of the "d——d scoundrel," as he called him. But in the afternoon, the Consul waited upon him and informed him, that it was contrary to law, to discharge a man in destitute circumstances, in a foreign port, and that he must pay over to him, to be held in trust for the boat-steerer, thirty dollars. As he had given the discharge, there was no help for it, and he had to submit. I saw the boat-steerer, the next day, and he was in fine spirits about it, and well he might be; for he had taken up his wages as fast as they became due, and the thirty dollars was clear gain to him, as whenever he shipped again, it would be paid over to him, if not needed sooner. He said, that if the captain had used him well, he would have gone home with him, but now he may take the consequence of his own folly.



## CHAPTER XLII.

Difficulties being now all settled, and our wood, water and provisions all on board, we were in readiness for action again. But according to custom, the sailors were to have a holiday first. They were now served out with new clothes and money for a "day's sail," on shore, and away one half went. At night, they all returned according to orders. The next morning, the other half were served out in like manner. At night, they all returned but two. Captain Barton thought rather than to hunt them up, he would stop a few days longer and ship three, instead of the two who had deserted and the one he had discharged. So while making this unexpected stay, I thought I would take a turn through the town which had, as I before remarked, been destroyed by an earthquake, several years before. I found it had been mostly rebuilt, though the houses are low, most of them being but one story high. The streets are laid out wider and on a much better plan than formerly, and with much more regularity.

They were laying the foundation for a stone wharf or pier, for boats to land at, there being nothing of the kind there at the present time. There were also many public buildings nearly completed. The country around, is in a flourishing condition and in all directions, could be seen the smoke, where the people

are cleaning land for raising wheat. It is an excellent climate and the soil seems equally well adapted to all kinds of grain, grass and roots. The vine flourishes very well here and several kinds of wine are manufactured in great abundance.

But to return to the ship, again captain Barton had engaged three men in the place of those who had left, and we were all ready to sail and were intending to weigh anchor the next morning. The night was dark and stormy, and after all but the watch had gone below some one came up behind him before he was aware of any such plot, they had him gaged and bound on the deck. Hearing an unusual noise on deck, I awakened the captain and we went up and found the poor fellow with his mouth full of oakum bound hand and foot. We unbound him and asked him what the matter was? for sometime instead of words nothing came but old rope yarn, but having at length cleared his mouth, he told us that ten of the men had taken one of the boats and left the ship. Upon examination we found this was indeed the case. When morning came they were not to be seen and captain Barton, went on shore and offered the crew of a custom house boat an ounce of gold if they would go and get them and bring them on board. After rowing for some distance round the shore they at length found the boat, but the men were gone with all their baggage. Here was a fine pickle to be in; the rest of the men would not sail with a crew thirteen men short, for the three new ones were not worth the pairing of the popes toe nail. What made the matter still worse, was, that there were no good men

here to be had at any price. Here were men enough such as they were, but they were of that class called "Beach Comers" all of them having run away from other ships, and many of them the most desperate characters. Some of them had been keepers of grog shops, who had broken down in business and would steal the old "family bible" if they could sell it again. Others had served as soldiers and deserted and would willingly cut a man's throat while he was drinking if they could thereby get the grog he was swallowing. Well among such characters we had to muster and take our pick. We got a crew at last and got them on board. But such a looking set of fellows! not one of them was the taller for his shoes and not one of them had any clothes but those he stood in. To begin with, we had to pay them twenty dollars a month, one month in advance, then clothe them from the ships chart, and after all the "fixings" we could get on them I hardly dared close my eyes at night with such a gang of cutthroats round me. We had now got all ready to sail, but the wind was unfavorable and we were detained for several days more. While we had been laying here in port, a large whale ship from Fair Haven was undergoing repairs, and when they had her all ready for sea she leaked so badly that the crew refused to sail in her, but went on shore to the office of the Consul and entered a protest against her. A survey was called and she was condemned as not sea worthy. Accordingly, as she was insured, her sails, rigging, hull and all her whaling utensils were sold at auction for the benefit of the underwriters. Here therefore was a fine crew all

discharged at once, who would have been glad to have come on board, but as our "cut throats" stuck to their bargain there was no way to get rid of them. The wind now becoming favorable we set sail homeward bound. We had fine weather and fair though stormy winds till we were round Cape Horn, and half way over the Brazil Banks, when we made the Island of Trinidad. Here we were in warm weather at once. We saw no whales on our passage that were worth taking, though we saw "hump backs" plenty. This is a fine little island and has some good level land which was once settled by a Spanish colony who have since abandoned it. About twenty miles north of this Island is a curious looking place called Martin Vare Rock. To appearance this rock was about two miles distance from the ship, and we sent two boats off to catch some fresh fish. Finding they did not return so soon as we expected and fearing something had happened to them, we filed away and bore down for the rock and though it had appeared so near it was more than twenty miles from us and took us four hours to reach it, where we found our boats loaded down with cod fish and ready to come on board. This rock is one of the most singular looking objects, that I ever beheld. Its form at its base is nearly square and the sides rise almost perpendicular to the height of nearly or quite a half a mile above the level of the sea. The top is flat and viewed from a distance, which is the only situation from which it can be seen owing to its elevation, it apparently contains about four acres of level surface, which is covered with low bushes and from which birds often arise in clouds which momentarily



darken the sun. From the appearance of its sides, I suppose it to be a kind of hard granite. Near the base of the rock is a small sand beach of a few feet in width and on all sides of the rock good fat cod fish may be hauled out as fast as the hook can be baited and thrown into the water. Whoever fishes on this ground however, has to divide the spoil with the sharks, which cover the whole of this fishing ground. As they drew the fish from the water they would often come up followed by the white bellied monster and sometimes the fish would all be gone but the head cut off as square by sharp teeth as it could be done with a knife. Around the base of the rock on two sides are numerous holes that appear as if they led into the rock for a great distance. In some of these seals were to be seen in great numbers but out of our reach. While I was looking at these holes, one of the men engaged in fishing, drew from the water a fish about two feet and a half in length of a different kind from any I had ever seen. It was covered with scales about an inch in diameter which were as yellow as gold. It was indeed the most beautiful fish I ever saw I would have given twenty dollars in a moment if I could have carried some of them home alive but that was impossible, and having taken as many fish as we wanted we again went on board, and sailed homeward. We saw no whales and had it not been for the hands we took on board, of whom I have before spoken. We should have had a tedious time of it. But we found one of these "cut throats" to be a man of intelligence. He had traveled much and had seen almost every part of the



world. He had been on one exploring expedition and related many marvellous stories of dangers, wonderful escape, strange curiosities &c &c.

A few years before, he had been among the islands off the extreme point of Cape Horn. Now as this cape is a dangerous point to weather, vessels do not often go within from twenty to seventy miles of it; hence but little is known of these islands. The ship in which he was sailing attempted to weather the cape too close in shore and the ship was driven on shore among the islands and to their surprise they found several good harbors here, where, land locked, they lay without exposure to winds from any point.

The inhabitants of these islands consist of a few tribes of dwarfish savages, who have been driven from the Continent by the Patagonians and have taken possessions here, where no one shows a disposition to disturb them. Their clothing is made of the skins of wild beasts, and in their habits and appearance they are the most filthy and corrupt of any people in the world. They have very small, long arms and very short, small legs. Their bodies on the contrary are very "poddy" and their bodies and limbs seem about as well proportioned as those of a long legged spider,

We now began to overhaul our rigging and sails and make the usual preparations for cleaning up the ship and painting. We kept a man continually at the masthead on the lookout for whales, in hopes that fortune might yet favor us. But the look out strained his eyes in vain; not a whale did we see after we had rounded Cape Horn. Hence the idea of home, which to the tempest-tossed mariner is ever a thought of

interest, had little in it to charm the crew of the *Boy*. Indeed the miserable cut purses that we had taken on board from Conception bay, at twenty dollars a month, would have more coming to them when the ship reached port, than the crew who had endured hardship and ill usage four long years. The captain dared not use these men as he did his own crew, knowing that he might have his throat cut for his pay; hence they had but little to do, and that little the very lightest and most pleasant part of the work.

We had a comfortable and even favorable time, until we reached Block Island, when the wind came round into our teeth, with squalls of snow, rain and hail that were enough to put a man's eyes out. So contrary was the wind and so unfavorable the weather, that we beat about for two weeks, and then were lucky enough to make the same place we started from. We arrived home, however, without further incident, worth mentioning, about the last of November.

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## CHAPTER XLIII.

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I had now grown so fleshy and corpulent, and old age with its infirmities having begun to do their

work upon my constitution, I made up my mind to go to sea no more, but to gather my little all together and settle down somewhere, I cared not much where. Oil was now well up in the market, but instead of three thousand barrels, we had but eight hundred and I found after settling with my employer that though I had spent but two dollars during the whole voyage, yet there was not enough due me to buy me a decent suit of clothes,

Having some business to transact at Providence I took stage, and in a tremendous snow storm landed in that place at the house of an old acquaintance, where I was received as one from the dead. The storm continued for several days I was forced to stay longer in the place than I at first intended. I now wrote to Mr Stevens, my agent in Boston requesting him to draw what funds I had from the Bank, and forward the same to me at Providence. But day after day passed on and I heard nothing from him, and began to grow rather uneasy when his son entered my room one evening with the money. His father delayed sending it until a safer opportunity than by mail should occur, when unexpected business called the young man to Providence. I now found myself in possession of thirteen hundred and twenty one dollars.

It was necessary for me to lay out immediately between two and three hundred dollars for clothing and other necessary articles. Having thus supplied my most pressing necessities, I concluded to go to Boston and find out if any of my fathers, family were yet alive, having heard nothing from any of

them, for most twenty years. I therefore began to look about myself for some kind of conveyance. Here were the rail-road cars, which run from Providence to Boston weekly, but as the snow was very deep I was told that it was dangerous traveling in them as they were likely to run off the track, on account of the snow. As I was ignorant about them, I did not know but this might be the case, and as a sailor always feels safest on the water. I engaged a passage on board a small schooner. I thought as the weather had now become moderate and pleasant there would be little risk in so short a voyage.

I asked the captain when he should sail. He told me he was all ready and waited only for the tide. I accordingly lost no time in getting my baggage on board together with many curiosities and some valuable articles which I had collected in the course of my seafaring life. All things being now ready, we sailed down river with a fair wind and pleasant sky. The next day, however, the wind shifted round to the eastward, while we were off Block Island and there came on a fog so dense that for some time we could not see the length of the schooner, and then the fog would lift a little and give us a momentary glimpse of our bearings. About two o'clock in the afternoon, it looked so likely for squalls that the captain said he would put back and go into Newport and wait for fair weather. We then wore the vessel round and hauled her close on the wind so as to weather the northeast point of the island. At this critical moment a squall struck us and being closer in to the shore than



we thought, for we were not able to weather the point; the sea was running very high and before we were aware of our danger, the vessel struck with a tremendous crash upon a reef of rocks. She rebounded and struck the second time and in a moment seemingly she was full of water. The sea now broke over us with great fury and washed our decks from one end of the schooner to the other. At this moment a pilot boat, which was driven in by the gale, came near to us and seeing our helpless condition, the pilot sung out to us to stand ready to jump on board one at a time, when the boat should come near enough to enable us so to do.

The pilot boat tacked and stood off a little, then wore round and came close to the weather quarter of the schooner, when I jumped and caught by the rigging. She then tacked again and wore round in the same way, until all were taken from the wreck. The boat now stood away for Newport and before we had sailed five rods from the schooner, she went down. When we hauled into the wharf, we were as wet as drowned rats, though our clothes were fast freezing to us, and it was piercingly cold. We all went to a public house and stopped that night, though sleep was a stranger that I could not woo to my pillow. I spent the night in reviewing my past life and the strange reverses I had met with and now the scanty pittance I had saved with so much care, to build my hopes in old age upon, was swallowed up in a moment, and I was left destitute in the world. Before retiring to my bed I took every thing from my pockets; I had a knife, a piece of



tobacco, the key of my trunk, in which my thousand dollars were snugly laid away, which was now in the bottom of the ocean, about a dollar in small change and one poor solitary five dollar bill. Here was the whole — my all — my forty years of toil, of danger, of strife with the elements, of hardship and suffering — for all this I had six dollars to show. The bill was in my pocket by mere accident, as I put all my money into my trunk, as I supposed, excepting a little change for present use, which was loose in my pocket. The next morning I concluded to take the stage for Swanzey and from thence I traveled on foot to Taunton. It was a very cold day; the whole face of the country was covered with snow; the roads were all ice, which the horses' feet had so cut up as to make traveling very loose and difficult. However I arrived at Taunton very much fatigued in body and discouraged at heart; I had hardly money enough to carry me to Boston and when I got there, I was not certain of finding a soul living that cared anything for me. Indeed, I never, in my moments of greatest peril felt so cast down as at this time; my health was gone, my constitution broken down, my friends dead as I supposed, myself without means to gain a living. I sat down and wept like a child. But again the thought came to mind that I had nothing to reproach myself with; I had not foolishly squandered my money in drunkenness and riotous living, but it had been taken from me by the "hand that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." I had ever adhered to the strictest principles of temperance and morality and I know not that I

have ever spent a dollar to feed an unworthy appetite or gratify a wrong passion. I had now

“No wife nor babes to hold me here,  
No cottage in this wildreness.”

It was about dark when I stopped at Mr. Willmouth's tavern in Taunton, I had traveled from daylight till this time without eating a mouthful of anything, fearing to spend any money lest I should not have enough to bear my expenses to Boston. I was, or had been well acquainted with the landlord and was received as an old friend. After supper I went to bed but it was a long time before I could rest.

The scenes of peril, hardship and suffering through which I had recently passed had made so deep an impression on my mind, that my imagination was wandering among them still. At one time I was in the crater of a volcano and as I was reposing my wearied limbs, I sunk into a dreamy state of forgetfulness, from which I was suddenly awakened by the rumbling of the earth and I saw with terror, smoke and flame issuing from the cracks and fissures in the rocks around me. In alarm I made an effort to escape from the fearful spot, when I found that I was bound down by numerous yellow silken cords and huge spiders were running over me. A tremendous crash changed the “spirit of my dreams,” and I found myself sinking in the fathomless ocean. The boiling flood was gurgling in my ears, huge, slimey monsters were all around me and eyes of fire seemed peering at me from the dark caverns, while cold serpentine coils seemed to draw their folds with deathly tightness around me. Again

the scene changed and I was in an open boat upon a wide expanse of waters; the boat was filled with the dead, and huge monsters of the deep with fiery eye-balls, dashed along the main, scenting their prey; they seemed to threaten my frail bark with instant destruction. To divert them from their fearful purpose, I had to feed out to them my dead companions. At length the dead were all fed out, and and still I was followed by a fearful looking monster, who with wide extended jaws seized the boat, and in an instant crushed it to atoms. With a shriek of agony, I made one spring, and I awoke. I was lying upon the floor of my chamber bedewed with a cold sweat of agony. At this moment, the landlord entered the room, with a light, to learn what the trouble was. I told him what a fearful dream I had, and he said he would prepare me something that would make me sleep. He left the room and in a few minutes returned with an opiate, which I drank, and in five minutes my senses were steeped in forgetfulness. I knew nothing more till morning, when the landlord entered my room, and after much shaking aroused me to a sense of my situation. After breakfast I went to the depot, to ascertain what time the train started for Boston, and what the fare would be. I found that I must be on hand at three o'clock in the afternoon and ready in disposition to fork over nine shillings of my little fortune, for my passage. After dinner I called for my bill, when Mr. Willmouth told me he asked nothing and should be happy to have me stay with him longer. At three o'clock I was at the depot and took my

place in the cars and about dark arrived at Boston. The "shot in my locker" had now got so low that I could not afford to go to a public house; and I began to cast about in my mind, to know where to stow myself away for the night. Seeing a bright light in a large wooden building, I went in and found it to be an Irish boarding house. I found I could have lodgings for twelve and a half cents and a supper for a shilling. I slept soundly that night and early the next morning I went down to a packet bound to Portland, captain Dyer. I asked the fare to Portland. "Three dollars," said the captain. But when informed of my situation, he offered to carry me for two dollars. I accordingly paid my fare and went on shore again after learning the time he would sail. I then went to see if I could find my old boarding place. But the house was torn down and in its place stood a large brick store. I entered the store and asked the man in attendance if he knew where the family was who formerly resided there. He said the woman had been dead eight years and he knew nothing about the rest of the people.

I then went down to the packet, and about twelve o'clock at night, we sailed for Portland. The harbor was slightly frozen over so that we were two hours getting down as far as the castle. We had a fine passage and the next day, got into Portland. Captain Dyer invited me to dine with him. After dinner, he made me a present of half a dollar, as did one of the passengers. I now went out into the market, to see if I could find any person from Danville. As I was passing down one of the streets, I went into a



shop to purchase some tobacco, and observing the kind, benevolent look of the shop-keeper, I made bold to ask him if he was acquainted with any people from that place. He said, he was not; but there was a man "higher up," whose name was James True, who had married his wife in Darville, and could probably give me any information I desired. I soon found True and found he was well acquainted with my father's family. He told me that my father and oldest brother had both been dead, several years. "But," said he, "your mother is still living, and that is some consolation to you." I felt that it was indeed so. "Have I any other relations," I asked with anxiety. "Yes," said he, "you have three brothers and three sisters." "But," said I, "I never had so many to my knowledge." "Well," said he, "you have to my knowledge; after you went to sea, you had one, brother and three sisters born, who were alive and well, the last time I heard from them." I now made True fully acquainted with my adventures and present situation. He told me to give myself no uneasiness—that he would let me have money to bear my expenses home, and find me a passage in the stage. He told me that one of my brothers kept a tavern in Poland, and my mother lived with him. He said that he would see that the stage called for me the next morning, at sunrise, and I returned to the boarding house. I went to bed at an early hour, that I might be up in time for the stage, the next morning. My slumbers were quiet and refreshing, and I was up at the first sign of the morning, before the family were any of them moving, and had just got out of



my chamber, when up drove the stage, and I wa<sup>s</sup> forced to start immediately and without my breakfast. It was one of the coldest days I ever knew, and I suffered much from the cold; still my head was continually out of the stage, I was so anxious to fix my eye upon some familiar object; but it was of no use. I had been gone so long, and the face of the country had undergone such changes and alterations, and being covered with snow, no spot looked familiar or awakened any remembrance of the past.

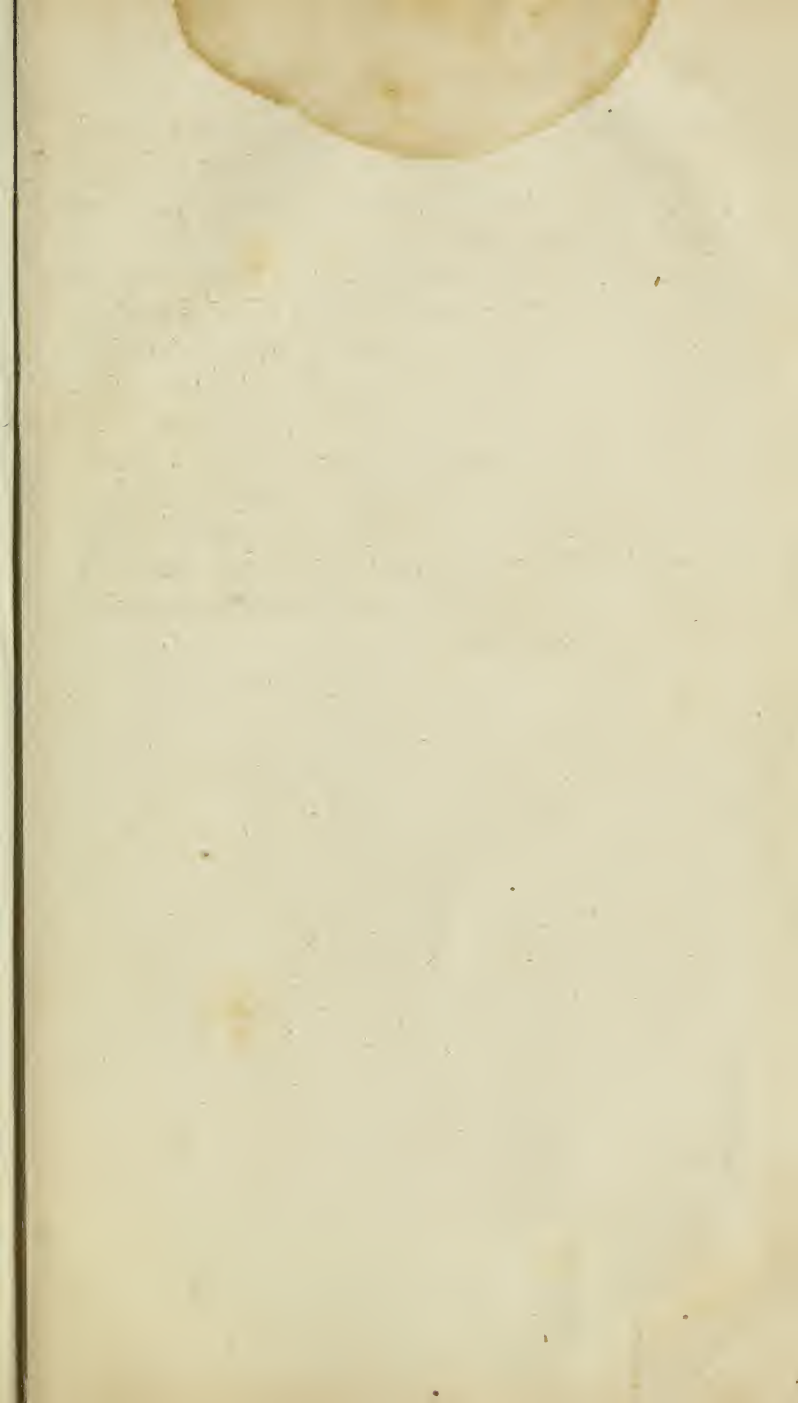
About nine o'clock, we arrived at what is now called Gray corner, and after taking some refreshment, we proceeded to New Gloucester. Here some things upon which my eye rested, awakened my sleeping memory, and I began to feel that I was getting on "old ground" again. We arrived at the house of my brother, in Poland, about half past eleven o'clock. My brother, who was in the stable, saw me when I entered the house, and soon came in. He was much changed in his personal appearance, and instead of the light, elastic form he once possessed, he was now a stout, portly looking man. Indeed I could hardly discover any thing about him, that reminded me of former days. As it was a very cold day, I was much chilled with my ride, and it was some time before I had got "thawed out," so as to be any ways comfortable. Finding that he had no recollection of me, I entered into conversation with him, upon the state of the weather, badness of the roads, business of the country, and such topics as are commonly first broached between strangers. After sometime, I asked him if he had ever followed the

sea. He answered, that he never had. "But," said I, "there is one of your name, who is a seafaring man, that went from these parts, somewhere." "Yes," said he, "I had a brother William, who followed the sea for a great many years; but as I have heard nothing from him, for a number of years, I suppose he must be dead—probably lost at sea." During this conversation, I could occasionally see something that reminded me of "bye-gone days." Some peculiar glance of the eye or turn of the head, assured me that I was indeed holding conversation with my own brother. He had several times, while I was talking, fixed his eyes, keenly and earnestly upon me and then as if disappointed, again dropped them. I could govern my feelings no longer and burst into tears. He looked at me in much surprise, and suddenly exclaimed, "is it possible? Is this William?" I told him we were brothers, and we were instantly in each other's arms. "This is an unexpected happiness," said he. "I will call the family," he continued, and left the room. In a few minutes, an old lady came in, exclaiming, "where is William?"

It is useless for me to attempt to portray the scene that followed my recognition. For more than forty years, I had been roaming, and now returned an old man, to crave again a mother's blessing. That mother was now, about ninety years of age, and is still living. Many were the questions that were asked and answered that night. I began to inquire after my old associates—the companions of my boyhood. But they were gone, some to the west and some to the south. Some few had settled down in

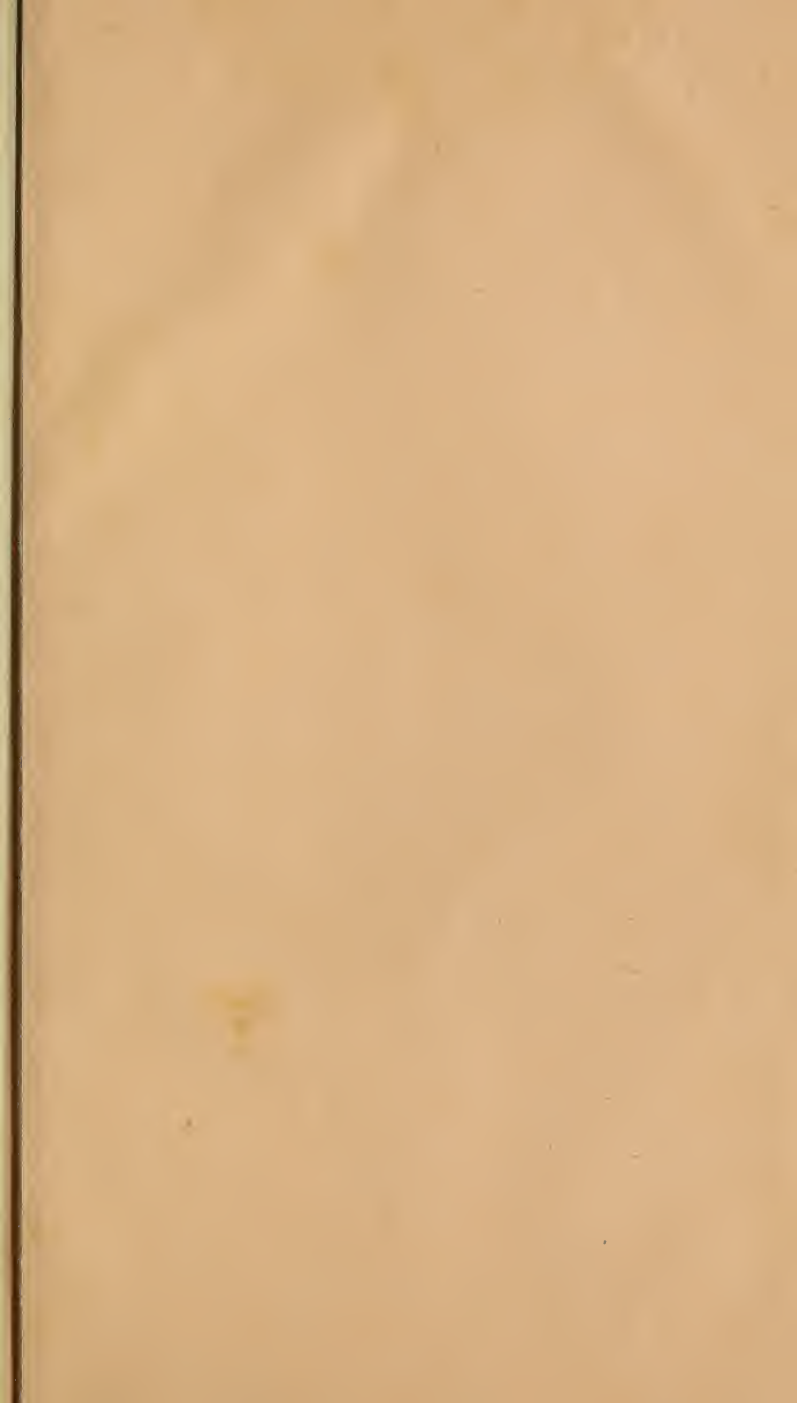
that vicinity, while many had "gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns." I staid in Poland, a few weeks, and then left for the eastward, to visit other relations, with whom, I am still living.

And now, kind reader, I must take my leave of you. I feel that I am an old man, fast approaching my narrow resting-place, and my desire is that my last hours may be peaceful. In this simple narrative of my experience, I have confined myself to facts, and now feel a degree of satisfaction, that I should not have been cheered with, had I imposed upon you a fictitious tale. If you have been amused and instructed sufficiently to repay you for your attentive perusal of the foregoing pages, the object of the author is fully gained.



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